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The Bushrangers

By Herbert E. Palmer

As I was walking down Oxford Street
Ten fierce soldiers I chanced to meet;
They wore big slouch hats with khaki sashes,
And talked like the angry guns, in flashes.

And my friend said to me, "They come from Australia;
Villainous fellows for War's regalia.

John Briton keeps a tobacconist's shed,
And twice they have held a gun at his head."

Well, I would have given all I had
To have gone with the lot of them, good or bad,
To have heard the wickedest say, "Old fellow!"
And staunch'd his wounds where the black guns bellow.
I would think it a merry thing to die
With such stalwart comrades standing by.

One of them had round eyes like coals—
True parson's quarry when he hunts souls.
The brawniest made my heart turn queer;
The devil in hell would have shunned his leer.
And the tallest and thinnest bore visible traces
Of his banished grandsire's vanished graces.

But all the lot of that swaggering ten
Were terrible, fine, strong soldier men,
And I fairly sobbed at the four cross-ways
As my triumphing soul sang England's praise.

O! all the Germans in Berlin town
Couldn't put those ten Australians down.

In the World (ii)

An Autobiography

By Maxim Gorki

CHAPTER II

GRANDFATHER met me in the yard—he was on his knees chopping a wedge with a hatchet. He raised the axe as if he were going to throw it at my head, and then took off his cap, saying mockingly:

“How do you do, your holiness? Your highness? Have you finished your term of service? Well, now you can live as you like, yes! U—ugh! You——”

“We know all about it, we know all about it!” said grandmother, hastily waving him away, and when she went into her room to get the samovar ready she told me:

“Grandfather is fairly ruined now; what money there was he lent at interest to his godson Nikolai, but he never got a receipt for it. I don’t quite know yet how they stand, but he is ruined—the money is lost. And all this because we have not helped the poor nor had compassion on the unfortunate. God has said to Himself, ‘Why should I do good to the Kashirins?’ and so He has taken every thing from us.”

Looking round, she went on:

“I have been trying to soften the heart of the Lord towards us a little, so that He may not press too hardly on the old man, and I have begun to give a little in charity secretly at night from what I have earned. You can come with me to-day if you like—I have some money——”

Grandfather came in blinking, and asked:

“Are you going to have a snack?”

* Translated from the Russian by Mrs. G. M. Fokes.

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"Tchurka and I are both in love with her and quarrel."

"With her?"

"Why with her? Between ourselves. With her very seldom!"

Of course I knew that big lads and even men fell in love; I was familiar also with coarse ideas on this subject. I felt uncomfortable, sorry for Kostrom, and reluctant to look at his angular figure and angry black eyes.

I saw the lame girl on the evening of the same day. Coming down the steps into the yard she let her crutch fall, and stood helplessly on the step, holding on to the balustrade with her transparent, thin, fragile hands. I tried to pick up the crutch, but my bound-up hands were not much use, and I had a lot of trouble and vexation in doing it, while she, standing above me, watched me, laughing gently:

"What have you done to your hands?"

"Scalded them."

"And I—am a cripple. Do you belong to this yard? Were you long in the hospital? I was there a lo-o-o-ng time!" She added with a sigh: "A very long time!"

She had a white dress and light blue overshoes—old but clean; her smoothly brushed hair fell across her breast in a thick, short plait. Her eyes were large and serious; in their quiet depths burned a blue light which lit up the pale, sharp-nosed face. She smiled pleasantly, but I did not care about her. Her sickly figure seemed to say, "Please don't touch me!" How could my friends be in love with her?

"I have been lame a long time," she told me willingly and almost boastfully. "A neighbour bewitched me—she had a quarrel with mamma, and then bewitched me out of spite. Were you frightened in the hospital?"

"Yes."

I felt awkward with her and went indoors.

About midnight grandmother awoke ~~and~~ tenderly.

"Are you coming? If you do something for other people your hand will soon be well."

She took my arm and led me in the dark as if I had been blind. It was a black, damp night; the wind blew continuously, making the river flow more swiftly and blowing the cold sand against my legs. Grandmother

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cautiously approached the darkened windows of the poor little houses, crossed herself three times, laid a five-kopeck piece and three cracknels on the window-sills, crossed herself again, glancing up into the starless sky, and whispered :

"Holy Queen of heaven, help these people. We are all sinners in thy sight, Mother dear !"

The farther we went from home the more dense and intense the darkness and silence became. The night sky was pitch black, unfathomable, as if the moon and stars had disappeared for ever. A dog sprang out from somewhere and growled at us; his eyes gleamed in the darkness, and I cravenly pressed close to grandmother.

"It is all right," she said; "it is only a dog; it is too late for the devil, the cocks have already begun to crow."

Enticing the dog to her, she stroked it and admonished it :

"Look here, doggie, you must not frighten my grandson."

The dog rubbed itself against my legs, and the three of us went on. Twelve times did grandmother place "secret alms" on a window-sill; it began to grow light, grey houses appeared out of the darkness; the belfry of Napolni Church rose up white like a piece of sugar; the brick wall of the cemetery seemed to become transparent.

"The old woman is tired," said grandmother; "it is time we went home. When the women wake up they will find that Our Lady has provided a little for their children. When there is never enough a very little comes in useful. Oh, Olesha, our people live so poorly and no one troubles about them.

"The rich man about God never thinks,
Of the terrible judgment he does not dream,
The poor man is to him neither friend nor brother,
All he cares about is getting gold together,
But—that gold will be coal in hell."

"That's how it is! But we ought to live for one another, while God is for us all! I am glad to have you with me again."

And I, too, was calmly happy, feeling in a confused way that I had taken part in something which I should never forget. Close to me shivered the brown dog with

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its bare muzzle and kind eyes which seemed to be begging forgiveness.

"Will it live with us?"

"What? It can if it likes. Here, I will give it a cracknel. I have two left. Let us sit down on this bench. I am so tired."

We sat down on a bench by a gate, and the dog lay at our feet eating the dry cracknel, while grandmother informed me:

"There's 'a Jewess living here; she has about ten servants, more or less. I asked her, 'Do you live by the law of Moses?' But she answered, 'I live as if God were with me and mine; how else should I live?'"

I leaned against the warm body of grandmother and fell asleep.

Once more my life flowed on swiftly and full of interest, with a broad stream of impressions bringing something new to my soul every day, stirring it to enthusiasm, or disturbing it, or causing me pain, but, at any rate, forcing me to think. Before long I also was using every means in my power to meet the lame girl, and I would sit with her on the bench by the gate, either talking or in silence--it was pleasant to be silent in her company. She was very neat, and had a voice like a singing bird, and she used to tell me prettily of the way the Cossacks lived on the Don, where she had lived with her uncle, who was employed in some oil-works. Then her father, a locksmith, had gone to live at Nini. And I have another uncle who serves close to the Tsar himself.

In the evenings of Sundays and festivals all the inhabitants of the street used to stand "at the gate," the boys and girls went to the cemetery, the men went to the taverns, and the woman and children remained in the street. The women sat at the gate on the sand or on a small bench.

The children used to play at a sort of tennis, at skittles, and at "Sharmazl"; the mothers watched the games, encouraging the skilful ones and laughing at the bad players. It was deafeningly noisy and gay. The presence and attention of the "grown-ups" stimulated us, the merest

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trifles brought into our games extra animation and passionate rivalry. But it seemed that we three—Kostrom, Tchurka, and I—were not so taken up with the game that we had not time, one or the other of us, to run and show off before the lame girl.

"Ludmilla, did you see that I knocked down five of the ninepins in that game of skittles?"

She would smile sweetly, tossing her head.

In old times our little company had always tried to be on the same side in games, but now I saw that Kostrom and Tchurka used to take opposite sides, trying to rival each other in all kinds of trials of skill and strength, often aggravating each other to tears and fights. One day they fought so fiercely that the adults had to interfere, and they had to pour water over the combatants as if they were dogs. Ludmilla, sitting on a bench, stamped her sound foot on the ground, and when the fighters rolled towards her she pushed them away with her cry^{ing}, crying in a voice of fear:

"Leave off!"

Her face was white, almost livid, her ^{eyes} blazed and rolled like a person possessed with a devil.

Another time Kostrom, shamefully beaten by Tchurka in a game of skittles, hid himself behind a chest of oats in the grocer's shop, and crouched there, waiting silently—it was almost terrible to see him: his teeth were tightly clenched, his cheek-bones stood out, his bon^{as} face looked as if it had been turned to stone, and from his black, surly eyes flowed large, round tears. When I tried to console him he whispered, choking back his tears:

"You wait! I'll throw a brick at his head—you see!"

Tchurka had become conceited; he walked in the middle of the street as marriageable youths walk, with his cap on one side and his hands in his pocket; he had taught himself to spit through his teeth like a fine bold fellow, and he promised:

"I shall learn to smoke soon. I have already tried twice, but I was sick."

All this was displeasing to me. I saw that I was losing my friends, and it seemed to me that the person to blame was Ludmilla. One evening, when I was in the yard going over the collection of bones and rags and all

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kinds of rubbish, she came to me, swaying from side to side and waving her right hand.

"How do you do?" she said, bowing her head three times. "Has Kostrom been with you? And Tchurka?"

"Tchurka is not friends with us now. It is all your fault. They are both in love with you and they have quarrelled."

She blushed, but answered mockingly:

"What next! How is it my fault?"

"Why do you make them fall in love with you?"

"I did not ask them to!" she said crossly, and as she went away she added: "It is all nonsense! I am older than they are—I am fourteen. People do not fall in love with big girls."

"A lot you know!" I cried, wishing to hurt her. "What about the shopkeeper, Xlistov's sister? She is quite old, and still she has the boys after her."

Ludmilla turned to me, sticking her crutch deep into the sand of the strand.

"You don't know anything yourself!" she said quickly, with tears in her voice and her pretty eyes flashing finely. "That shopkeeper is a bad woman, and I—what am I? I am still a little girl; I am not to be touched, and—but you ought to read that novel, 'Kamchadalka,' the second part, and then you would have something to talk about!"

She went away sobbing. I felt sorry for her. In her words was the ring of a truth of which I was ignorant. Why had she embroiled my comrades? But they were in love—what else was to say?

The next day, wishing to smooth over my difference with Ludmilla, I bought some barley sugar, her favourite sweet as I knew well.

"Would you like some?"

She said fiercely:

"Go away, I am not friends with you!" But presently she took the barley sugar, observing: "You might have had it wrapped up in paper—your hands are so dirty!"

"I have washed them, but it won't come off."

She took my hand in her dry, hot hand and looked at it.

"How you have spoiled it."

"Well, but yours are roughened."

"That is done by my needle. I do a lot of sewing."

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After a few minutes she suggested, looking round: "I say, let's hide ourselves somewhere and read 'Kamchadalka.' Would you like it?"

We were a long time finding a place to hide in; every place seemed uncomfortable. At length we decided that the best place was the washhouse. It was dark there, but we could sit at the window which overlooked a dirty corner between the shed and the neighbouring slaughter-house. People hardly ever looked that way. And there she used to sit sideways to the window, with her bad foot on a stool and the sound one resting on the floor, and, hiding her face with the torn book, nervously pronounced many unintelligible and dull words. But I was stirred. Sitting on the floor I could see how the grave eyes with the two pale blue flames moved across the pages of the book; sometimes they were filled with tears, and the girl's voice trembled as she quickly uttered the unfamiliar words, running them into one another unintelligibly. However, I grasped some of these words and tried to make them into verse, turning them about in all sorts of ways, which eventually prevented me from understanding what the book said.

On my knees slumbered the dog which I had named "Wind," because it was rough and long, swift in running, and howled like the autumn wind down the chimney.

"Are you listening?" the girl would ask. I nodded my head silently.

The mixing up of the words excited me more and more, and in my desire to arrange them as they would sound in a song, in which each word lives and shines like a star in the sky, became more insistent. When it grew dark Ludmilla would let her pale hand fall on the book and ask:

"Isn't it good? You will see."

After the first evening we often sat in the washhouse. Ludmilla, to my joy, soon gave up reading "Kamchadalka." I could not answer her questions about what she had read from that endless book—endless, there was a third book after the second part which we had begun to read, and the girl said that there was a fourth. What we liked best was a rainy day, unless it fell on a Saturday when the bath was heated. The rain drenched the yard. No one came out there nor looked at us in our dark

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corner. Ludmilla was in great fear that they would discover us.

"You know what they will think then?" she asked softly.

I knew and was also afraid that we should be "discovered." We used to sit for hours at a time, talking about one thing and another—sometimes I told her some of grandmother's tales, and Ludmilla told me about the lives of the Kazzakas, on the River Medvyedietz.

"How lovely it was there!" she would sigh. "Here—what is it?—only beggars live here."

Soon we had no need to go to the washhouse. Ludmilla's mother found work with a fur-dresser, and left the house first thing in the morning; her sister was at school, her brother worked at a tile factory. On wet days I went to the girl and helped her to cook and clean the sitting-room and kitchen. She said laughingly:

"We live together just like a husband and wife, only we sleep apart. In fact, we live better—a husband does not help his wife."

If I had money I bought some cakes and we had tea, afterwards cooling the samovar with cold water lest the scolding mother of Ludmilla should guess that it had been heated. Sometimes grandmother came to see us, and sat down making lace or sewing, telling us wonderful stories, and when grandfather went to the town Ludmilla used to come to us, and we feasted without a care in the world.

Grandmother said:

"Oh, how happily we live! With our own money—we can do what we like!"

She encouraged our friendship.

"It is a good thing when a boy and girl are friends! Only there must be no tricks," and she explained in the simplest words what she meant by "tricks." She spoke beautifully, as one inspired, and made me understand thoroughly that it is wrong to pluck the flower before it opens, for then it will have neither fragrance nor fruit.

We had no inclination to "tricks," but that did not hinder Ludmilla and me from speaking of that on which one is supposed to be silent. Such subjects of conversation were in a way forced upon us because the relations of the sexes were so often and tiresomely brought

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to our notice in their coarsest form, and were very offensive to us.

Ludmilla's father was a handsome man of forty years, curly-headed and whiskered, and had an extremely masterful way of moving his eyebrows. He was strangely silent—I do not remember one word uttered by him. When he caressed his children he uttered unintelligible sounds like a dumb person, and even when he beat his wife he did it in silence.

On the evenings of Sundays and festivals, attired in a light blue skirt, with wide plush trousers and highly polished boots, he would go out to the gate with a harmonica slung with straps behind his back, and stand there exactly like a soldier doing sentry duty. Presently a sort of "promenade" would begin past our gate—one after the other girls and women would pass, glancing at Evsyenko furtively from under their eyelashes or quite openly with greedy eyes, while he stood sticking out his lower lip, and also looking with discriminating glances from his dark eyes. There was something repugantly doglike in this silent conversation with the eyes alone, and from the slow, rapt movement of the women as they passed it seemed as if the chosen one, at an imperious flicker of the man's eyelid, would humbly sink to the dirty ground as if she were killed.

"Topsy brute! Brazen face!" grumbled Ludmilla's mother. She was a tall, thin woman with a long face with a bad complexion, and hair which had been cut short after typhus. She was like a worn-out broom.

Ludmilla sat beside her, unsuccessfully trying to turn her attention from the street by asking questions about one thing and another.

"Stop it, you monster!" muttered the mother, blinking restlessly. Her narrow, Mongol eyes were strangely bright and immovable—always fixed on something and always stationary.

"Don't be angry, Mamochka, it doesn't matter," Ludmilla would say. "Just look how the mat-maker's widow is dressed up!"

"I should be able to dress better if it were not for you three. You have eaten me up, devoured me," said the mother pitilessly through her tears, fixing her eyes on the large, broad figure of the mat-maker's widow.

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She was like a small house; her chest stuck like the roof; her red face, half-hidden by the green handkerchief which was tied round it, was like a dormer window when the sun is reflected on it. Evsyenko, drawing his harmonica on to his chest, began to play. The harmonica played many tunes, and the sounds travelled a long way, and the children came from all the streets round and fell in the sand at the feet of the performer, trembling with ecstasy.

"You wait, I'll give you something!" the woman promised her husband.

He looked at her askance without speaking. And the horner's widow sat not far off on the Xlistov's bench, listening intently.

In the field behind the cemetery the sunset was red. In the street, as on a river, floated brightly-clothed great pieces of flesh; the children rushed along like a whirlwind, the warm air was caressing and intoxicating. A pungent odour rose from the sand which had been made hot by the sun in the day, and peculiarly noticeable was a fat, sweet smell from the slaughter-house—the smell of blood; and from the yard where the fur-dresser lived came the salt and bitter odour of tanning. The women's chatter, the drunken roar of the men, the bell-like voices of the children, the bass melody of the harmonica—all mingled together in one deep rumble: the earth that is ever creating gave a mighty sigh. All was coarse and naked, but it instilled a great, a deep faith in that gloomy life, so shamelessly animal. And at times above the noise certain painful, never-to-be-forgotten words went straight to one's heart:

"It is not right for you all to set upon one together—you must take turns." "Who pities us when we do not pity ourselves?" "Did God bring women into the world to deride them?"

The night drew near, the air became fresher, the sounds became more subdued, the wooden houses seemed to swell and grow taller, clothing themselves with shadows. The children were dragged away from the yard to bed: some of them were already asleep by the fence or at the feet or on the knees of their mothers. Most of the children grew quieter and more docile with the night. Evsyenko

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disappeared unnoticed, he seemed to have melted away; the mat-maker's widow was also missing; the bass notes of the harmonica could be heard somewhere in the distance beyond the cemetery. Ludmilla's mother sat on a bench doubled up, with her back stuck out like a cat. My grandmother had gone out to take tea with a neighbour—a midwife—a great fat woman with a nose like a duck's, and a gold medal "for saving the ruined" on her flat, masculine-looking chest. The whole street feared her, regarding her as a witch, and it was related of her that she had carried out of the flames when a fire broke out the three children of a certain colonel and his sick wife. There was a friendship between grandmother and her; when they met in the street they used to smile at each other from a long way off, as if they had seen something specially pleasant.

Kostrom, Ludmilla, and I sat on the bench at the gate; Tchurka had called upon Ludmilla's brother to wrestle with him; locked in each other's arms they trampled down the sand and became angry.

"Leave off!" cried Ludmilla timorously.

Looking at her sideways out of his black eyes, Kostrom told a story about the hunter Kalinin, a grey-haired old man with cunning eyes, a man of evil fame, known to all the village. He had not long been dead, but they had not buried him in the earth in the graveyard, but had placed his coffin above ground away from the other graves. The coffin was black, on tall trestles; on the lid were drawn in white paint a cross, a spear, a reed, and two bones. Each night as soon as it grew dark the old man rose from his coffin and walked about the cemetery looking for something till the first cock crowed.

"Don't talk about such dreadful things!" begged Ludmilla.

"Nonsense!" cried Tchurka, breaking away from her brother. "What are you telling lies for? I saw them bury the coffin myself, and the one above ground is simply a monument. As to a dead man walking about, the drunken blacksmith set that idea afloat."

Kostrom, without looking at him, suggested:

"Go and sleep in the cemetery, then you will see!"

They began to quarrel, and Ludmilla, shaking her head sadly, asked:

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"Mamochka, do dead people walk about at night?"

"They do," answered her mother, as if the question had called her back from a distance.

The son of the shopkeeper, Valek, a tall, stout, red-faced youth of twenty, came to us, and, hearing what we were disputing about, he said :

"I will give three greven and ten cigarettes to whichever of you three will sleep till daylight on the coffin, and I will pull the ears of the one who is afraid—as long as he likes—well?"

We were all silent, confused, and Ludmilla's mother said :

"What nonsense! What do you mean by putting the children up to such nonsense?"

"You hand over a rouble and I will go," announced Tchurka gruffly.

Kostrom at once asked spitefully :

"But for two grevens—you would be afraid?" And he said to Valek : "Give him the rouble—but he won't go, he is only making believe."

"Well, take the rouble!"

Tchurka rose, and without saying a word, and without hurrying, went away, keeping close to the fence. Kostrom, putting his fingers in his mouth, whistled piercingly after him, but Ludmilla said uneasily :

"Oh, Lord, what a braggart he is! I never did!"

"Where are you going, coward?" jeered Valek. "And you call yourself the first fighter in the street!"

It was offensive to listen to his jeers; we did not like this overfed youth—he was always putting up little boys to do wrong, told them filthy stories of girls and women, and taught them to tease them. The children did what he told them, and suffered dearly for it. For some reason or other he hated my dog, and used to throw stones at it, and one day gave it some bread with a needle in it. But more offensive still it was to see Tchurka going away, shrinking and ashamed.

I said to Valek :

"Give me the rouble, I will go."

Mocking me and trying to frighten me, he gave the rouble to Ludmilla's mother, who would not take it, and sternly said :

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"I don't want it, and I won't have it!" And she went out angrily.

Ludmilla also could not make up her mind to take the money, and this made Valek jeer the more. I was going without obtaining the money when grandmother came along, and, being told all about it, took the rouble and said to me softly:

"Put on your overcoat and take a blanket with you, for it grows cold towards morning."

Her words raised my hopes that nothing terrible would happen to me.

Valek laid it down as a condition that I should either lie or sit on the coffin until it was light, not leaving it whatever happened, even if the coffin shook when the old man Kalinin began to climb out of the tomb. If I jumped to the ground I had lost.

"And remember," said Valek, "that I shall be watching you all the night."

When I set out for the cemetery grandmother made the sign of the Cross over me, and kissed me.

"If you should see a glimpse of anything, don't move, but just say 'Hail, Holy Virgin.'"

I went along quickly, my one desire being to begin and finish the whole thing. Valek, Kostrom, and another youth escorted me thither. As I was getting over the brick wall I got mixed up in the blanket, and fell down and was up in the same moment as if the earth had rejected me. There was a chuckle from the other side of the wall. My heart contracted; a cold chill ran down my back.

I went stumblingly on to the black coffin, against one side of which the sand had drifted, while on the other side could be seen the short, thick legs; it looked as if someone had tried to lift it up and had only succeeded in making it totter. I sat on the edge of the coffin and looked round. The hilly cemetery was simply packed with grey crosses; quivering shadows fell upon the graves.

Here and there, scattered amongst the graves, slender willows stood up, uniting adjoining graves with their branches. Through the lace-work of their shadows blades of grass stuck up.

The church rose up in the sky like a snowdrift, and in the motionless clouds shone the small setting moon.

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The father of Yaz, "the good-for-nothing peasant," was lazily ringing his bell in his lodge, and each time, as he pulled the string, it caught in the iron plate of the roof and squeaked pitifully, after which could be heard the metallic clang of the little bell—it sounded sharp and sorrowful.

"God give us rest!" I remembered the saying of the watchman. It was very painful, and somehow it was suffocating. I was perspiring freely although the night was cool. Should I have time to run into the watchman's lodge if old Kalinin really did try to creep out of his grave?

I was well acquainted with the cemetery. I had played amongst the graves many times with Yaz and other comrades. Over there by the church my mother was buried.

Everyone was not asleep yet, for snatches of laughter and fragments of songs were borne to me from the village. Either on the railway embankment to which they were carrying sand, or in the village of Katizovka a harmonica gave forth a strangled sound; along the wall, as usual, went the drunken blacksmith, Myachov, singing—I recognised him by his song:

"To our mother's door
One small sin we lay,
The only one she loves
Is our Papasha."

It was pleasant to listen to the last signs of life, but at each stroke of the bell it became quieter, and the quietness overflowed like a river over a meadow, drowning and hiding everything. One's soul seemed to float in boundless and unfathomable space, and to be extinguished like the light of a match in the darkness, becoming dissolved without leaving a trace in that ocean of space in which live only the unattainable stars, shining brightly, while everything on earth disappears as being useless and dead. Wrapping myself in the blanket, I sat on the coffin with my feet tucked under me and my face to the church, and whenever I moved the coffin squeaked and the sand under it crunched.

Something struck the ground twice close to me, and then a piece of brick fell close to me. I was frightened, but then I guessed that Valek and his friends were throwing

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things at me from the other side of the wall, trying to scare me. But I felt all the better for the proximity of human creatures.

I began to think of my mother unwillingly. Once she had found me trying to smoke a cigarette and she began to beat me, but I said :

"Don't touch me; I feel bad enough without that. I feel very sick."

Afterwards, when I was put behind the stove as a punishment, she said to grandmother :

"That boy has no feeling; he doesn't love anyone."

It hurt me to hear that. When my mother punished me I was sorry for her, I felt uncomfortable for her sake, because she seldom punished me deservedly or justly. On the whole, I had received a great deal of ill-treatment in my life. Those people on the other side of the fence, for example, they must know that I was frightened of being alone in the cemetery, yet they wanted to frighten me more. Why?

I should like to have shouted to them, "Go to the devil!" but that might have been disastrous. Who knew what the devil would think of it, for no doubt he was somewhere near. There was a lot of mica in the sand, and it gleamed faintly in the moonlight, which reminded me how, lying one day on a raft on the Oka, gazing into the water, suddenly a bream swam almost in my face, turned on its side looking like a human cheek, and, looking at me with its round, bird-like eyes, dived to the bottom, fluttering like a leaf falling from a maple tree.

My memory worked with increasing effort, recalling different episodes of my life as if it were striving to protect itself against the imaginations evoked by terror.

A hedgehog came rolling along, tapping on the sand with its strong paws—it reminded me of a hobgoblin, it was just as little and as dishevelled-looking.

I remembered how grandmother, squatting down beside the stove, said : "Kind master of the house, take away the beetles."

Far away over the town which I could not see it grew lighter; the cold morning air blew against my cheeks and into my eyes. I wrapped myself in my blanket—let come what would !

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Grandmother awoke me; standing beside me and pulling off the blanket, she said:

"Get up! Aren't you chilled? Well, were you frightened?"

"I was frightened, but don't tell anyone—don't tell the other boys!"

"But why not?" she asked in amazement. "If you were not afraid you have nothing to be proud about."

As we went home she said to me gently:

"You have to experience things for yourself in this world, dear heart. If you can't teach yourself, no one else can teach you."

By the evening I was the "hero" of the street, and everyone asked me, "Is it possible that you were not afraid?" And when I answered "I was afraid!" they shook their heads and exclaimed, "Aha! You see!"

The shopkeeper went about saying loudly:

"It may be that they talked nonsense when they said that Kalinin walked. But if he did, do you think he would have frightened that boy? No, he would have driven him out of the cemetery, and no one would know where he went."

Ludmilla looked at me with tender astonishment; even grandfather was obviously pleased with me; they all made much of me. Only Tchurka said gruffly:

"It was easy enough for him—his grandmother is a witch!"

(To be continued.)

Words and the Poet

By Edgar Jepson

An Address delivered to the Poets' Club, December, 1916.

IN all psychology there are few things so interesting, and certainly nothing so important, as the working of the spirit of the poet. A poem is the finest achievement of the human spirit, the manner of its coming into being the most important theme of which the science of the spirit can treat.

The appreciation of poetry is the most personal thing in the world; and it is for ever changing. It changes not only with each generation of men; but it changes perpetually in each man. The poems which move deeply a lover of poetry in his youth rarely move him as deeply in later life. It is likely that in the end only the finest poetry will move him at all, if, that is, his spirit has undergone its due training and purification in the ordeal of his life.

Doubtless there are many lovers of poetry who will be deeply moved at sixty by the poem which moved them deeply at sixteen. But these are lovers of poetry of the average, men of the ruck; and with the ruck great poetry has nothing to do. Great poetry is not even for the few. It is for the very few.

But for my own part—and in this matter I speak only for myself—I shall all my life long demand that whatever idea the poet is expressing, he shall find for it its fullest musical expression, that he shall give me the most beautiful music of words. All my life long I shall enjoy a few poems of Catullus more than all the Aeneid.

For me the idea expressed by the poet is really of less importance than the music of its expression. I do not mean at all that verses in which a trivial idea was most musically expressed would have any importance for me. They would not move me. A poet does not express trivial ideas. If he did, he would not be a poet. But I do not hesitate to assert that if a noble idea fails to obtain its full musical expression, it had better have been expressed in prose. Indeed, it loses force if its poetical expression is not wholly admirable, from the effect of pretentiousness produced by the unsuccessful attempt to express it in poetical form.

The eternal opposition is not between the lovers of

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Mrs. Wilcox Post and the lovers of Keats; it is between the lovers of Keats and the lovers of Shelley; between those who demand that a poet should all the while be busied with beauty and those who demand that he should chiefly be busied with ideas; between those who hold that he is a seer because he is a poet, and those who hold that he is a poet because he is a seer. Between these there is an infrangible barrier; and like all the truly infrangible barriers, it is wrought of bars finer than gossamer.

The failure to find the full musical expression of their ideas spoils utterly for me some of the most highly esteemed poets of recent years. They leave me quite cold. And I have a strong feeling that their failure is their own fault. Either in an access of modernitis, seeking at any cost to be new, and, fearing lest the accusation should be brought against their music that it is an echo of the music of dead poets, they have shrunk with such abhorrence, or such timidity, from fine melody that they have fallen to the opposite fault and gotten their music thin, or even discordant.

For example, in all the work of Walter De La Mare, Francis Thompson, and John Masefield I believe that nothing moves me but De La Mare's poem, "The Listener." But then its music is not thin. The idea is uncommonly subtil and delicate; and it finds expression in a subtil and delicate music. In the other two it may be merely a failure of poetic genius. Indeed, Francis Thompson somewhere bewails the fact that his Muse was a sullen mistress. But I have a feeling that it is not wholly a failure of poetic genius, but that they have deliberately refrained from the full musical expression of their ideas; that they are, in truth, akin to those modern musicians who strive with so strenuous a cleverness to produce music without melody.

It is all a part of that queer malady, "Modernitis," with its queer striving to produce something new. Of course, every great poet has produced something new. Genius always does produce something new, whatever its sphere, thought, beauty, or action. Newness is a very hall-mark of genius. But that newness is never the result of a deliberate attempt to produce something new. In Poetry and Art it is the result of striving for beauty. Beauty

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attained is always a new thing. Indeed, the moment you set out to produce something new you confess yourself second-rate.

On the other hand, there are few men more tiresome than the verse-writer—he is never a poet—who expresses his ideas in other men's music; and it is the ordinance of heaven that his ideas shall be as original as the music he steals. It may be that the music of Swinburne is as the music of Gounod; but when another man expresses his ideas in Swinburne's music, *his* music is as the music of Herman Finck. Yet it is little less tiresome to have no music at all.

Now, do not suppose that I demand a luscious music. There is more than one poem of Baudelaire or of Villon for which I would cheerfully give all the orotundities of Victor Hugo. And for the lines:

"I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move,"

I would cheerfully give all "The Idylls of the King."

There an eternal idea finds its full musical expression; and the music is quiet.

Neither again do I always demand the great idea, nor even the very clear idea. I get my fill of emotion—and after all it is the function of poetry to move me—from lines in which the idea is almost mystical, from such a stanza as:

"And through the hours of night the jewelled foam
Torn by the winds from the adventurous seas,
Flies back before my galleons driving home
To heap their treasure on the magic quays.
I may not sleep till high upon their spars
I see the pale hand of the morning gleam,
I need not sleep for love has won the stars
To make the world my dream."

And that brings me to the root of the matter to the magic and mystery of words.

We have lived in a stupid and ignorant age besotted by the ideals of all the dirty tradesmen, an age which has forgotten—if, indeed, it ever knew—that words are magical things: that there is a lost word which, could a man but find it, would make him master of the stars in their courses and controller of the sun. In this magic of words the poet must be an adept.

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In the Dark Ages it was believed that Virgil was a great enchanter; and that legend held the truth. It is not enough for the poet to delight and teach us; he must also be an enchanter and enchant us—opening for us the path to ecstasy. And how rarely does he rise to that height!

I remember once a writer of verse telling me at the end of dinner with gentle satisfaction that he must now be going home, for he proposed to write six hundred lines of poetry that evening. Six hundred lines of poetry in an evening! None of the great poets has written six hundred lines of poetry in six years. I doubt that I could find six hundred lines of poetry in the *Odyssey*. Some of the greatest poets have produced a hundred lines of verse for every line of poetry they wrote. I sometimes wonder if any great poet ever wrote thirty consecutive lines of poetry. How then does a poet become an adept in the magic of words and rise, himself enchanted, to the heights of enchanting others?

I believe that the chief fact in his development is that he lives very much with words. Indeed he lives far more with words than with ideas. He is for ever considering words, brooding upon them, enjoying them, appraising them, accepting them, rejecting them. It is only natural that after a while his underself should become a surging sea of words, striving to burst up through the barrier into his consciousness. Often, I suspect, they are battling with one another, the poor and ugly words hindering and forcing back the beautiful words, to the infinite distress of the poet, for that battle between words is the main part of his travail. Sometimes the right words, the beautiful words, gain the victory and flow up into his consciousness. Then, himself enchanted by them, he rises to the height of enchanting others, and opens for them the path to ecstasy.

For the aim of all enchantment is ecstasy, that standing outside oneself in a freedom, always too brief a freedom, from the prison of the flesh.

Of all the means of producing ecstasy, the true ecstasy—I account the ecstasies induced by wine or drugs spurious ecstasies—man has found words the most potent. The enchanter enchanted himself and his disciples by the sound of words, by sonorous incantations prolonged. They were a chief part of the processes of magic. The Roman

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Church, wisest of the churches, induces the religious ecstasy by the sound of words, literally by the *sound* of words chanted or muttered in a forgotten tongue. And she reinforces that sound with music and incense, even as the enchanter reinforced his incantations with the scent of burning herbs, sweet or pungent. The Oriental saint induces his religious ecstasy by gazing at his navel and murmuring the word "Om" till the bonds of the flesh fall from him. The poet uses words in the same manner as the enchanter and the religious to induce ecstasy in himself and set the feet of others on the path to it.

Words then are magical things; and I have more than a suspicion that it is not the poet who is the master of words but words who are the masters of the poet. The poet does not make his poems nearly so much as his poems make themselves. He begins with the idea doubtless. Where does it come from? Assuredly not from his conscious intelligence. Then come the words; and they build up and beautify the idea almost out of its original semblance. For words so beautiful that they have lingered on the tongues of the generations have acquired exquisite significances and illuminating connotations. They have become powers drawing to themselves other beautiful words, growing together into poems. The spirit of the poet is their vehicle; his brain may join the flats; but no straining effort of his conscious intelligence built the structure. It came from his underself.

Consider in this matter the amazing significance of "Kubla Khan." It is one of the finest achievements of Coleridge; and he did not write it. He wrote it down. If anything ever came out of a man's underself, that did. His conscious intelligence was in abeyance during its coming to birth.

I believe that that happens in the case of all poetry. I believe that often the poet writes verse as a preparation, writing on and on to tune his spirit as it were. Then the moment comes; he yields himself almost passively to the magic words whose flow this preparation has made easier; and the poem rises like the towers of Ilion. He is no more than the vehicle; and the true poetic frenzy is uncommonly like a trance.

Chekoff and Modern Russia

By Hamilton Fyfe.

I HAD heard so much in praise of Chekoff that as soon as I could read Russian I promised myself much pleasure and profit from his plays. Only one or two had been at that time translated into English. In any case, translations seldom admit one to intimacy with a foreign author. We may use them to scrape up a bowing acquaintance, but thought and style together can only be justly estimated from their original form.

Chekoff did not leave a large bulk of plays. His stories fill many volumes, but five long pieces and some half-dozen trivial, amusing short ones, mostly broad farce, were all that he wrote for the stage. I read the five plays, and re-read them, I talked them over with friends, I glanced through them again; and the conclusion I came to was that Chekoff has been praised in England vastly beyond his deserts.

There are two reasons for this. One is that until lately very few people outside Russia knew Russian, and those of them who became acquainted with Russian literature were inclined to over-praise what they found in it, just as a traveller who has been in some far country cries up its scenery and products, partly to make others envious, partly to convince himself that his journey was worth while.

I am quite unable to gulp down Chekoff as a great dramatist, *pace* Mr. Maurice Baring and Mr. Stephen Graham. (See a recent article by a Moscow correspondent of *The Times*.) Each of these writers has done useful work in helping to bring to the minds of their homekeeping countrymen some knowledge of Russian manners and character. Mr. Baring seems now to have turned to other fields. Mr. Graham might continue his usefulness if he would keep to the descriptive, which he does with a great

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deal of picturesque force and charm, instead of making excursions into politics, criticism, and religion. These excursions have subjected him to much ridicule and made him very unpopular in Russia, besides decreasing, I fancy, the attractiveness of his books for readers in England. He has wandered all too clearly out of his depth. His flounderings and splashings are comic to those who know, bewildering to those who do not.

Mr. Baring has a mind of very different texture. He is a critic by temperament. His opinions are always worth listening to. I fancy, however, that Chekoff as dramatist was with him a passing mood. He wrote a play or two in the same manner himself. I recollect seeing one called, I think, "The Gray Stocking." It was acted on a wet afternoon, so I did not feel any active resentment. It was highly praised at the time, since it accorded with a passing fashion. Its development was studiously banal, and the characters did nothing at all.

This brings us to the second reason why Chekoff has in England been overpraised as a dramatist. He was "discovered" at a period when discontent was felt with plays on account of their "not being like life." Chekoff's plays were hailed as masterpieces because his aim was to make each one a "slice of reality," not a deliberate composition with a beginning, and a middle, and an end, but a series of scenes taken from the existences of commonplace men and women, over whose heads the years passed in a colourless, uneventful flow.

In Chekoff this desire was due, I think, to the absence from his temperament of any strong dramatic instinct, and from his mind, of dramatic vision. In England the reaction against "drama" was deliberate. Unfortunately, its only effect was to make our stage more "stagey." The "like life" plays which got themselves acted were so entirely lacking in the quality of entertainment that playgoers fled back in disgust to the older fashion. Theatrical purveyors saw there was a fresh opening for melodrama and rejoiced; melodrama is easier to find than pieces of more subtle quality. Plays become less instead of more interesting. The reaction left the standard of the English and American theatre lower than it was before.

Not even in Russia has the "slice of reality" play gained

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any lasting popularity (I say "even," because in Russia the dramatic sense is weakly developed). It is doubtful whether Chekoff would have made any mark as a dramatist if he had not been taken up by the founders of the Moscow Art Theatre. Nemirovitch-Danchenko, playwright, producer, director, admired his work. He infected the actor Stanislavski with his enthusiasm. Chekoff was already famous as the author of short tales and studies in which the numberless types of Russian life at the end of the 19th century were sketched swiftly and lightly, with inimitable skill. He now had the luck to find welcome for his plays in a theatre which for artistry and ingenuity of "production" was easily the foremost in the world.

The effect which the productions of the Moscow Art Theatre still produce is like that of the playing of a well-nigh perfect orchestra. Smooth, soothing harmony is their chief characteristic. Looking back upon them, I seldom recall any special passages. No scenes, no individual performances stand out from among the rest. One remembers not this or that feature, but the whole. This is the result of continuous effort and attention to detail. Plays are rehearsed for three months. The players begin by reading them over many times. Day by day they sit round a table discussing the emotions which they are required to feel. Then they begin to act their parts. From time to time, "in order to cure tricks" (so the system was explained to me), they go back to the table to read and discuss again.

The scenery is prepared with the same patient care. In a piece I saw two seasons ago, called *Autumn Violins*, a poor thing, but raised to the dignity of a sonata by the manner of its presentation, the first and last acts passed in the same room, but at different times of the year. The Art Theatre did not use the same "set" for summer and for winter. The whole scene was painted twice over, so as to represent accurately the effect of warm sunshine and the white glare of snow. I noticed one very small, but illuminating, point. The shadows of a clock and of old Dutch plates which hung on the wall were altered so as to fit in with the position of the sun. That was typical of the Art Theatre's conscientious method.

Such a method of production suits the kind of drama in which Chekoff experimented, the drama which flows on with

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the placid surface of a stream of the plain, instead of being broken up, as mountain torrents are, by freshets and rapids, with stirring passages of impetuous and passionate movement. The more tense the dramatic material, the less room for "production." If the characters fascinate, the scenery is little noticed. "Four boards and a passion" leave out the producer altogether, whereas upon a piece deficient in vitality he can exercise his talent to the full. He can supply by a multiplicity of skilful touches that appearance of life which the author, unaided, could not impart.

When one sees a Chekoff play acted at the Moscow Art Theatre, one listens with attention, one follows a series of everyday events and discussions with pleasure. If afterwards one tries to recollect what caused the pleasure, one discovers it to be the minute details by which the languid interest of the piece has been laboriously shored up. One sees that without such shoring up there would have been a collapse.

I am not writing this article to prove that Chekoff was not a great dramatist. It is not worth while to correct current errors in literary judgment. These correct themselves. Chekoff's plays, however, leave behind a misleading impression of the Russian character, and this it is important to erase, if the British peoples and the Russians are to be good friends and respect one another. It would be impossible to respect, or to find any sure holding for the anchor of friendship in the characters of such men and women as Chekoff the dramatist has drawn.

Many who knew Russia before the so-called "Revolution" of 1905 tell me that his portraits were in those days true enough. "Then," I have made answer, "since national characters do not change in a dozen years, there must be a large number of such flabby, spiritless people left." No one denies this; least of all, Russians themselves. But to suppose that the indolent, chattering, purposeless drifters who people Chekoff's plays are now typical of Russian character is to fall into a deplorable mistake.

The Cherry Orchard is generally accounted Chekoff's most famous work. For my part I think of *The Three Sisters* with clearer and more sympathetic recollection. At the same time, I recognise in the theme of the later play

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a certain theatrical value which lends it a more immediate appeal.

Flabbiness is the badge of all the tribe of Chekoff's creations. They all, men as well as women, shed tears upon the very smallest provocation. They are discontented, disappointed with what Life has brought them. Both Olga and Irene, for instance, grumble when they come home from their work, make frequent complaint of exhaustion. The men over thirty almost all say they have wasted their time and thrown away their chances of happiness. One thinks of the Chekoff world as peopled by an unpleasant, querulous herd of failures who fail because they have not "the will to success." They are not even interesting failures. Either they chatter about purely domestic matters or, if they wish to feel intelligent, they indulge in a tedious, brainless kind of conversation which they call "philosophising." They say "Now let us philosophise," just as two old Scottish ladies I once knew used to say after lunch on Sunday to a small schoolboy: "Noo we'll have a little holy talk." They combine with this much flaccid philandering. "Love" is never far from their thoughts—meaning either frank sensuality or a vague, cranky "Platonism" like that of the ill-natured idealist Trophimof, who tells a mother that he and her daughter, who are constantly together, are "above love." The men are often drunk, and the women do not resent it. An officer sprinkles himself with scent in public: nobody expresses or feels any surprise.

The least repellent of Chekoff's characters are some of his young girls. I think of Sonia always with affectionate sympathy. Her gentle little soul perfumes the play in which she figures (*Uncle Vanya*). Irene has the same tender, delicate bloom of inexperience and idealism. Nina in *The Seagull* is too silly to be interesting, though she has a certain child-like charm. Sasha in *Ivanoff* has character, but she is disagreeably self-assertive, and her moral standard is comically oblique. "How can you be blamed for ceasing to love your wife?" she asks of Ivanhoff. "No man is master of his feelings. You did not fall out of love with her on purpose. And was it your fault that she saw you making love to me? No, you did not intend her to see. . . ."

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It is not surprising to find more individuality in the women of Chekoff's plays than in the men. That was true to the conditions of his time. It is true to-day also that many Russian women have stronger energy, readier initiative, steadier perseverance, than most Russian men. But Chekoff does not, as a rule, represent the superiority as lasting beyond early womanhood. His older women, except for an old nurse, have lapsed either into sloth or into foolish activity of some annoying kind.

I account for the feeling of impatience with which I recall most of Chekoff's characters partly by his lack of skill as a playwright. His touch is uncertain. There is neither wit in his writing nor humour in his conceptions. His attempts at fun are heavy. His stupid people disgust me. His bores are too boring. He does not make us know his men and women intimately. He is fond of giving them tricks of speech or habit. One ends almost every sentence with "and so on, and so on," another talks continually about cards, a third is always imagining himself at the billiard table, playing impossible strokes; a fourth never appears without pulling newspapers out of his pockets. But these oddities are external. They do not light up the secret places of the soul. He saw the surface only, not the depths; or if he saw them, he was not expert enough in drama to reveal them.

But there is a stronger reason for the feelings of impatience and irritation which his creations arouse. They show only one side of the Russian character, and that a side which tends, I believe and hope, to pass more and more away. As I have said, he wrote in a period of flabbiness, disillusion, discontent. But that period has been left behind. To suppose that the Russian people can be studied in the dramatic works of Chekoff is an injustice. The Russian nature has not, truly, the same fixity of purpose, the same unwavering attachment to tradition and principle, the solidity and steadfastness of the British nature. But, especially during the war, the Russian nature has developed, become firmer, grown towards Western energy and away from Eastern do-nothing fatalism. It has proved itself to be of tougher fibre than Chekoff suspected.

The men who have won Russia's battles have not been

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soldiers like Colonei Vershinine and the other officers in *The Three Sisters*. The men who have "organised the rear," through the wholesome activities of the Union of Zemstvoes, the Union of Towns, the War-Industry Committees, and other bodies composed of citizens, not of Tchinovniks (officials), are not the poor-spirited, ineffective creatures of Chekoff's gallery. The women whom I have seen in Russian hospitals and feeding points, in ambulance-trains and nursing-tents, in field-dressing-stations close to the front, engaged in all works of mercy, encouragement and hope, these are not the Lubof Andreievnas, the Arkadinas, the Mashas and Sashas of the plays, lymphatic, ill-disciplined, lazy, thinking only of themselves.

The "intelligentsia," as the very small educated part of the Russian population is called, has learnt a great deal from the war; left much affectation behind in battle-fields and lazarets; cured much of its former ignorance of life. Now a dramatist is needed to mark the change. Chekoff's work has in these days mainly a historical interest. It has lost its momentary verisimilitude. As an interpreter of the Russian character, Chekoff is out-of-date.

The Reality of Peace (i)

By D. H. Lawrence

The Transference

PEACE is the state of fulfilling the deepest desire of the soul. It is the condition of flying within the greatest impulse that enters us from the unknown. Our life becomes a mechanical round, and it is difficult for us to know or to admit the new creative desires that come upon us. We cling tenaciously to the old states, we resist our own fulfilment with a perseverance that would almost stop the sun in its course. But in the end we are overborne. If we cannot cast off the old habitual life, then we bring it down over our heads in a blind frenzy. Once the temple becomes our prison, we drag at the pillars till the roof falls crashing down on top of us and we are obliterated.

There is a great systole diastole of the universe. It has no why or wherefore, no aim or purpose. At all times it *is*, like the beating of the everlasting heart. What it is, is forever beyond saying. It is unto itself. We only know that the end is the heaven on earth, like the wild rose in blossom.

We are like the blood that travels. We are like the shuttle that flies from never to forever, from forever back to never. We are the subject of the eternal systole diastole. We fly according to the perfect impulse, and we have peace. We resist, and we have the gnawing misery of nullification which we have known previously.

Who can choose beforehand what the world shall be? All law, all knowledge holds good for that which already exists in the created world. But there is no law, no knowledge of the unknown which is to take place. We cannot know, we cannot declare beforehand. We can only come at length to that perfect state of understanding, of

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acquiescence, when we sleep upon the living drift of the unknown, when we are given to the direction of creation, when we fly like a shuttle that flies from hand to hand in a line across the loom. The pattern is woven of us without our foreknowing, but not without our perfect unison of acquiescence.

What is will, divorced from the impulse of the unknown? What can we achieve by this insulated self-will? Who can take his way into the unknown by will? We are driven. Subtly and beautifully, we are impelled. It is our peace and bliss to follow the rarest prompting. We sleep upon the impulse; we lapse on the strange incoming tide, which rises now where no tide ever rose; we are conveyed to the new ends. And this is peace when we sleep upon the perfect impulse in the spirit. This is peace even whilst we run the gauntlet of destruction. Still we sleep in peace upon the pure impulse.

When we have become very still, when there is an inner silence as complete as death, then, as in the grave, we hear the rare, superfine whispering of the new direction; the intelligence comes. After the pain of being destroyed in all our old securities that we used to call peace, after the pain and death of our destruction in the old life comes the inward suggestion of fulfilment in the new.

This is peace like a river. This is peace like a river to flow upon the tide of the creative direction, towards an end we know nothing of, but which only fills us with bliss of confidence. Our will is a rudder that steers us and keeps us faithfully adjusted to the current. Our will is the strength that throws itself upon the tiller when we are caught by a wrong current. We steer by the delicacy of adjusted understanding, and our will is the strength that serves us in this. Our will is never tired of adjusting the helm according to our pure understanding. Our will is prompt and ready to shove off from any obstruction, to overcome any impediment. We steer with the subtlety of understanding, and the strength of our will sees us through.

But all the while our greatest effort and our supreme aim is to adjust ourselves to the river that carries us, so that we may be carried safely to the end, neither wrecked nor stranded nor clogged in weeds. All the while we are

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but given to the stream, we are borne upon the surpassing impulse which has our end in view beyond us. None of us know the way. The way is given on the way.

There is a sacrifice demanded—only one, an old sacrifice that was demanded of the first man, and will be demanded of the last. It is demanded of all created life. I must submit my will and my understanding—all I must submit, not to any other will, not to any other understanding, not to anything that is, but to the exquisitest suggestion from the unknown that comes upon me. This I must attend to and submit to. It is not me, it is upon me.

There is no visible security; pure faith is the only security. There is no given way; there will never be any given way. We have no foreknowledge, no security of chart and regulation; there is no pole-star save only pure faith.

We must give up our assurance, our conceit of final knowledge, our vanity of charted right and wrong. We must give these up for ever. We cannot map out the way. We shall never be able to map out the way to the new. All our maps, all our charts, all our right and wrong, is only record from the past. But for the new there is a new and forever incalculable element.

We must give ourselves and be given, not to anything that has been, but to the river of peace that bears us. We must abide by the incalculable impulse of creation; we must sleep in faith. It will seem to us we are nowhere. We shall be afraid of anarchy and confusion. But, in fact, there is no anarchy so horrid as the anarchy of fixed law, which is mechanism.

We must be given in faith, like sleep. We must lapse upon a current that carries us like repose, and extinguishes in repose our self-insistence and self-will. It will seem to us we are nothing when we are no longer actuated by the stress of self-will. It will seem we have no progression, nothing progressive happens. Yet if we look, we shall see the banks of the old slipping noiselessly by; we shall see a new world unfolding round us. It is pure adventure, most beautiful.

But first it needs this act of courage: that we yield up our will to the unknown, that we deliver our course to the current of the invisible. With what rigid, cruel insistence

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we clutch the control of our lives; with what a morbid frenzy we try to force our conclusions; with what madness of ghastly persistence we break ourselves under our own will! We think to work everything out mathematically and mechanically, forgetting that peace far transcends mathematics and mechanics.

There is a far sublimer courage than the courage of the indomitable will. It is not the courage of the man smiling contemptuously in the face of death that will save us all from death. It is the courage which yields itself to the perfectest suggestion from within. When a man yields himself implicitly to the suggestion which transcends him, when he accepts gently and honourably his own creative fate, he is beautiful and beyond aspersion.

In self-assertive courage a man may smile serenely amid the most acute pains of death, like a Red Indian of America. He may perform acts of stupendous heroism. But this is the courage of death. The strength to die bravely is not enough.

Where has there been on earth a finer courage of death and endurance than in the Red Indian of America? And where has there been more complete absence of the courage of life? Has not this super-brave savage maintained himself in the conceit and strength of his own will since time began, as it seems? He has held himself aloof from all pure change; he has kept his will intact and insulated from life till he is an automaton—mad, living only in the acute inward agony of a negated impulse of creation. His living spirit is crushed down from him, confined within bonds of an unbreakable will, as the feet of a Chinese woman are bound up and clinched in torment. He only knows that he lives by the piercing of anguish and the thrill of peril. He needs the sharp sensation of peril; he needs the progression through danger and the interchange of mortal hate; he needs the outward torture to correspond with the inward torment of the restricted spirit. For that which happens at the quick of a man's life will finally have its full expression in his body. And the Red Indian finds relief in the final tortures of death, for these correspond at last with the inward agony of the cramped spirit; he is released at last to the pure and sacred readjustment of death.

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He has all the fearful courage of death. He has all the repulsive dignity of a static, indomitable will. He has all the noble, sensational beauty of arrestedness, the splendour of insulated changelessness, the pride of static resistance to every impulse of mobile, delicate life. And what is the end? He is benumbed against all life, therefore he needs torture to penetrate him with vital sensation. He is cut off from growth, therefore he finds his fulfilment in the slow and mortal anguish of destruction. He knows no consummation of peace, but falls at last in the great conclusion of death.

Having all the resultant courage of negation, he has failed in the great crisis of life. He had not the courage to yield himself to the unknown that should make him new and vivid, to yield himself, deliberately, in faith. Does any story of martyrdom affect us like the story of the conversion of Paul? In an age of barrenness, where people glibly talk of epilepsy on the road to Damascus, we shy off from the history, we hold back from realising what is told. We dare not know. We dare to gloat on the crucifixion, but we dare not face the mortal fact of the conversion from the accepted world, to the new world which was not yet conceived, that took place in the soul of Saint Paul on the road to Damascus.

It is a passage through a crisis greater than death or martyrdom. It is the passage from the old way of death to the new way of creation. It is a transition out of assurance into peace. It is a change of state from comprehension to faith. It is a submission and allegiance given to the new which approaches us, in place of defiance and self-insistence, insistence on the known, that which lies static and external.

Sappho leaped off into the sea of death. But this is easy. Who dares leap off from the old world into the inception of the new? Who dares give himself to the tide of living peace? Many have gone in the tide of death. Who dares leap into the tide of new life? Who dares to perish from the old static entity, lend himself to the unresolved wonder? Who dares have done with his old self? Who dares have done with himself, and with all the rest of the old-established world; who dares have done with his own righteousness; who dares have done with humanity?

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It is time to have done with all these, and be given to the unknown which will come to pass.

It is the only way. There is this supreme act of courage demanded from every man who would move in a world of life. Empedocles ostentatiously leaps into the crater of the volcano. But a living man must leap away from himself into the much more awful fires of creation. Empedocles knew well enough where he was going when he leaped into Etna. He was only leaping hastily into death, where he would have to go whether or not. He merely forestalled himself a little. For we must all die. But we need not live. We have always the door of death in front of us, and, howsoever our track winds and travels, it comes to that door at last. We *must* die within an allotted term; there is not the least atom of choice allowed us in this.

But we are not compelled to live. We are only compelled to die. We may refuse to live; we may refuse to pass into the unknown of life; we may deny ourselves to life altogether. So much choice we have. There is so much free will that we are perfectly free to forestall our date of death, and perfectly free to postpone our date of life as long as we like.

We must *choose* life, for life will never compel us. Sometimes we have even no choice; we have no alternative to death. Then, again, life is with us; there is the soft impulse of peace. But this we may deny emphatically and to the end, and it is denied of us. We may reject life completely and finally from ourselves. Unless we submit our will to the flooding of life, there is no life in us.

If a man have no alternative but death, death is his honour and his fulfilment. If he is wintry in discontent and resistance, then winter is his portion and his truth. Why should he be cajoled or bullied into a declaration for life? Let him declare for death with a whole heart. Let every man search in his own soul to find there the quick suggestion, whether his soul be quick for life or quick for death. Then let him act as he finds it. For the greatest of all misery is a lie; and if a man belong to the line of obstinate death, he has at least the satisfaction of pursuing this line simply. But we will not call this peace. There is all the world of difference between the sharp, drug-delicious satisfaction of resignation and self-gratifying

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humility and the true freedom of peace. Peace is when I accept life; when I accept death I have the hopeless equivalent of peace, which is quiescence and resignation.

Life does not break the self-insistent will. But death does. Death compels us and leaves us without choice. And all compulsion whatsoever is death, and nothing but death.

To life we must cede our will, acquiesce and be at one with it, or we stand alone, we are excluded, we are exempt from living. The service of life is voluntary.

This fact of conversion, which has seemed, in its connection with religion, to smack of unreality, to be, like the miracles, not quite creditable, even if demonstrable, is as a matter of fact essentially natural and our highest credit. We know what it is now to live in a confessed state of death. We know what it is to prosecute death with all our strength of soul and body. We know what it is to be fulfilled with the activity of death. We have given ourselves body and soul, altogether, to the making of all the engines and contrivances and inventions of death. We have wanted to deal death, ever more and more death. We have wanted to compel every man whatsoever to the activity of death. We have wanted to envelop the world in a vast unison of death, to let nothing escape. We have been filled with a frenzy of compulsion: our insistent will has co-ordinated into a monstrous engine of compulsion and death.

So now our fundamental being has come out. True, our banner is ostensible peace. But let us not degrade ourselves with lying. We were filled with the might of death. And this has been gathering in us for a hundred years. Our strength of death passion has accumulated from our fathers; it has grown stronger and stronger from generation to generation. And in us it is confessed.

Therefore, we are in a position to understand the "phenomenon" of conversion. It is very simple. Let every man look into his own heart and see what is fundamental there. Is there a gnawing and unappeasable discontent? Is there a secret desire that there shall be new strife? Is there a prophecy that the worst is yet to come; is there a subtle thrill in the anticipation of a fearful tearing of the body of life at home, here, between the classes of men in England; a great darkness coming over England;

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the sound of a great rending of destruction? Is there a desire to partake in this rending, either on one side or the other? Is there a longing to see the masses rise up and make an end of the wrong old order? Is there a will to circumvent these masses and subject them to superior wisdom? Shall we govern them for their own good, strongly?

It does not matter on which side the desire stands, it is the desire of death. If we prophesy a triumph of the people over their degenerate rulers, still we prophesy from the inspiration of death. If we cry out in the name of the subjected herds of mankind against iniquitous tyranny, still we are purely deathly. If we talk of the wise controlling the unwise, this is the same death.

For all strife between things old is pure death. The very division of mankind into two halves, the humble and the proud, is death. Unless we pull off the old badges and become ourselves, single and new, we are divided unto death. It helps nothing whether we are on the side of the proud or the humble.

But if, in our heart of hearts, we can find one spark of happiness that is absolved from strife, then we are converted to the new life the moment we accept this spark as the treasure of our being. This is conversion. If there is a quick, new desire to have new heaven and earth, and if we are given triumphantly to this desire, if we know that it will be fulfilled of us, finally and without fail, we are converted. If we will have a new creation on earth, if our souls are chafing to make a beginning, if our fingers are itching to start the new work of building up a new world, a whole new world with a new open sky above us, then we are transported across the unthinkable chasm, from the old dead way to the beginning of all that is to be.

Musical Notes

By Edwin Evans

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN'S address to the theatrical managers, with its reference to economy, provided the psychological moment for an interesting discussion upon the way in which the need for national recreation can best be met. In the world of entertainment, as in most other sections of the Anglo-Saxon world, it was the custom before the war to hold brains in light esteem and to fall back upon the expenditure of money. Even in social functions lavishness had been brought in as a substitute for intelligence. So long as the wine sparkled sufficiently there was no need for the conversation to do the same. In the form of musical entertainment offered by the theatres, an expensively undressed beauty chorus, with blatant scenery and meaningless noises in that part of the orchestra which musicians refer to as the kitchen department, took the place of wit, of good singing, and of well-made music. That despot of modern times, the producer, instead of exercising a kind of artistic supervision, had become a mere instrument for the spending of other people's money. Needless to say, the rank and file of managers had fallen into the same old rut, already overcrowded with publishers and editors, where eagerness to secure a larger share of patronage ends in hopelessly under-estimating the intelligence of the public.

The moment was opportune for raising the question of a return to a form of musical entertainment depending more on the wit of its authors, the skill of its composers, and the talent of its interpreters than on the amount of money which its backers were prepared to squander. Not only were audiences tired of the form of entertainment offered them, but the shows themselves were tired. Their producers were showing signs of approaching exhaustion, and "that tired feeling" was becoming painfully visible on the stage.

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Meanwhile, the idea of returning to some form of comic opera was taking root. Mr. Robert Courtneidge took *Young England* to Drury Lane. Mr. Gilbert Miller announced a light romantic opera by Messenger. But if one thing more than another furnished proof of the timeliness of the change, it was the eagerness with which many people whose names were associated with revue promptly informed the public that light opera was what they had all along been aiming at. Mr. Herman Darewski proclaimed himself the champion of comic opera. Mr. C. B. Cochran—who has, however, not been one of the spendthrifts—made a violent attack on super-revue. Miss Phyllis Dare assured an interviewer that, “from signs and portents only known to a musical comedy star,” there is going to be a real revival in comic opera. So much anxiety was displayed to be in the movement that an anonymous letter-writer became alarmed at the enthusiasm displayed in certain quarters, and plaintively pointed out that light opera is not revue under a new name. The anxiety was, however, quite real, for one revue, popularly supposed to be successful, was in financial difficulties, and another which had been announced with much prominence was being delayed by the misgivings of its guarantors; whilst in the provinces revue was pronounced by the best experts to be as dead as mutton, though, needless to say, the interests most affected by the slump were not those which waxed eloquent on the subject.

The inane type of musical entertainment still has defenders who maintain that it is what the public wants, although the public appears to be using a practical means of undeceiving them. But even if it were not so, the argument would not apply, for the public has for some considerable time had no choice offered to it, all these entertainments having gradually descended to approximately the same level. It is the old mistake over again. The public is far more intelligent than managers believe. It will not go to a dull show for amusement merely because it is assured that it is clever. When it wants to be amused it does not want gems of lyrical poetry or feasts of symphonic music. But it does want wit and it does want bright, humorous music, and if it is offered these it will quickly relinquish its waning allegiance to the band with the cham-

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pion drummer. It all depends on what happens in the near future. Any attempt to educate the public would, of course, be fatal.

That is where the opportunity arises for our musical talents. If a beauty chorus is indispensable, there are plenty of pretty girls who have been trained to sing quite well. There may be difficulties about the book, but I cannot bring myself to believe that we are as poor in writers of bright, humorous verse as one would suppose from the state of the lighter stage. As for the music, there has not been a time within living memory when we were so rich in fresh young talent that only waits to be exploited. Here again we are not so poverty-stricken as to need the present flow of importations from America and from enemy countries by way of American adaptations. A Berlin or Vienna production does not become neutral, or even hyphenated, on receiving the imprint of an American publisher.

Besides, I think the time has come when we should pay more attention to the music of people whose names bear some phonetic resemblance to those of Brown, Jones, and Robinson. I have no quarrel with the Darewskis, or with Nat D. Ayer, or Irving Berlin, or Louis Hirsch, or Melville Gideon. On the contrary, I admire the characteristic opportunism which betrays the origin of most of them. That is to say, I admire it from a business point of view. But in the house of amusement, as also in the concert-room and the opera-house, I hunger for the sound of good English verse, set to good English music, and signed by good English names. If this remarkable race to which we belong were really incapable of amusing itself, it would scarcely deserve to be amused at all. But look around you, all you pessimists of the theatre, and see what this great people can do, and actually does do, in its moments of unfettered recreation. If all that wealth of material does not appear to you worthy or capable of development and exploitation, or likely to secure the appreciation of those who participate in the making of it, I can only retort that, for all your managerial successes, you have no more business acumen than the proprietor of a penny gaff in a one-horse town.

IMPERIAL RECONSTRUCTION

The Education Question

By The Master of Balliol

PREFACE.

MR. FISHER, the President of the Board of Education, who certainly himself enlivens and illuminates any subject he touches, asked in opening an education discussion on March 28th, 1917, why the British public regarded education as a dull subject. He avoided the temptation to explain it by suggesting that the British public was looking into a mirror and saw reflected therein its own educational attitude. But in fact, the repute of "dulness" is not wholly due to its being presented in a pedantic form by the experts. When one gets so close as this to the heart of the subject, it is full of the deepest and most varied human interest. But superficially and at a distance it has that repute because the British public doggedly identifies education with information, and regards it as a process of ramming in instead of a process of drawing out; and therefore the British public did to some degree deserve the German verdict passed on us long before the war as a people profoundly uneducated, having no general belief in knowledge or research as such, no general use of science or modern languages, no general respect for teaching as a profession, and no real educational system. To the popular mind, education connotes primarily a mechanical acquisition of the three R's, and, secondarily, an acquaintance almost as mechanical with one or two dead languages. But things are different if we regard it truly as an all-round development, physical and moral as well as mental. There is some truth in the definition of it as "what remains when we have forgotten the things we learned." In this sense

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of education we are beginning to see that all our present urgent problems come back to it as their basis and postulate. Thus the international problem, how to strengthen world-peace in the future, can have no hope of solution till the map of Europe is redrawn on sound lines because lines of nationality, but with guarantees for other factors too, such as religious and racial minorities, and till the peoples of the world are ready to intervene actively in future every time that this settlement is endangered. Clearly this requires that at least in the two peoples of the British Empire and the United States every intelligent man shall have some appreciation of the danger and the indispensable need and duty it imposes on him. How is this possible without a far more educated public?

Or take the Imperial position. It has been for ever altered by the war, by the action of the Dominions coming out to fight, not for us, but for the ideals common to us with them, by their determination to have a say in questions of peace and war without any diminution of their own autonomy. Some way or other we have to re-adjust to these new facts the future relation between Britain and the Dominions. Everything will depend on mutual understanding and sympathy. How is this possible without a public educated out of its mistrust of the term "Empire," and educated up to the vast potentialities implied in a world commonwealth of British democracies? Then there are our home problems, each waiting only till peace is in sight to burst out into towering monsters, like the genie out of the bottle in the *Arabian Nights*. Is the State to buy up the railways, mines, shipping, and "the trade" as it modestly calls itself? What sort of Cabinet are we to have in future, and what sort of Second Chamber? Can we shake off the baser sort of politician and the dark methods of the caucus, the secret funds and the sale of honours, without weakening the practicality and efficiency of the two-party system? Is it not manifest that a democracy which has to solve these questions must be an educated democracy? And what of the new form of society that will begin to build itself under the hands of Labour, awakened by the war to a new sense of unity and power and a new sense of social justice? Is "labour unrest" likely to turn into industrial harmony between employers and employed

at the more twanging of a harp, even a Welsh harp by a Prime Minister? Is the tremendous question of women's standing as industrial competitors against men, with its incalculable results on family life and sexual morality, to be settled by an uneducated generation? Or to deal honestly yet wisely with the two cankers of our society, drink and prostitution, can we trust to anything but the education of that social conscience which is now so callous?

I. ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

The first subject to discuss in educational reform must be the elementary schools; then the continuation of education from fourteen to eighteen; then the teachers.

It is not enough to deal with the years five to fourteen. Instruction that stopped abruptly on the threshold of adolescence, that was not kept alive by use, was sheer waste. Elementary education needs continuation as its supplement. In the same way, if it is not to be too much handicapped at the start, it needs that there shall be some preliminary care and training even before the age of five. When Aristotle judged that children's best education up to seven consisted in home life and games, he was certainly not considering slum homes, mothers absent in factories, and streets as playgrounds. Not that children under five are to be subjected to the dreadful process called "information," nor even to be accommodated in the present schools. But under our present industrial conditions we must have nursery schools, if only to give them a fair start for their later school life. It is a well-known observation of those great teachers the Jesuits that it is the early years of life that count most in the formation of habits; and modern hygiene would add that it is just in those years that skilled inspection and medical treatment can do most. As Dr. Newman has lately said, "To secure for all children from infancy an adequate upbringing based on a sufficiency of food, air, and exercise is a problem well within compass, not involving either large expenditure or revolutionary methods." If these wise words do not strike home, we might point them further with certain figures. The last Medical Report of the Board of Education, that for 1915, makes a startling revelation. There is a large mass of

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physical defects, mostly preventible; 250,000 children of school age are seriously crippled or disabled; and 1,000,000 too defective or diseased in body or mind to get reasonable benefit from their education. It is evident that if only on the crudest ground of what pays and what does not pay, we have to build up a complete scheme of medical inspection and treatment of our 5,500,000 State school children. As things stand, each child is so inspected at three points in school life, but the machinery is as yet only adequate to deal with 2,000,000 each year. Further, where treatment is required, the machinery at present is only adequate to half the work. Of 317 education authorities, only 93 have made provision for dealing with adenoids, the cause of so much suffering and mental duress. Over 70 per cent. of the children have defective teeth; 30 per cent. have defective sight, more than half of these being cases in urgent need of treatment; 500,000 suffer from malnutrition; more than 250,000 are verminous. "Yet merely as a business proposition, time and money are saved by prompt attention," and the wealth of a nation depends upon its children and their health. Meantime, despite local improvements, there continues to be an appalling mortality of infant life, and the very variations suggest how much is due to social conditions—that is, to preventible causes. In Shoreditch, Burnley, Wigan, Middlesbrough, one-quarter of the babies die before the age of five; in Hampstead, Lewisham, Ilford, only one-ninth. Among these causes housing conditions are more important than drink or poverty; and it is not the mothers' ignorance that is to blame so much as work in factories, lack of pure milk, and lack of nursing and medical care. As a mere business proposition, to return to that lowest ground, how many millions of pounds a year is here being thrown away?

Physical Education.—But it is not enough to provide medical care and inspection for the children. We have also to provide a thorough development of the physical side of education. Our best authority in physiology informs us that good as organised games are, they require to be supplemented by courses of formal muscular exercises through Swedish drill and gymnastics. These can deal with larger numbers of children at a time, are less expensive, can be made more thorough and adaptive; they focus

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attention and effort upon each part of the muscular apparatus in turn, and therefore each part of the nervous system and brain centres. They require little, if any, apparatus, but should be done in the open air and to musical accompaniment, as this converts drill into exhilarating combined activity, and takes advantage of the intimate connection between the sense of hearing and the deep-seated sense of balance. This method has already proved its value in the training of recruits, and is a prime necessity in the future to build up a nation capable of that first duty of a community, self-defence. The Board of Education has already issued a good "Model Form of Physical Exercise" for elementary schools. More use can also be made of class singing and class dancing. Meantime, games with their healthy competition, the element of physical zest in them, the qualities of self-control and fair-play which they encourage, require no argument to commend them to Britons; and yet we do not provide playgrounds and playing-fields as an indispensable part of our educational equipment. Along with physical development goes the question of nutrition. By whatever method it is done, the children must be properly fed; to attempt to teach a hungry child is at once a crime and a blunder, a crime against physical laws and a blundering waste of effort. In all this matter of the physical health of the children the country is now ready to take the necessary steps; as an experienced administrator has said, it is the one thing which is of real vital human interest to education committees, and is understood by the parents. The way has already been shown by towns like Manchester, Bradford, Sheffield, and others, with remarkable results in the increased weight and stature of the children. The primary duty the community owes to its children is to see that they start life with healthy and well-developed bodies.

The Age-limit and the Curriculum.—The same Committee has dealt with a part at least of the question of the elementary school, and dealt with it in refreshingly vigorous language: "It is an imperative necessity to bring to an end the present detestable system of half-timers below the age of fourteen." The leaving age is at once to be raised to fourteen both in town and country, without allowing any exemptions. This reform would be the first step in

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convincing both the manufacturing interests and the working-class parents that the country had made up its mind, or, perhaps, as one could still better call it, its conscience. It would close a long and unpleasant chapter of education history in which we can be seen undoing with one hand what we had been professing to do with the other, or at least allowing the factory and the street to undo daily what the school was daily trying to build up. It would be a tangible proof that there is, after all, such a thing as social progress to be achieved by the long-continued, unwearyed, personal efforts of a multitude of individual social workers.

Once it were established that education was to go on universally till eighteen, it would begin to be possible to improve the curriculum of elementary schools. At present a sharp child can by the age of twelve get all that he will get there; after that the work consists mostly of repetition, for the teachers say that if he is to have no more schooling at all after thirteen, it is no use beginning new subjects; we had better stamp in and make permanent what he has already learned. Similarly with other reforms; once it is established that teachers cannot take classes of fifty or sixty—a heart-breaking task, as they say; or that teachers are to have better training as well as better pay and prospects, and be recruited from better material; or that there are to be more liberal and wide-minded methods of inspection and examination—then the subjects and the teaching will make a rapid improvement. Not that there is not much excellent work done in elementary schools; and there are no more admirable and devoted servants of the community than some of these teachers, who often are under conditions so discouraging that they must be sustained by a veritable sense of a vocation. But there is a whole mass of educational experiment and experience in recent years ready to be practically applied to children under fourteen. As an example may be cited the interesting experience of Manchester, where 15,000 children were given only three hours' school and for the other three hours were taken to the museum, art galleries, and other places; they became stronger and healthier, more observant, more capable of expression, verbal, written, and through the pencil; "even the parents get drawn into the scheme, and

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on a Saturday afternoon and Sunday find it pleasant to begin their own re-education." Here is a scheme which can in time be applied to every subject taught. For we have been doing our teaching from the wrong end; teaching abstractions first instead of beginning, as life and Nature do, with the external concrete things—*e.g.*, we ought to be teaching arithmetic and geometry partly at least by means of school gardens, woodwork, the blacksmith's forge, nature study, and so on. There is probably no better education in the country than that which produces the A.B. seaman of the Navy, a man notoriously "handy" in mind and body, skilled in many things, capable of taking responsibility, understanding discipline, and yet self-reliant; "a really educated man, a marvellous product," he has been called. Lord Haldane said there was nothing wrong about our elementary schools; but, at any rate, there is the potentiality of immense improvement in the whole method. We have hardly made more than the first steps towards realising what may be done by the following cardinal principles: Develop the personal relation between the teacher and each child; utilise the local environment throughout the school life; replace half the in-school lessons by out-of-school substitutes; train the child to use its own powers—that is, teach it to teach itself. It will be said that few of the present teachers are equipped for this work. The moral is, the future teacher must be equipped for this. Of all penny-wise, pound-foolish conduct, probably the most wasteful has been the cheapening of the elementary teachers.

II. CONTINUATION SCHOOLS.

"We lose sight of a bright, intelligent boy at thirteen, and at eighteen find him again a hooligan." This remark by a public-spirited employer in a Northern town is borne out in all town life. "It is a disgrace to see healthy, bright boys hanging about railway stations cadging to carry passengers' bags." Yet this is only a more pronounced form of the "blind-alley" employments which are the outward and visible sign of an almost total lack of education for the years thirteen to eighteen. Almost total, for of 2,500,000 between the ages of twelve and sixteen, 1,000,000 get no

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education after thirteen, and only 250,000 go to secondary schools. There are 3,500,000 children between twelve and eighteen, of whom less than one-seventh are nominally in evening schools, the rest getting from the State no physical or moral training, let alone educational.

Is not this an appalling waste of human material, and such splendid material too, far better than we deserved to have? Look at the fact that of the boys in our reformatory and industrial schools over 4,000 had voluntarily enlisted within the first year of war, and 530 given their lives for their country—a proportion almost identical with the students from university colleges. Do not these figures suggest a good deal? There has been some tendency noticeable recently among educationists to indulge in complacent reflections, to claim as the product of our educational apparatus all this fine material disclosed by the war, and its fine conduct in the war, the combination of stubborn resistance with resourceful self-reliance, firm grasp of the issues at stake, with a balanced and even humorous refusal to “gas” about them. But in fact these qualities have belonged to our national character ever since Chaucer and Froissart described it; and in this matter, as in many others, we are the inheritors of a great past, too often the thankless and wasteful inheritors. It does not follow that because our people have been proved still sound at bottom, therefore the education system under which they lived was good. Such a line of argument would lead to some surprising inferences, on the model of the Goodwin Sands being the effect of Tenterden Church steeple because each had been there as long as the natives could remember.

Why is it that the war has been such a revelation of the fundamental soundness of the mass of British youth of both sexes? Because it has supplied just the two things needed to call out the best in them, namely, discipline and a lofty but simple ideal. We need not have waited for war to supply these two things. I have heard a working man sum up the chief value of a university education as consisting in the vigorous training and discipline of the college boat clubs, “just the self-discipline that our chaps most need”; and I have heard of a battalion of Nottingham miners whose experiences at the front made them

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enthusiastic about discipline. Yet at such an age as thirteen we throw boys and girls into the industrial machine, and leave the street, the cinema, and their own surging new passions to be the chief or the sole educational influences upon them henceforth. For parental responsibility, already undermined by relieving it of its educational duty, has less and less hold upon these prematurely emancipated adolescents; they are conscious of their own importance as financial pillars of the house, and mean to spend in their own way part of their own earnings. At the same time we must remember the reaction against some modern tendencies. One is to the increased dominance of machinery in industrial life and to increased specialisation and monotony. "My job interesting?" said a skilled mechanic. "It is drilling the same kind of hole in the same spot in the same kind of wheel nine hours a day, and now working overtime on the same job." Another tendency is to the complete disappearance of the old human relations between the men and the master in the days of small businesses; these are now replaced by a foreman chosen as a "hustler," and answerable to a manager who is himself the dividend-earning agent of joint-stock capital. The whole business of the country is drifting into the hands of joint-stock companies, and to these the lawyers have given as a charter that a body has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned. Economic tendencies such as these are bound to produce, and are producing, a violent resistance among the younger and the more active-minded of the working class, a resistance which is not to be merely labelled "syndicalism," and so discussed as unpractical and un-English. This procedure is like that of the doctor who thought to satisfy his patient by the assurance that the scientific name of a boil was *furunculus*; the patient justly retorted that, even so, it was painful. Now, if left without education after thirteen, the working classes are going to pick up an education, and a very one-sided one, for themselves, for education does not come only from school-rooms and text-books, but also from associates and environment; the abandoned field is apt to have weeds for its first crop. It is true that everyone who has eyes has seen for forty years past this gap in our system, and evening schools were designed to fill it. But of the 8,500,000 young

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persons between twelve and twenty-five, evening schools touch less than one-twentieth, and, by the nature of the case, those who most need them are those who stay most away. Even as it is, the number is fallacious; many stay only one term, many come when they are almost too old to learn in that form, many of those enrolled make very poor attendance, and of the select few who make real use of them the mental effort after a long and fatiguing day is something painful to see; many a mother could tell of the tragic results. Yet experienced teachers only ask for eight hours a week to enable them, in the language of the Report issued on April 2nd last by the Departmental Committee on Juvenile Education, "to maintain effective contact with the forces of civilisation." The Report goes on to ask the question: "Can the age of adolescence be brought out of the purview of economic exploitation and into that of the social conscience? Can the conception of the juvenile as primarily a little wage-earner be replaced by the conception of the juvenile as primarily the workman and the citizen in training?" The whole subject, as is said, is one which more than once already the country has gaped at and passed by. But as the ancient philosopher put it, war is the parent of everything, and the war has brought the problem up again in the disquieting shape of a great increase in juvenile delinquency. Many causes have contributed to this: the absence of the fathers, the rise in wages, the demand for juvenile labour outrunning the supply, the withdrawals from school, especially in agricultural districts. But the adults will return, and much youthful labour will find itself thrown on the market. We need to set our continuation schools going at once to fill up the great dislocation and the manifold gaps that the war will have caused, and to bridge over the great educational chasm that has been created by this earthquake. The most intelligent employers were already before the war providing for the education of their young workers. But there is heard in some industries a dangerous cry that the only way to pay for the war is to allow children to be withdrawn from the schools, just as ninety years ago it was said that British industry required child labour from the age of eight or seven years. To counter this suicidal policy of going behind the Factory Acts and undoing the hard lessons of

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a century, and also to protect the willing employers, this continuation system must be made universal and compulsory, and must begin at once. This need not mean that in the Committee's view it be made retrospective or come into force at one stroke; it is suggested that the process be spread over four years, and the 1,500,000 children who have lately left school seem to be regarded by the Committee as past praying for. But on the general principle, at any rate, the country must speak with no uncertain voice. For in some districts, especially those of the cotton and woollen manufactures, the working-class parents themselves have got into a vicious circle of expecting their children at thirteen, or as half-timers even earlier, to become contributors to the family budget. It would perhaps be wise for the State to make compensation in these cases to the parents who have been allowed to look forward to such contributions, and in this way an awkward transition might be made easier. The manufacturers may be trusted, by the introduction of automatic machinery and in other ways, to adapt themselves to the new conditions as their predecessors did ninety years ago. This four years' universal compulsory continuation from fourteen to eighteen is not to be regarded as merely a prolongation of formal education; but the Report justly claims for it that it will be carrying on the moral and disciplinary influence of the school, conducing to a higher physical standard, increasing industrial efficiency, and providing opportunities for a full and technical training. Important details are that the eight hours a week be in the employers' time, and be between 8 a.m. and 7 p.m.; that it be obligatory on the local authorities to provide the organisation and on the employers to provide facilities, as well as compulsory for the employees to attend; that the courses should be on general subjects as well as practical and technical, and should be accompanied by continuous physical training and medical inspection and treatment; for "the problem of adolescence is at least as much a physical as a mental one"—a wise reminder of a truth which we all knew and all ignored.

Technical Schools.—A change has begun in the whole attitude of employers to education; we have to produce not merely good workmen, but good citizens who feel they

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are doing honourable work which is of public service, the old feeling of the skilled craft. The scheme proposed for engineering is as follows. For their purpose boys of twelve are to be taken from the elementary schools and put into junior technical schools. These are not to be trade schools, and are not to attempt to teach a trade, but to teach general subjects through and in connection with the boys' future calling. Just as at Osborne the pupils' interest in their future Navy career is made the starting point for every general lesson, so in the Shoreditch School for future cabinet-makers geography is taught by showing where each kind of wood comes from and by what routes it comes to us. This is the old principle accepted by all writers on education but practically neglected, the principle of starting from some living interest already felt by the pupil; starting, as Aristotle put it, from the fact, and working from this to the explanation of the fact. The principle should be similarly applied to lessons in history and literature, mathematics, and the natural sciences. Two-thirds of the work-time is allotted to these general subjects; one-third to practical work, but even this practical work is to aim primarily at stimulating the boy's interest in his future occupation. It will also infuse the general lessons with that practicality for lack of which such lessons at present fail to take a real hold on the pupil's mind; he fails to see what they are for. When an intelligent boy is made to realise that algebra means something that will enable him to do practical calculations more commodiously and to solve problems, or that trigonometry means something which will find the height of a distant hill, his whole attitude to those subjects alters. At present the difficulty is to find boys whose grounding at the elementary schools in even simple arithmetic or simple mensuration has been sufficiently firmly fixed in their minds to enable the teacher to build on this as a foundation when he wants to carry them on into mathematics or science. The early work has been so detached from actual life, from material objects, that it slips off, as it were, like a useless and irksome garment. At the age of fifteen the boy now passing into the age of apprenticeship should still for three years attend general classes for about one-third of his working hours, classes conducted if possible in the works where the rest

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of his working time is being spent. In these classes he is to be taught to read a drawing, to make workshop sketches, to understand the principles on which the practice of his trade is based, and to recognise the simple physical laws which he meets in daily work. He is to be taught the importance of economising in materials, effort, and time, of what factors the cost of manufacture is compounded, how to use mathematics to solve workshop problems, and how to describe them in simple English. He should also be taught such subjects as "human"; industrial history and literature as bearing on his particular trade and illustrated by his own daily work. This will be a revival of the old English system of apprenticeship, with its humanising relations, its honourable pride of craftsmanship, and its care of the critical years of adolescence, but will avoid the evils of the old indentured apprenticeship. When it is added that these classes should also be boys' clubs, and include cricket and football teams, it will be seen how wisely this scheme keeps in view the all-round development of its future workmen. Meantime, the promising pupils are to be picked out and encouraged by scholarships to mount up to a university career as students, or to aspire to special training as future foremen. The U.S.A. Labour Commission reported in 1910 that "the results of this combination of shop and school work in turning out competent workmen, well fitted for the needs of the particular concern which maintains the school, are reported to be entirely satisfactory." Besides America, Scotland, Switzerland, and Germany are much ahead of us in this matter of continuation schools. Without them our expenditure on elementary education—£26,314,098 in 1913—is being largely wasted; the instruction given includes no instruction in the alphabet of citizenship, no development of the spirit of corporate life, no direct training in moral principles. Ceasing as it does at thirteen and a half, or thirteen often, it is incredibly soon forgotten; employers say that the boys sent to them cannot do the simplest sums, cannot read with any accuracy, cannot compose simple sentences. Grown-up men, and more often women, frequently admit that they have forgotten how to read or write.

(To be continued.)

Co-operative Homes

By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie

PEOPLE want homes, not merely houses to live in; and it is better to be under-housed than over-housed. One can always expand; but it is difficult to retract from a certain standard of life. Conventionality clogs the world, just as individuality moves it on.

Life has got to be simplified.

Life can be simplified, and women architects can do it.

Suppose there are fifty houses in a row. Every town is made up of rows and rows of houses, each with its own kitchen fire. Fifty houses mean fifty kitchen fires. Fifty pairs of hands to lay and light them. Fifty women to attend to kitchen ovens and flues, hot water and cooking. This is waste. All those fifty houses can be managed from one central kitchen. England as a rule has tens of thousands too many typists, and tens of thousands too few cooks.

The middle house in that street must contain the staff. A huge furnace must supply pipes of hot water to twenty-five house-baths on the right, and twenty-five house-baths on the left. Result, coke (usually cheaper than coal) can be burnt, and far, far less of it will be used. Thereby doing away with the gas-smoke fog that is so depressing, and is caused by hundreds of small chimneys, instead of a few tall ones. Fog will be decreased, of course. The expenses of the individual bath will be reduced 500 per cent., and the water will always be hot. One, or at most, two people, will keep all those fifty houses supplied with constant baths and hot water, and half a dozen or so will do the cooking.

Then again, instead of every house having two or three fireplaces to be cleaned and kept going every day, another furnace will supply central heating to all the houses. The radiators will have taps which can be turned off or on at

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choice. One fireplace just to "look cheery," and allow the pleasant joys of contemplation and friendly poking, will be all that is required for luxury; but not for necessity.

Every house must have a little combination pantry-kitchen. That small P.-K. will contain a gas or electric cooking stove. On that stove breakfasts, teas, and perchance lunches can be arranged. Important meals will be sent in from the central kitchen, where a steward will devise proper menus every day according to the suitability of marketing, and buying in bulk, and he will call himself at every house for orders, on a message by 'phone requesting him to do so. These dishes can be simple (served without even crockery or napery, merely the cooked dishes) or they can be more important, and furnish all the requisites for a dinner, including the waitress. Butlers, chefs, chauffeurs, valets, lift men, and young "gentlemen" behind ladies' underclothing counters will cease to be, in a more enlightened age.

With this co-operative bath supply, co-operative central heating and co-operative kitchen, staffs will be enormously reduced and expenses lowered while the standard is raised.

One (or more) domestic in each house will be sufficient. That one can be a house-parlourmaid. Or in the case where no personal maid is required, a "help" can come in for as many hours as required from the Central Administration. Every bedroom will have its hot and cold water taps and waste, and every room will be heated.

Result, one personal maid instead of two or three, a much more compact system, good food instead of indifferent cooking, and if a public dining-room, reading-room, and drawing-room are added, even that one maid can be done without and substituted by a few hours' daily attendance.

Gas stoves, central heating, and self-serving hot-water taps, vacuum cleaners, co-operative cooking, and part service will make life easier, will save the harassed housewives' temper and digestion, and not part us from our individual homes with their individual little joys and personal treasures. People can live as simply as they like, and if they invite friends will then be able to order a well-cooked dinner and merely keep it warm till served on their own individual little gas or electric stove.

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A little arrangement of dinner trucks at the back of the row of houses can deliver the hot food as required, in tin ovens, just as food is now delivered on the different floors in hotels. This necessitates a covered way for the "service" and food-lifts to the flats. But at small outlay endless carrying and human energy may be lessened.

The housewife will be saved heartbreaking anxiety over sauces and *soufflés*.

What can be done for the middle-class can also be done for the rich, and also for the poor. To-day the poor share the joys of a weekly boiler day for their washing, and the present scheme merely enlarges that system. Municipal kitchens can go far to help the poor; but they should be in thousands, not in twos and threes, and they should be a Government business, and not charity amiability affairs.

Large houses are doomed. The "still room" is a thing of the past. The rich are being taxed almost out of existence. Great areas of large houses will be turned more and more into flats, and central administration will become more and more the fashion. In a few years co-operative homes will become the fashion instead of the exception.

When the occupant of the flat leaves home, she does not require to leave a large staff of personal servants doing nothing in her absence, and yet when she comes home the management has had the place cleaned and made ready for her advent after a week, or a month, or a year. It sounds an expensive scheme; but it won't be. It will come cheaper in the end, especially when women architects plan the flats, or remodel the houses, according to womanly requirements, for they will remember the box-room, the cupboards necessary for glass, china, linen, clothes, and coal, and not merely the wine-cellar. Hoarding may be dirty; but space must always be found for treasures.

Co-operative housekeeping will be the order of the day.

Just glance for a moment at a modern workman's dwelling. It contains dozens of families. There is one boiler-room, which each family can have for a few hours each week; but every workman's wife does her own cooking, good, bad, or indifferent, and every workman's wife, with few exceptions, wastes a large proportion of what she might utilise.

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If there was one central workman's kitchen, good canteens, such as men have now learned to appreciate through the Y.M.C.A., the family would occasionally feed downstairs, or anyhow the housewife could fetch one, two, or three plates of freshly-cooked meat, properly-cooked meat, and digestible meat for her family, once or twice a week. She could get good nutritious soup made from large bones, with heads of celery, rice and dumplings. All such things are possible in a large kitchen, and soup added by the most nutritious cooking would come cheaper for her. It would be more sustaining for the husband and bairns, and on her own little fire or gas ring she could cook her eggs, kippers or porridge between whiles.

Co-operative houses are bound to come, because economy is the cry of the day. We shall have co-operative housekeeping in streets of small houses, and we shall have co-operative housekeeping in large houses in fashionable neighbourhoods. It is bound to come, and the writer will be glad to hear any suggestions on the subject sent to her, care of the Editor, ENGLISH REVIEW, 19 Garrick Street, W.C.2.

Hotels will be built with small suites; bed-room, sitting-room, bath-room, and with a private door; magnified according to requirements, and the same thing will expand again into whole suites of apartments, always containing tenants' personal furniture. Some people will go downstairs to the restaurant. Some will have the food brought upstairs, others will cook their favourite dishes on a gas ring or in a chafing dish; but when they want to go away from home they will merely pay the rent, and not have to keep two or three servants, board, wages and washing, to say nothing of fire, light and deterioration of goods during their absence.

Co-operative housekeeping will be easier, not only for the tenants, but for everyone. A proper steward and manager, whose job is to manage, will have the entrée to his own kitchen, which many ladies have not. A chef or good woman cook at the head of affairs will direct those under her instead of each of those "under cooks" wasting good stuff in private homes where they are merely experimenting in cooking. Everything must necessarily be more efficient, under more constant and *personal* supervision,

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than under the well-meaning women of position and wealth, who are harassed by the complexity of domestic worries, and who are nothing more or less to-day than educated charrs. The lady to-day has to know everything. She has to be able to show domestics everything, and instead of being *A* cook, *A* housemaid, *A* parlourmaid, or *A* nurse, she has to do a good bit of the work for everyone, and think out and supervise the rest of it. She is unpaid and often unthanked, and generally homebound.

Our home life must not be allowed to slip away from us. Home life is the backbone of the country. Home life is the map on which are spread the inherited chattels of our forbears, and the slices of our own individual taste. Show me a home and I gauge its occupant. Home life does not mean living in lodgings or a furnished flat; but in one's own single room or rooms, providing one's own goods and chattels, where everything is one's own; where every little article is associated with a little sentiment, and has a little pride of place attached. Those personalities are joys to all of us.

We will apparently live more publicly, because it is cheaper and better; but we will always retire like rabbits to our own warrens, to our own armchairs and writing tables, book-cases, beds and sofas—our own, all our very own. Oh, the joy of these three words, "our very own." In our own room (or rooms) we shall have the privacy so necessary to happiness, to individuality and to home life.

Where possible in a row of co-operative homes, a public laundry, a crèche, a library, a billiard room can be added to the scheme.

Bachelors from 20 to 40 should be taxed 25 per cent. on their incomes, and then there would be more married homes and less undesirable lives. To-day we penalise homes, wives and children to our shame, underpay working women, and allow the bachelors to flaunt their untaxed irresponsible lives, whereas to tax the bachelor would really be an insurance for himself against the day when he marries, because those taxes would help to decrease the taxes of wives and families, so in his day he would reap a like reward.

Great rebuilding schemes will come with the end of the

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war. As we build up a better, cleaner society, we must build up better, cleaner homes. Our fighters appreciate their homes more than ever, after the horrors of war. Women, and women alone, can make these homes homey; but the architect of the future must see that everything possible is done to economise labour, to baffle dirt, and erect hot water supplies and kitchens, wash-houses and nurseries according to modern requirements.

Every good life radiates good, just as every bad one leaves an inky smirch. Every nappy home produces happy men and women; but to-day every housewife in the land is sadly handicapped and runs her home at unnecessary worry and strain.

Goodness always yields high interest; badness may thrive for a short time, but is always found out. And the same applies to the home.

Life is such a tiny span. It is nothing in the billions of years of this great universe, and yet every life born should leave the world better, not worse, for its transient, and every home should leave its stamp. The home is the cradle of the race.

They say war is the young man's life: it is the old theorist's death.

The nation learnt more in three years of war than in thirty years of peace. Everything developed, every science was keyed to concert pitch, every cord of human feeling vibrated with love and sympathy, hatred and vice. As gold is tried by fire, humanity is tried by war, and our homes must be worthy of all they have cost us to defend.

Speaking of utter waste, a friend lately said:—

"After living in a house for twenty years and always paying a morning visit to the basement, I have come to live in a flat. Sons killed, or on distant service, curtail one's requirements, and two maids do instead of four. Ways and means become a lesson of importance in war-time to the housekeeper. The kitchen fire ate coals, the basement absorbed soaps and polishes, things took to themselves wings, and every domestic's friends were fed on bits at the mistress's expense. Not one of those servants would have stolen a sixpence; but their bringing up, for which we householders pay, forgets to teach them personal thrift, or that a pound of sugar, or a candle, or a piece of soap, or a

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cake, belongs to the person who paid for it, and not only should never be taken away, but should never be lost or wasted. Waste of another person's goods is as bad as their theft.

"Flat-life has the objection that one is on top of the servants; but it teaches us many things, amongst them those 'dear things' utter wastefulness.

" 'What did you do with the milk?'

" 'Oh! there was only a cupful, and it went sour, so I threw it away.'

"She might have filled three or four custard glasses with it and an egg, or made junket for a halfpenny with a tablet of rennet, or the sour curds would have done instead of margarine for the cooking; but she never thought of that. She had not to pay for the milk, and milk to her was valueless.

" 'Where is the remainder of that kidney pudding?'

" 'There was so little, I put it in the dustbin.' She could have kept the meat for a drop of soup; but no, there it actually lay in the dustbin, with the cherries left over from a tart on top of it. These cherries would have made a foundation for the custard glasses.

"She preferred to air the washing in front of a purposely lighted dining-room gas fire in the afternoon, rather than do it when the gas fire was already lighted an hour before breakfast to warm the room, when it might at the same time have aired the sheets.

"Such an idea as making use for airing linen of a fire already lighted to warm a room never entered her head."

We hear too much of margarine in the dining-room balanced by butter and potatoes in the kitchen. What is good enough for the mistress is oft-times not good enough for the maid. Only lately the writer was told of a young married woman, who, after enduring untold exactions from a nurse—clothing the nurse's charge more gorgeously than necessary to satisfy her, purchasing a new perambulator for her *worthiness* to push with better *éclat*, and so forth—being given notice on account of stewed steak. "Never in my life," said the outraged domestic, "have I been asked to eat stewed steak; rather than accept such ignominy I will give notice."

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"When are you going to be married?" asks a friend of a young couple.

"As soon as ever we can find a servant," replies the young man. And that is the position to-day, because the whole country is full of square pegs and round holes and overlapping and dislocation from lack of organisation.

A servant, and a very common one at that, lately became engaged to an officer. Her mistress asked her if it made much difference—their relative positions in life.

"Difference? Oh, no. I have to travel 1st class now, and go to another sort of RESTERRANT with my Hoffer, that's all."

Could anything be done through the cinema to teach the well-meaning, but insensitive, to play the game of thrift, now that it is the game of national life and death? Well-meaning; yes, people are often well-meaning, and yet are addicted through ignorance to crass and lamentable wastefulness, and a word suggesting thrift from the mistress is interpreted as meanness in the kitchen. One can hardly blame the servants, perhaps, because they are not sufficiently taught thrift,* duty, and discipline in the schools, and the most wasteful homes in the country are the homes of the poor. These "poor" are the rich to-day by the chances of war, and the "rich" are poor through the imposition of endless taxation.

Education should first teach every child to be a good citizen. It should be good in its home, good outside its home, true to the best ideals, and always remember it is just a bit in the puzzle scheme of life, and must do its very best in citizenship.

No one should grow up to depend on anyone else. From our youth onwards we should ourselves provide for our old age. Once the spirit of saving is inculcated, it grows apace like nettles, and stings others who try wrongly to grasp our gains.

* The Duty and Discipline Movement, 117 Victoria Street, S.W., is an excellent institution.

Imperial Aspects of Proportional Representation

By John H. Humphreys

PROPORTIONAL representation is a fundamental change in the method of electing Parliament. But it is more than a mere change in machinery. It is an extension of voting power for each elector. It gives to each elector more freedom in choosing who shall represent him; it gives to each elector an assurance that his vote shall have an equal influence with that of his neighbour in shaping the composition of the House of Commons. Thus proportional representation is a demand for the application of two life-giving principles—liberty and justice—to the election of Parliament. The far-reaching beneficent effects of these two principles will not only be seen in the conduct of elections; they will exert a determining influence on all the important matters which depend on these elections: the *personnel* of Parliament; legislation; the relations between parts of a nation which owe allegiance to the same Parliament; and even the relations between different nations whose Governments rest on a similar democratic basis.

It is clearly impossible in one brief article to do justice to this many-sided question. I propose, therefore, to confine myself to one aspect of it, one which dominates public thought at the present time—its relation to that movement for national and imperial union to which the war has given so great an impetus. All our statesmen are urging that we must take advantage of this new national spirit in the great constitutional and industrial reconstruction that must take place after the war. But what is the instrument through which this reconstruction must be effected? There is no instrument through which a democracy can work save Parliament. We may decry Parliament, but that is useless. Democracy implies representa-

tive institutions, and if our Parliaments are defective we must perfect them, for it is through them that we must reconstruct.

But all Parliaments necessarily come into being through the process of election, and if we desire to perfect them we must begin by improving the machinery which gives them birth. Even were we concerned only with one, the British, Parliament, clearly we need the best method of election available. But the British Parliament is already the mother of twenty-five others within the British Dominions. These also come into being through the process of election, and, although in some matters the Dominions have led the way, it is still true that the example set by Westminster largely inspires and influences the legislation of our fellow-citizens across the seas.

But proportional representation not only touches the electoral basis of existing elected Parliaments. Constitutional questions of high importance lie immediately before us, all of which raise the question of representation—the problem of Ireland, so pressing as to be regarded as a war question; the reconstruction of our Second Chamber; the basis of that Imperial Convention that assuredly must be summoned after the war to consider the necessary constitutional changes in the organisation of the Empire.

I have said enough to indicate how *important* from an Imperial point of view is this question of a right method of election. For these tasks of reconstruction we need a method of election which will assist in so organising the British nations that all British citizens, whatever be their race, religion, or economic position, may be able to co-operate in making the British Commonwealth the most brilliant example of free people living together in willing union for mutual benefit. But our present method of election, instead of promoting such national union, promotes disruption at every turn. It creates solid blocks of representatives based on race, religion, and class, and these solid blocks emphasise and keep alive the forces which keep British citizens apart.

Consider for a moment what our present system is. For the purpose of electing Parliament the country is divided into a number of arbitrarily designed electoral districts, each of which returns one member. This system

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so restricts the liberty of the elector as often to make his vote useless. As Mr. H. G. Wells puts it, "The naive theory on which we go is that all the possible candidates are put up, that each voter votes for the one he likes best, and that the best man wins. The bitter experience is that hardly ever are there more than two candidates," and in many cases neither commands our confidence. This denial of an effective choice of a representative springs directly from the single-member system and from the rule necessarily associated with it that a candidate, to be successful, must obtain the largest number of votes. Candidates, electors, agents are all influenced by the need of getting at all costs a majority of the votes—for on this representation depends.

But if the majority in each of these constituencies can get some sort of representation, what happens to the citizens who are in a minority? They may be almost as numerous as the majority, but, nevertheless, their votes count for nothing. If they had remained at home or had spoiled their ballot papers, the result would have been the same. A large number of citizens in each constituency are thus cut off from direct participation in the national life of their country.

We are now in a position to trace a few of the effects of this system in so far as they touch upon this question of national and imperial union. Let us begin with an example from South Africa. General Botha ever since the grant of self-government has stood for a policy of racial co-operation, for a united South Africa. He has been opposed in this policy by General Hertzog. At the general election in 1915—our British system of single-member areas was in force—General Botha contested fifteen constituencies in the Orange Free State. His candidates polled 36 per cent. of the votes, but, as his supporters were in a minority in each of these constituencies, their votes counted for nothing. They have no representative in the South African Parliament. General Hertzog can claim that, with the exception of the Unionist member for Bloemfontein, he has a solid State behind him—a solid block of representatives who oppose national union. This solid block misrepresents the province; it conveys a false impression which is serious, for publicists think and write in terms of repre-

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sentation; it exaggerates the differences between this province and the rest of South Africa.

The effect on national union is disastrous. Sir Percy FitzPatrick, in a recent letter to Earl Grey, referred to the fact that when the South African Constitution was first drafted, the Convention unanimously recommended the adoption of proportional representation for both Houses of Parliament. Some of the political organisations intervened, and they succeeded in cutting out from the Constitution the provision for P.R. in the elections of the Lower House. That was seven years ago. Sir Percy FitzPatrick, who has taken a continuously active part in the life of South Africa, now says: "It was a bad day's work to drop proportional representation, as it left us with an incomplete system, *and I really believe we would not have had either riots or rebellion if we had had the whole thing.*" The Speaker's Conference, like the South African Convention, has unanimously recommended proportional representation. The political organisations, as in South Africa, are intervening for the purpose of cutting it out from the Electoral Reform Bill. If they succeed, can they escape from their share of responsibility for retarding national union across the seas?

But it is not only in South Africa that serious political difficulties arise from differences in race. Complete national union in Canada requires full co-operation between French-speaking Quebec and the Protestant provinces. Last year feeling ran very high in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario over the regulations limiting the use of the French language in the schools of the Protestant province. The Premier of Quebec introduced a Bill to enable the municipalities of Quebec to contribute a portion of their revenues to associations outside the province. This was obviously trespassing upon the rights of the other self-governing provinces. The leader of the Opposition, M. Cousineau, pleaded for action on more constitutional lines. An election took place soon afterwards; he was defeated, and only seven of those who pleaded for a more moderate course were returned out of a House of eighty-four. The electoral system thus tends to create an almost solid block of representatives based on differences of race and religion; it fosters an extreme policy. It goes without saying that

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it is of high importance to Canada and to the Empire that moderating opinion should be fully represented not only in the local Legislatures at Quebec and at Toronto, but in the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa. But the electoral system excludes moderating opinion.

These illustrations from the Dominions remind us that racial and religious differences are not peculiar to Ireland. Such differences, unfortunately, exist, but no statesman working for national union can desire that those differences should be exaggerated in our Parliaments, and our present electoral system does exaggerate them. Ever since 1885 there has existed within the House of Commons a political brick wall between the representatives of the north-east and the rest of Ireland. The minorities in the north and in the south have had no voice in Parliament; the blocks of representatives are practically solid. When a representative of moderate opinion, such as Sir Horace Plunkett, succeeds in entering the House, he cannot retain his position for long. But if moderate Irish opinion, as well as the minorities in the north and the south, had been represented in Ireland, we should have had a truer conception of the magnitude of the differences between Ulster and the rest of Ireland, and, just as Sir Percy FitzPatrick declares that there would not have been either riots or rebellion in South Africa if there had been true representation of all the citizens everywhere, so it is almost certain that we should have had far less talk of civil war in Ireland if we had had a more accurate representation of all Irish citizens in all parts of the country.

These views as to the influence of proportional representation on national union are not based merely upon speculation. The system has been tested in a country (Belgium) whose citizens are divided by race and religion. The Germans are taking advantage of these differences in their nefarious endeavours to split Belgium into two parts, setting Flanders against Wallony. But Belgian statesmen had long worked for national union, and proportional representation aided them in their policy. Count Goblet d'Alviella, a member of the present Belgian National Ministry, and other distinguished Belgian Parliamentarians, declare that P.R. helped to prevent a schism of their country. This is an important declaration. I doubt

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whether Sir Percy FitzPatrick was aware of it when he stated that he believed there would have been neither riots nor rebellion in South Africa if they had had P.R., but the two statements confirm one another, and no statesman who is working for national union can afford to pass them lightly aside.

What were the facts in Belgium? Before the introduction of proportional representation Flanders, Catholic in religion, Flemish-speaking, sent a solid block of representatives of one party to the Belgian Parliament, whilst Wallony, Protestant, free-thinking, French-speaking, sent another solid block of representatives, who sat in the Belgian Parliament on benches facing the men from Flanders. When proportional representation was introduced, these solid blocks disappeared; the minorities in Flanders, the minorities in Wallony each sent their share of representatives; the political brick wall between the two districts was thus broken down; each area was represented by members of all parties, and national union was promoted and secured. On this point let Belgian statesmen speak. I had the privilege of being present when M. Poincaré, himself an advocate of proportional representation, received the representatives of foreign countries who had gathered at Paris in 1912 to demonstrate the international character of this reform. Among the Belgian representatives received were M. Hymans (Liberal, now the Belgian Minister in London), M. Théodor (Conservative), M. Lorand (Radical), M. Anseele (Socialist). All these testified to the fact that national union was promoted, and that legislation in Parliament had become more national in character. M. Lorand repeated this view at the International Demonstration which took place in London in the following year, in December, 1913. These are his words :

"The prestige of Parliament has undoubtedly advanced, and the Government has been able to tackle problems of national interest, such as that of national defence, which it would not have dared to touch when, by doing so, it might have offended the representatives of some powerful faction of its party, whose interests or prejudices would be interfered with by the reform."

Thus both theory and practical experience show that our present electoral system acts as a disruptive force wherever there are within a nation differences of race and of religion; but theory and practical experience equally

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demonstrate that proportional representation, by giving full representation to minorities and to moderating opinion, minimises such differences, and in so doing encourages and promotes national union.

But religion and race are not the only factors which keep citizens in the same nation apart. Industrial questions also divide a nation. Industrial reconstruction is as necessary as constitutional rearrangements. But this involves legislation by Parliament bearing upon the relations between labour and capital. Again, our electoral system acts as a disruptive force; it creates solid blocks of representatives based upon class, and in so doing prevents that co-operation of all classes on which legislation of a broad national character depends.

Let us take an illustration from another of our Dominions—Australia. It has the widest possible suffrage, and, with the exception of Tasmania, it has our system of single-member constituencies. What is the result? In a recent tour through Australia I discussed political problems with representatives of all classes. I found that the mining districts of Western Australia were represented in their local Parliament by ten members. Every member was a working miner. The President of the Chamber of Mines explained to me that he had a vote, but that it was of no value. He and those who were responsible for the organisation of the industry had no possible chance of ever being represented in Parliament. They were, in fact, permanently disfranchised. Take another illustration. The city of Adelaide is represented by fifteen members of the Labour Party. Those who do not belong to the organised Labour Party spoke to me with the same bitter feeling of injustice as did the President of the Chamber of Mines at Boulder City. The non-Labour citizens of Adelaide, numbering 40 per cent., had no representative, and had little prospect of ever having one. The more far-seeing members of the Labour Party realise that such conditions do not make for real democracy. The President of the Miners' Union, whom I met in West Australia, convinced of the injustice of the present system, went with me to the President of the Chamber of Mines, and both consented to take part in a deputation to the Premier of their State to press for the introduction of a

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fairer system of representation—and, of course, there is only one fair system, proportional representation.

Our present electoral system lends itself to a new form of tyranny on the part of party organisations. The Labour organisations in Australia exact a pledge from would-be candidates that they will vote in accordance with the views of the majority. Some question, such as that of military service, may arise on which members of the party may differ. The candidates may hold sound Labour views on other questions, but, as has recently been seen, the organisations used their power to expel from the party those who did not accept the views of the majority on military service. These expulsions have been termed acts of tyranny, and they are. But it is forgotten that these organisations are following the example set them in this country. Although no such pledge was extracted from Unionist Free Traders as is exacted by the Labour organisations of Australia, the present electoral system enabled the Unionist associations to deprive Unionist Free Trade candidates of an effective opportunity of entering Parliament, and yet those Unionist Free Traders were Unionists; they were citizens entitled to a fair share of representation in Parliament.

The system will give electors everywhere an enhanced voting power. But my object in this article is to arouse attention to its Imperial aspects. Neither members of Parliament, political agents, nor electors at the centre of the Empire have any right to take parochial Little-England points of view. The British House of Commons cannot help setting an example. The Speaker's Conference has given it a lead. It has unanimously recommended that a beginning shall be made with this new system in our large towns. The door is opened but a little way, and the system will not be applied in constituencies large enough to show its full qualities. But it is a beginning, and as such the advocates of proportional representation, whilst not content, welcome it, and they welcome it the more because they know that its results will make for national union in this country, in Ireland, in the Dominions, and in so doing will pave the way for that greater union which one day will find expression in a true Imperial Parliament.

What is the German Plan?

By Major Stuart-Stephens

MOLTKE used to throw cold water on the boasting of his subordinates over the Homeric achievements of 1870 by reminding them that the German Army had never been tested in a general retreat. To-day it is being tested, not in a general retreat, as is imagined by many good people in this country, but in a strategic withdrawal of its left flank. As the operation developed itself, certain of our incurable optimists expressed their conviction that the Germans were on "the eve of a full retreat all along the line," and that at last would come the opportunity as rapid and relentless as that executed by Murat after Jena, or Blucher after Waterloo. Oh, *sancta simplicitas!*

Our Press has periodically oscillated between extreme lugubriousness and superlative cocksureness. Just now we are living under both these influences at one and the same time—lean stomachs and swollen heads. The latter because the real meaning of Hindenburg's defensive measures on the Western Front has eluded the understanding of the British newspaper reader. These measures are based on a thorough appreciation of the existing military situation. They were devised in 1911 by the late Chief of the General Staff, General Falkenhayn, when he was a Corps Commander, were submitted to and adopted by Moltke the Second, and on his dismissal were, in the leisure intervals of the second Polish campaign, elaborated by their creator, Moltke's successor.

They provide for two alternatives. One, the "refusal" of the left flank, followed by complementary flank advance, pivoted upon Lille, or perhaps further north, with the design of attracting a concentration and forward movement of British and French forces opposed to the retiring flank. The last word in this strategic movement has, as I write (April 12th), not yet been said.

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The other alternative plan is that of a retrograde movement *en échelon* to a previously fortified line stretching from Antwerp diagonally across Belgium to Maubeuge, ending in Liège and Namur. This rampart would be found by us a Torres Vedras over again, a stop to our progress extending from the Scheldt to the confluence of the Meuse and Sambre. The question of the hour is: Which of these plans is in progress? Is it the launching of a thrust at the coast region with the view of severing our armies' life-arteries—the steel ways from Calais and Havre? Or is the object the manning of a real secondary line (the so-called "Hindenburg line" is, I believe, a fantastic bluff thrown out to feed the imagination), from which would in due season be projected a field army after the garrison had worked their will upon the assailants? Hindenburg as a Commander-in-Chief enjoys from the moral point of view a wholly exceptional position. His opinions sway his War Lord and Government, at whose behest the German people will make the last sacrifices to maintain the efficiency of their armies in the field; and the relations of Hindenburg with his men enable him to say when the outlook is gloomiest—*Nil desperandum, Teucro duce, et auspice Teucro*. Furthermore, he is by no means in favour of the defensive battle, although its (theoretic) superiority has been extolled by Clausewitz and Moltke.

Should an army be compelled to assume a defensive mission—and the present is a case in point—it would best achieve its purpose by resolute offensive action—the offensive-defensive phase of which I wrote last month in this REVIEW. This is the Hindenburg spirit as revealed by a study of the man. He has always rejected any fixed formula or "normal type" of action, and insisted upon the adaptation of the means available to the circumstances of each case. For example, his methods as exemplified at Tannenburg. And he holds the fixed opinion that strategy of a campaign (governed, of course, by strategy's eternal basic principles) is the product of the character and intelligence of the Commander-in-Chief, and bears the stamp of his personality. Therefore, taking into account the psychology of the German leader, a series of holding actions on one sector of his front while meditating a vigorous offensive in another direction would be the

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expression of his mental tendency. And if this plan failed to materialise, I believe he is just the man who would extricate himself from the resultant difficulties—at a cost goes without saying—and, after conducting an open manoeuvring retirement across the western strip of Belgium, “bring up” at the real “Hindenburg line,” that which I have already indicated. Such a policy would be in thorough accord with the teaching of my quondam Berlin acquaintance, Scheoff-Meckel, the creator of the victorious Japanese Army, and be it borne in mind that when Meckel drew up the new attack formations for the German infantry, he invited to assist him a regimental commander, one Colonel Hindenburg, who has expressed himself as an enthusiastic admirer of the author of that wonderful Teutonic military phantasy, *The Midsummer Night's Dream*.* All these things count when endeavouring to get inside a Prussian officer's skin, so to speak. I was once privileged to hear Meckel lecturing at the Kriegs Akademie on “Retirements as Opposed to Retreats,” and this is what was said by the man whose strategic principles were absorbed and successfully utilised by the Mikado's General Staff: “The advantages resulting from the choice of terrain, knowledge of locality, and the preliminary assembly of troops, which makes it possible to offer a sanguinary opposition one way or another for a certain time, are more than counteracted by moral considerations which (owing to permanent psychological conditions entirely apart from the improvements introduced into weapons and equipment) result in the subordination of the defender to the assailant. *And the larger the force the more disadvantageous does the defensive type of operations become.* The conviction of superior strength, *whether it be well founded or not*, never fails to act on the assailant to the detriment of his adversary.” This is now the Hindenburg creed as taught by Meckel. If he goes back to the powerful Anvers—Nemours chain of position, it will be not retiring solely under weight of crushing blows, but as the pugilist who every now and then will give as good as he gets. Let us see what form his defensive battles are likely to assume if—and it is still a big “if”—the attempt to prolong his right flank across our

* See “My Lesson from Secret Service,” by Major Stuart-Stephens, ENGLISH REVIEW, August, 1916.

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northern communications is not attempted, or, if attempted, is frustrated. As the hopes of success increase with the strength of the general reserve, the forces to be disposed along the reversed front of a retiring German force would, comparatively to the strength of the retiring force, be sparingly allotted. This is accomplished by halting at a pre-chosen position with an extensive field of fire and at least one strong flank. The Germans place their general reserve at the opening of an engagement at the most unsecured flank with the preconceived idea of an enveloping movement being the motive for a counter-attack. The frontal line would be thinly held by rifles stiffened by the usual vast proportion of German machine-guns. At the given moment the massed reserves would be launched before a corresponding force could be assembled to meet the offensive attack, for which object the newly discovered million German reserves are in all probability being saved. As such a series of retarding actions developed themselves, so would increase the time needed for the pushing to the front in force of our supports in view of the lengthening of our lines of communications. and, on the other hand, the numerical supremacy of the enemy due to his ever-shortening lines to his own main railway system. After each halt, culminating in a counter-attack *en masse*, the succeeding pause would be of longer duration owing to the tantalising feature of this wonderful war that the pace of our supports is governed by the transport of heavy positional guns, and the facility with which these monsters can be moved within effective range is solely dependent upon the rate at which light railway construction can be maintained. And then comes the rectification of range registry, which in its turn is dependent upon our ability to meet on much more than equal terms the capacity of the German aircraft corps. And at present we cannot presume superiority in ourselves on that vital feature of the new factor in reconnaissance. Altogether a great German retirement, if such is to be the alternative to a counter-move on the northern French coast, presents features that would involve more than a summer and autumn fairly open campaign.

More than thirty years' study of the German doctrine of war, which is to attack, always to attack, to attack no

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less in a retirement than in an advance, convinces the writer that if Hindenburg deems it the "sound game" to take up an ultimate deployment on the diagonal line across Belgium, we shall witness a series of "battles of manœuvre," such as in the Peninsula or in certain phases of the great American Civil War were as remarkable for the appalling casualties they involved as for the skill with which they were fought. At each predetermined position on the field of retirement the German Generalissimo will, like an old grey wolf of the veidt, turn and show his teeth and spring at the pursuer's throat. And these battles will in all human probability be fought on the same broad principle. That is, the enemy's ability will be shown less in making feints than in the sudden development of very strong forces in action. The Germans manœuvre according to a preconceived idea, and, convinced that the great end is to obtain superiority, they consider that envelopment offers the simplest and most trustworthy method of bringing into line more rifles, field guns, and field howitzers than the adversary, before that adversary's colossal pieces have time to participate in the conflict. On a front of some two hundred and fifty miles, which would cover the area of withdrawal, the natural configuration favours the fighting of about eight rearguard general actions.

Now, allowing for the concomitant recuperative intervals of "rest and be thankful," that would mean that we would have before us a period of fierce and sanguinary fighting which may last till well into October.

This conclusion is based, as I have before stated, on some insight into the military doctrine of our foes, the principles on which all their military education is based, the study of the writings of their chosen teachers, an intimately personal acquaintance when in Germany with the chiefs of their great war machine, and having paid close attention to the way in which *the* man who counts, Field-Marshal Hindenburg, put into practice Meckel's lessons at the autumn manœuvres before he was placed *en retraite* by his War Lord, and, lastly, in carefully watching his resolutions and action in actual war. If we are to obtain any glimmer of certainty in these days when the fog of war is thickest, if we are to interpret aright the scant information that is doled out to us, we must study the soul

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and brain of the German Army, and, above all, seek to acquire a knowledge of the character of its leader. Stonewall Jackson said to the Chief of his Staff, "I have known from long way back 'Joe' Banks; his nature is always to fight, but he has not head enough to win. General Banks will always be licked, so have the orders made out for an advance round his left flank, and I'll cut into his rear." Another instance of the weighing up of an opponent's moral equipment was given to me by General Lee's brother. Years after the conclusion of the mighty struggle in the North American Continent the erstwhile Confederate Commander-in-Chief confided to his relative: "I knew Macclenan at West Point and in Mexico; he was by temperament cautious—his enemies used to say too much so. I felt certain when he was facing me in the earlier days of the war, that after his army had been in action he would take a month to reorganise it; not that it was necessary, but because he *thought* it was so." It is to be hoped that this spirit of mental analysis of an antagonist obtains in our own General Staff. And it is to be equally hoped that an extra half-million men will be at Sir Douglas Haig's disposal at the allotted date, when their aid will certainly be required, and their absence may never be forgiven.

Germany *versus* the World

By Austin Harrison

WHEN the German General Staff set out upon its bid for European dominion in 1914, without a doubt it left out of account the New World, and, incidentally, the vital significance of sea-power. The attack upon France was to be of a hurricane swiftness, leading to a smashing decision long before England could raise and arm forces important enough to render her Ally effective assistance—certainly long before the trade arteries kept free by the British Navy could be utilised with serious military consequences to the ends and achievements of German arms. But the German Staff had also misjudged the readiness and artillery efficiency of Russia, and so once more the eternal laws of war—one of which is that a campaign wrongly started cannot be retrieved—operated with catastrophic result to the German plan at the historic battle of the Marne, the negative issue of which has conditioned the positional stagnation on the Western front from that date till the German retreat in March of this year. That retreat, in itself proclaiming the German abdication of victory on the West, is the result of sea-power, of our use of what the Americans style the *differential* neutrality of the United States.

The entry of America into the war, carrying with her the support of South America, leaves Germany at war literally with the world. History knows no analogy to such a situation. In defying civilisation Germany has raised civilisation against her. As a tragedy of human folly, Germany's position is an epic beyond the compass even of a Napoleon. In challenging World-power, she has provoked against her the power of the world.

In the first month of the war I wrote (September, 1914):—"All that Germany has achieved in world-power she will lose. The war will *knit together not only the*

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English peoples, but the entire English-speaking world. It is impossible for America not to feel the repercussion of the great European disaster; it is inconceivable that she should not respond to it. She will. As blood is thicker than water, so this Teutonic invasion, which is nothing less than an onslaught on civilisation, will kindle in the entire English-speaking world that union of spirit and sentiment which hitherto has been lacking—the brotherhood of a common civilisation, built up on the pillars and altar of freedom. Instead of the consolidation of the Germanic peoples—the object of the Kaiser's war—it is the English-speaking nations who will perforce be welded together, united in a common cause. One of the great principles which this war will bring before humanity will be a settled standard of civilisation, the standard as set by England in support of France. In this trust England and America will be as one."

At the time—the words were actually written during the battle of Mons—the idea of so long and terrible a war spreading to America, forcing her in her own despite to come in to save Old Europe, was considered grotesque, so little did we understand the task which faced us; and if I quote them now, it is because, though there is little to-day to add to them, there is much need of their consideration. At this hour we will do well to measure the motives of America's action, which has a moral significance that we, in the mist and passion of war, have somewhat lost sight of; which now at all costs we must regain and reaffirm. For America's attestation is our attestation. It is her war as it is our war—the war of liberation from the shackles and effete survivals of feudal, theocratic civilisation—and in entering it she seeks to end it. It behoves us very earnestly to understand this impersonal gage of the New World thrown down in the cause of a common Democracy now and for the future, even as we in the finest gesture of our age took up the sword as guerdon.

Probably no nation ever declared war so judicially or more judiciously, in which respect Mr. Wilson's policy has established a precedent which may well form a his-

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torical landmark in the gentle art of making war. Mr. Wilson, who staggered Old Europe with his pronouncement that America was "too proud to fight," who yesterday was the butt of the globe, to-day takes his place as the spiritual Head of the new scientific civilisation, the very Christ of European liberties. We who ridiculed him now acclaim him as redeemer. "That clinches it," says the man in the street. Hey, presto! Here we all are grovelling at the President's feet, just as a few weeks ago we lam-pooned him for a most pedantic and ridiculous old gentleman. We think in extremes, that is all. But Americans do not think in extremes; quite the contrary, in fact; and we shall make another gross mistake if we cradle this fresh comic Press illusion that now that Wilson has "bucked" we have little more to do than to get out the flags.

America's declaration of war is in reality an extraordinarily interesting event. For one thing, it denotes a complete break in the American attitude which hitherto has regarded Europe as outside the sphere of New World interest, even as the Monroe doctrine proclaimed the Americas to be outside the pale of Europe. Her action thus links up the Old and the New Worlds in a way never before conceived of, attesting a singleness of civilisation or moral purpose, heralding a new era of human progress. It makes the American July celebrations (of liberation) as anachronistic as those we still furtively record in effigy on the fifth of November in memory of a plot that few men know even the nature of. We and the Americans come together, as it were, overnight, like old friends. Our voice, our cause, our heart are one. Our own vitals return to us, so to speak, to ensure and perpetuate our cause. From the New World England rises to redress the balance of bleeding Europe, to carry on, to reconstruct. As a test of civilisation it is unique. It is our supreme self-justification. Unquestionably we may find here the basis of a wider humanity, the effects of which cannot fail to influence beneficially the new Europe that will emerge from the ruins of war to struggle to a higher plane. In this sense let us clasp America's hand, but at the same time let us understand this new spiritual integration.

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Americans, who are almost pedantically juridical in their relations with mankind, have spoken of their differential neutrality, which means, of course, that they have been supplying the Allies with war materials to such an extent that even the adjective "benevolent" cannot legally be used to cover the case. A glance at American exports will show the immense military service rendered to us, in which connection *The Economist* published the following statistics (March 17th):—

	1914. \$	1915. \$	1916. \$
Explosives—			
Cartridges	6,567,122	25,408,079	55,103,904
Dynamite	1,213,600	1,509,050	4,173,175
Gunpowder	289,895	66,922,807	263,423,149
All other	1,966,972	95,129,957	392,875,078
Total.....	10,037,587	188,969,893	715,575,306
Firearms	5,146,867	12,166,481	42,125,169

The export of explosives has thus been multiplied seventy-one times since 1914. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that without the American munition supplies there would have been no battle of the Somme, and that we could not possibly have produced the explosives and material which have enabled us to obtain the necessary superiority over the Germans, which fact alone accounts for the seeming madness of the German submarine policy with regard to America. We may state it openly, now that America has declared war, that without this help the cause of Europe would have been lost; indeed, recognition of this truth here is essential to the common partnership before us, for an entirely erroneous view has been held here concerning America's contribution, stupidly fostered by an unintelligent censorship, thereby giving rise to an utterly false estimate of America and to no small amount of ignorant ill-feeling.

In *The New Republic*, an organ reputed to be in personal touch with the President, America's attitude is carefully insisted upon. The editors urge the President to throw off the legal tangle of policy and declare boldly that in defying German sea terrorism she is serving the interest of a "liberal society." Evidently *The New Republic* is somewhat sensitive on the score of commercialism—the accusation, that is, that America is fighting to defend her war export trade. It admits that America's differential

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neutrality has been deliberate, because the Allies have proclaimed themselves the friends of a "vital American" interest, whereas Germany has shown herself the enemy of it; and it therefore calls for a statement of national right as distinct from the legal complexion which is no longer the specific truth. And this declaration leads logically to the moral purpose of America in engaging upon war.

Listen again to *The New Republic*. It says that "so far as the United States is concerned, it will not be a party to schemes of conquest and subjugation. Its influence cannot be employed to wage war beyond the time when an honourable peace can be established." America thus makes war consequentially, with the moral purpose of stabilising the relations of the Powers, with the positive object of securing an organised peace based upon a League of Nations. It is important we should fully realise this. America has entered the war to secure our victory, but she has also entered the war to affirm a spiritual right in its settlement, to dispense of her humanities, and to prevent, so far as she is able, a vindictive solution which would be no solution at all. All this is involved and implied in American belligerency. If her aim is to prevent the assertion of Hohenzollern tyranny, her aim is equally to prevent the superimposition of any other form of militarist tyranny, to search rather for an enlightened peace as impersonal in her case as in ours. America's object is to emerge from the war as a member of a securer international order founded on a league for peace, and this is the meaning of America's hostility to German ambitions. She has gone to war to crush out the Kaiser's philosophy of violence and to remove it from the tenets of civilisation, to help raise old and shackled Europe out of her mediæval gyves and superstitions, to establish a higher code of national and international comity. In this policy she has been guided by events, and had Europe been strong enough to resist the Germanic invasion alone, doubtless America would have stood aloof, but without America Europe would in all probability have succumbed. America has been our arsenal, our nursery, our emporium. That is the meaning of German submarine ruthlessness; that is the reason of American intervention.

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Militarily, America's intervention may be regarded chiefly as moral, for this year at any rate, in that it will operate chiefly to deprive the Germans of their belief in a settlement obtained by force and so hasten a readiness for genuine conciliation and compromise; but this is probably not the German view, which sees Europe, and consequently a peace settlement, from the angle of strategic considerations. The question is: Do we also see the peace settlement in that light; in which case, are we reconciled to what will undoubtedly be the price of American active participation, namely, the *rôle*, positive and negative, that she will naturally play in the negotiations? Democracy is told nothing about these things. There is, I believe, a grave danger in this ignorance of ours, due to the suppression of opinion which has become an absolute scandal. What our Government thinks certainly no man in Parliament knows, and nobody outside it. Yet this question will have to be faced, especially in view of Mr. George's "knock-out" asseverations, otherwise we may discover that it will be America who will be the spiritual leader at the "round table," or Russia, or perhaps one of the associate Republics of South America.

America has not come in on a "knock-out" policy—that is what we have to know. She has not joined cause with us to aid and abet a transvaluation of Imperialist power, to eviscerate Germany for some other nation's benefit. Her business will be to end this war and seek to put an end to the atmosphere of war, however problematical this may to-day appear, or however distant in its realisation. Such is her reason of statesmanship as a fighting Ally. She identifies herself with our civilisation. She will fight for Europe to regenerate Europe, to free and democratise her. And she will do this essentially as an English-thinking responsibility in the spirit and in memory of Lafayette: who gave to her the freedom of the New World.

The entry of America following on the Russian Revolution gives the war a spiritualism which distinguishes it from all other wars. It has become a crusade. Everywhere doors are opening: all over the world men are

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conscious of an intellectual growth which is the one great hopeful sign in this gigantic madness. We see this in all directions. In Russia the suppression of drink led almost fatalistically to the benign or sober revolution which swept away for ever the forces and principles of theocratic Russia and the machinery that survived of the "Holy Alliance." In France it has led to a regeneration of virility and national pride which must soon lead France into a happier and greater future. Here we have discovered an Imperial solidarity few men even dreamt of, and the word on every man's lips is "Reconstruction." The Europe of Bismarckian blood and iron is purging itself in its own fire, as it were, a judgment. The madness of Europe armed to the teeth has culminated in its inevitable delirium. Europe is at war to close the pages of history as written by the Carlyles and hero-worshippers of kings and battlefields in order that a new Europe may arise, more scientific, more just, more immanently democratic, more social in the service of Man.

The spirit of Attila must be crushed—such is the higher purpose of the war. Till then there can be no relaxation of resolve or effort. The fell work of war must continue, must endure at all costs for the sake of the humanity that will follow us, that it may progress and unfold upwards. Perhaps the strangest thing in all this is its inevitableness, the certainty of such a conflagration as the result of the old European system of armaments and secret diplomacy or international game played in the vested interests of kings and ambitious statesmen, and latterly of outrageous commercialism. It is this vicious system of antiquated Europe, with its false symbols and negational tyrannies, that America has taken up arms to help destroy. Her trumpet is the blare of democracy. It would have been difficult for her to align herself with the Western Powers under a Tsarist Russia, but now that Russia has emancipated herself, the truth of America is free to strike for an integral freedom.

This truth the Germans are historically lacking in. The real misfortune of Germany dates from the accession of the present Kaiser, who is that most dangerous of human

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compounds, a religious tyrant. It is he who has educated Germany to believe in war as a religion; who, gathering around him only sycophants and mediocrities, caught the German people in the triumph of their victories of 1870 and degraded them to his feudal ends. He has never tolerated any man of brains about him. "Leave the Socialists to me," he said in his impetuous vanity twenty years ago; to-day only the Socialists can save him. When the Emperor laid down his Avenue of Victory in Berlin, with its statuary of Markgrafs and Prussian kings, he unconsciously wrote his own epitaph. The Germans will some day view that lane of Imperial sorrow with an intellectual shame. They will look back and wonder at their servility to the anachronism of Potsdam, to that mediæval madman who raised the forces of the world against them. And they too will cry: "Never again." They have dared downfall; they must needs learn from it, and what they will learn is humility.

If it is through adversity that men become great, then surely Europe can look forward with an immense hope. That hope is the warden and watchword of the war—otherwise what are we fighting for? As we look upon this incredibly fierce struggle, history, as we know it, seems to be closing up—before our very eyes. Through and above it all the light of a new life rises, heralding a saner and infinitely more constructive epoch in which the nations will cease to think in terms of military geography like so many caged animals kept on the leash of kings. What we can descry already is the coming of Democracy—the significance, that is, of Man as opposed to the old insignificance of privilege with its unlimited power of evil. The war will give us that, or it will give us nothing at all. The alternative is unthinkable. We have to win this war, or there will be no salvation. By winning I mean correction. We have to compel the Germans to renounce their policy of conquest, their doctrine of violence, their mediæval stratocracy; and when we have accomplished that task our Anglo-Saxon part will have been done.

But we must be careful not ourselves to get engulfed in the maelstrom. We have grave things to settle here, fore-

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most among which is Ireland. If we are wise we will treat Ireland in the spirit of the hour, or we must expect to be treated by her with that spirit. In these convulsive, liberating times the past is no precedent. We also have to think afresh, to start out anew, to give that we may receive. Like love. Like war, for which men give of their highest. The Irish question is in reality but an historical legacy; it is no longer a modern, a scientific problem, and but for the vanity and littleness of politicians it would long ago have settled itself, fusing in the evolution of things. Unfortunately, Ulster became a Conservative, aristocratic cry associated with the battle of the Lords, yet it is not an English Conservative interest; it is merely a political interest vested with a spurious and equally antiquated religious temporalism which the war has proved to be fictitious. It is our English association with Ulster which has again divided Ireland—minority politics. To-day this wretched pseudo-aristocratic mock religious question is an affront both to our intelligence and to our cause. It has no reality in our Imperial composition. If the Prime Minister cannot muster courage to solve it, assuredly it will solve and dissolve him, for its solution is written on the wall.

The war may be prolonged into another year, but that the German plot will now be broken may be regarded as humanly certain. Germany cannot hope to defy the world. By our positive victory at Arras we have given proof of our power to force the struggle to its bitter end, if need be, so that it is just possible the Germans may accept the inevitable betimes and admit their failure. Personally I am doubtful so long as the German people believe in their leaders, which is the real point, and not in the least their allegiance to the Monarchy, for there are many kings in Germany, and nothing is more foreign to the German mind than the sense or sanction of Democracy. But taking the long view to-day, we can see Canossa. We can see an ending to the war, which will not leave things as they were; which will clear out the dungeons and dunghills of Old Europe and lead us constructively saner to the democratic liberties of the New World.

Gott Strafe all Intellect !

By Austin Harrison

THE restrictions placed upon *The Nation* once more raise the question of the censorship, for Mr. George's explanations and those of Mr. Bonar Law in the House cannot be regarded as adequate. Heaven knows I do not often agree with Mr. Massingham or with the Party fixity of idea of *The Nation*, but Mr. Massingham's intellectual honesty is unquestionable; his courage and principle stand above censorship valuation. The question is whether the Government is to be allowed to suppress opinion for no other reason than that it does not like it; in which question the Press as a body is concerned. - The accusation is that some words written in *The Nation* were dispiriting to the soldiers. Now this is fantastic. The use of the word "soldiers" was academic; it carried with it no slur, nor can such a criticism legitimately be described as nationally harmful, unless *all* criticism is to be suspended and the Press is to become a mere Hurrah machine at the beck and call of the Government.

Then what about St. Ermin's? What about the criticisms which gave us shells? Mr. George *owes his position as Prime Minister to newspaper criticism*, and but for it we should *certainly have lost the war*.

But all that is obvious. It is ridiculous as a pretext after the publication of the Dardanelles Report, which officially denounced our whole political and military system *coram populo* and all our celebrities to boot. No newspaper could possibly say anything half so damning as that, though Mr. George was a member of the Government at the time and failed to resign. What is the meaning, then, of this blow at intellectual opinion? The answer is because it is intellectual. We fear ideas. We despise the artist or creative mind, and so because Mr. Massingham writes intellectually, and not Party-servilely or commercially down

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to the mob. he is singled out as a whipping-post. "He ain't got no friends"—that is the idea. Intellect can always be downed in free England. How is it Mr. George did not suppress the *Morning Post* when it attacked him so fiercely—before that organ, *mirabile dictu*, hailed him as dictator? Here is the whole world engaged in fighting Germany, and here are we growing so jumpy about intellectual opinion that we are afraid of gentle Mr. Massingham. Mr. Asquith never played policeman, though he was the object of criticism for two years. Why does Mr. George show himself so "nervy"?

Mr. George has made another mistake. If he intends to fasten and perpetuate his bureaucracy on us by silencing opinion, then he had better placard Trafalgar Square with the fact, and we shall know where we stand.

His own speeches have been far more quoted in the German Press than Mr. Massingham's spiritualism, which is very similar to Mr. Wilson's, and so have Sir E. Carson's "warnings." Are we to understand that the standard of the British Press is the measure of German Press quotation? Will the censorship suppress *The New Republic*, which is particularly frank about America's aims and activities? Why not suppress Mr. Bottomley for a false prophet?

Russia has a free Press to-day. So has America. Is intellect to abdicate? Are we to be merely Mr. George's chorus to supply good Marconigrams? I think Mr. George will be well advised to take thought. Before the war he was every bit as wrong about Germany as Mr. Massingham, and more unpardonably ignorant. Our unpreparedness was far more his fault than any fault of the *Radical Nation*. It is not a fine act on his part, not a Celtic gesture.

But let us test this case. Now the Irish refuse to fight for Britain, yet so timorous is the Government that it refrains from all attempt to enforce the law of the land, which abstention can only be described as an anti-military act. Against that activity set Mr. Massingham's passivity. Because in his intellectual weekly he advocates or tries to advocate a peace not on "knock-out" lines—as a fact, history shows that few wars have ended with "knock-outs"—he is regarded as so dangerous that his newspaper is prevented from leaving these shores. I ask: Can paradox

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go further? Can inconsistency be more flagrant? Can the dispensations of so-called democratic rule be more grotesquely eccentric? The Irish act of refusal—whether right or wrong from their point of view is beside the question—constitutes a unique insubordination in war, besides constituting a highly important moral and material loss. As against this, Mr. Massingham's intellectual Wilsonism is a pigmy offence—if it be an offence. Indeed, logically, if Massingham does not want to fight (which is not the case), why, then, he comes into line with the Irish, and should, according to the Government's own finding, be treated with the immunity shown to the Irish. At the most that is Mr. Massingham's "crime." He is not an extremist. Now if moderation is evil, it follows that the Irish, exempted for their conscientious objections, must be right; in other words, the Government respects force, but has no respect for the intellectual.

More than ever we need our intellectual forces to-day. The spectacle of Britain nervously suppressing Mr. Massingham while Russia frees opinion and Mr. Wilson and America enter upon war with the spiritualism of a true Christianity is not dignified. Our business is to lead in action and in thought. If we fail intellectually or spiritually, the lead will pass to America, which will not be to our credit and may not be to our interest. There is in reality not the smallest reason for suppressing opinion with the odds of the world against Germany; rather it should be encouraged to construct and inspire. We shall need all the intellect we can get. Suppression shows fear, which is a base thing. Why in the name of common sense, then, is Mr. George so fearful?

In the first year and a half of the war a strong censorship unquestionably was necessary, owing to our ignorance of war, and so long as we attempted to fight on the voluntary or casual principle pacifist and disintegrating opinion was, in fact, a military offence. But that time has passed. We have learnt; the will to win is everywhere paramount. Mr. Massingham's real offence in the eyes of the authorities lies in attempting to preach that very Liberalism which Mr. Wilson proclaims to be the reason of American beligerency. Surely this is unworthy of our own truth. It is the Massingham tendency which is objected to, for the

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soldiers do not read *The Nation*, and the idea that all constructive thought is to cease during military operations is untenable. That is the point. It is a point which will have to be threshed out, or the Press can no longer claim either dignity or responsibility.

Is the intellect of this country to have no right of say in the settlement of this so-called People's War? Is the secret diplomacy of thrones to become merely the secret diplomacy of Cabinets? Are we to understand that in the vitally important reconstitution of Europe opinion is to have no voice, and that we are to be at the mercy of Mr. George's impulses and impositions? For that is what this restriction amounts to. It means the abdication of intellectual and moral force, which in reality is the quintessential need of the day here and in Europe.

All this fussiness is discreditable, and must lead to a violent reaction sooner or later. There is also the case of Mr. Bertrand Russell, one of the foremost thinkers of the age, who is treated like a social outlaw, in reality merely because his ideas are in advance of the time, and so distasteful. But this is no sign of strength. Very much the contrary. Our persecution of Mr. Russell resembles unpleasantly the Catholic Church's persecution of Galileo; and some day we shall be ashamed of it. I think it is time we considered these things, for if there is one thing Mr. George cannot appoint a Controller of, it is the mind and the honour and spiritualism that spring from it.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

THE public are again earnestly requested to note that from May 1st the REVIEW will be on a limited sale owing to Governmental restrictions. All readers are therefore advised to place their orders early at their respective book-stalls and bookshops, or direct at THE ENGLISH REVIEW, 19 Garrick Street, W.C.2, failing which they may find themselves unable to procure a copy.

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The next three numbers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW will contain a continuation of

MAXIM GORKI's Autobiography, Part II

and articles by:—

The MASTER OF BALLIOL

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

D. H. LAWRENCE

and

BERNARD SHAW's

long-awaited pronouncement on Osteopathy entitled,

"What is to be done with the Doctors?"

etc., etc., etc.

Excess Profits

By Raymond Radclyffe

WHEN the war began we all racked our brains to discover means whereby the cost could be financed. We were staggered when Mr. Asquith told us that we were spending a million a day. Such a sum seemed stupendous. To-day we are spending six millions, and no one turns a hair. In the panic-stricken condition which accompanied the first year of the war we clutched at any method of raising money. We determined with Spartan heroism that we would pay a portion of the expense at least each year. We now have an income tax at 5s. in the pound, and an excess profits tax of 60 per cent. The two taxes have produced £344,953,000 for the year ended March 31st. This splendid contribution towards the cost of the war warms our hearts, and we think how brave we are.

The Budget is now coming on, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be asked—and indeed already has been asked—to increase the excess profits tax. The working man thinks that he is getting his own back if he hears that all the great capitalists have been compelled to disgorge 60 per cent. of their ill-gotten gains. He asks, Why stop at 60 per cent.? Why not make the tax 70 per cent., or even 80 per cent.? And some extremists would go so far as to annex for the benefit of the State the whole of the profits made in excess of the pre-war standard. The bloated capitalist laughs in his sleeve and says, "Put on any tax you like. I don't care. I don't pay it. You pay it, you poor deluded workman ignorant of political economy." Prices have been rising steadily month by month ever since war began. The purchasing power of the pound sterling has dwindled till to-day a one-pound Treasury note has deteriorated 9s. The diminishing purchasing power is due partly to the fabulous increase in paper credit, seen in the largely increased bank deposits, which mount up each year many hundred millions, partly to the increased taxa-

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tion which, as traders can't and won't work at a loss, must be added to the cost of the goods they sell.

That traders do add taxes to the cost of the goods can be readily seen in the annual reports of the thousand and one limited companies which appear every year. If these companies struck their balances before adding the excess profits tax we should perhaps not be able to point the moral, but they don't. Almost all give net profits after deducting the tax, and also after deducting income tax, the only exception being persecuted rubber companies, who invariably give the gross profits and fight for the tax. *The Economist* publishes each quarter an analysis of the reports issued during that quarter. They do not include railways, mines, insurance companies, or banks, but such omissions do not interest us, because railways are now run by the State under an agreement. Mines are foreign businesses very unjustly taxed, as they are vanishing assets. Banks we all know are doing splendidly. Insurance companies we hope are doing well, though some of us are a little anxious. But practically all other companies are included. Now, what do we find? Nine hundred and thirty-three companies made £61,070,697 in 1912, £70,510,414 in 1913. In this last, the pre-war year, the companies made 11·7 per cent. on their capital. In 1914 there was no excess profits tax, and the first seven months were months of peace, low prices in rubber, iron, and steel; and the last five were months of collapse in money markets, some panic and falling prices. Yet net profits in 909 companies included in the tables of *The Economist* were £69,684,531, an increase of 0·9 per cent. on the same companies in 1913. If we take 1915 we find that 928 companies made £66,926,983, a decrease of 3·2 per cent., but the companies made 10·2 per cent. on their capital. We now come to 1916, in which year the 60 per cent. excess profits tax was in full working order, and the 5s. income tax also doing its best. Have the companies been injured? Not a bit of it. They have never done so well. Nine hundred and thirty-two companies made £86,587,823, an increase of 28·6 per cent. over the profits made by the same companies in 1915. These companies made 13·2 per cent. on their capital. Here we have a splendid example of how the excess profits tax works. Every manufacturer has made more money than he ever

EXCESS PROFITS

made before, and *has made it after paying all the preposterous taxes.*

What do we need taxes for? We need them to pay the cost of our Government Departments, to pay interest on our National Debt. But we don't want to pay the cost of the war out of our annual taxation, and, above all, we don't want our cost of living and winning the war to be fabulously increased by fantastic taxes which are so heavy that no one, however poor, can afford to leave them out of the reckoning. The rich never forget taxes—they can't—but in days of peace poor people and the lower middle-class are apt to forget them. The excess profits tax is like a snowball. The shell-maker adds 60 per cent. to cost of making and usually another 10 per cent. for himself. He has to pay the iron or steel maker 60 or 70 per cent. more for the steel, and each separate item in his bill of costs is added to by the tax. Now we see why the cost of the war has jumped by millions to its present figure. It was forced up by the Government taxation which has been placed upon all industries and nearly all people.

Provision shops have had to pay more for provisions, and workmen find the cost of living higher, and demand higher wages, which again increases the cost of goods they make. Yet the snowball goes on rolling, and when the Budget comes along we may find the excess profits tax raised to 75 per cent., which will automatically raise the whole cost of the war 15 per cent. Nay, it will do more, for it will raise the cost of the workman's food, and this means discontent, strikes, and then higher wages.

We must once again take our courage in our hands. We were brave when we all demanded an excess profits tax which should stop profiteering. We must be equally brave in admitting our mistake and cutting it off altogether. It was a hideous blunder, and has acted in a manner none of us foresaw. This the figures I have given prove pretty conclusively.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN. By JAMES JOYCE. Egoist, Ltd.

A new writer, a new form; another Irishman, in short, with a bit of genius and a mission. At first one hesitates; we seem to be back in baby-land, and there is a little too much about smells. But soon interest quickens, and then we find an atmosphere which grows, even as the young artist brought up in the Catholic school centre emancipates himself into intellectual freedom. As a study of Catholic Irish education this is a work to read, but it also has beautiful moments, and reveals a subtle observation fresh and lovable, if occasionally somewhat jerky. This fragmentary characteristic makes it rather difficult to read; indeed, the patchiness of form tends to obscure the inherent seriousness of thought. All the same, in Mr. Joyce we have a new man of letters, and if the author is a young man he ought to produce much good work. For unquestionably he is a power intellectually. He has something to say, something quite peculiarly aromatic. And so once more Ireland has given us a writer, a man of a soul and what seems to be a talent original and elusively stimulating, with a fine Irish veracity.

THE GEISHA GIRL. By T. FUJIMOTO. T. Werner Laurie.
7s. 6d. net.

The curious, almost Babu, English of this book gives an exotic charm to a thoroughly exotic subject, and the photographs from life and from drawings by some of the great Japanese artists add very considerably to its interest. The author evidently understands his subject with comprehensive thoroughness, and he gives us some confidences gathered from famous members of Geishadom—as to their likes and dislikes among men. These revelations, given in a separate section, go nearer to the heart of the subject than anything else in the book; for the author has not quite

BOOKS

grasped the Western attitude of mind towards a piquant subject, and with great profusion of information neglects to give us a psychological, or even a sociological, picture of the Geisha Girl. We learn that Geishas, as such, are an eighteenth-century idea, although they had forerunners under another name in earlier days. We learn how they are trained in song and dance, and how they dress and behave, how highly they are valued, even making the fame and fortune of geisha houses. We also gather an infinity of little pathetic love tales, suicides, folk-lore, and ghost-lore, but there is a lack of the sort of information which European curiosity would like. In short, Mr. Fujimoto has written a book about Geishas from the Japanese standpoint, an aspect which assumes a knowledge of Far Eastern manners and modes of thought, so these charming ladies remain as great a mystery in essence to the Westerner after reading this book as they were before.

FICTION

THE TERROR. A Fantasy. By ARTHUR MACHEN. Duckworth and Co. 1s.

This is the most daring and ingenious thing that the war has yet inspired. One of the characters says: "The secret of the Terror might be condensed into a sentence: the animals had revolted against men." Mr. Machen imagines such a state of affairs and narrates a grimly fascinating tale—a tale which it is impossible to leave off reading. There are in it sudden deaths, dark clouds with eyes of fire that come in the night, a murderous rooster, and sheep that turn upon men and kill them. All is told with so much plausibility that we wonder how much is true, how much is possible, and how much has actually happened. *The Terror* is a fine performance.

SOCIAL.

THE MASTER PROBLEM. By JAMES MARCHANT. Stanley Paul and Co. 5s. net.

Mr. Marchant deals with the social evil from all sides. Into nearly four hundred pages he has gathered a mass of

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painful information, which is sure to come as a shock to such of the clergy as confine their reform to the delivery of addresses at fashionable tea-parties. Here is testimony, grim and awful, which makes us wonder what the religious teachers of the world have been aiming at. Mr. Marchant has wisely written his book in popular English; he does not overstate his case; he convinces the reader without getting into hysterics.

Only Typewritten Manuscripts will be considered and although every precaution is taken, the Proprietors will not be responsible for the loss or damage of the manuscripts that may be sent in for consideration; nor can they undertake to return manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

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JUNE, 1917

Milo

By Herbert Trench

I

MILo, the wrestler oiled, whom victories—
Six times the Pythian, six the Olympian—crowned,
Could shoulder a bullock, run the stadium round,
And in a day devour the beast with ease.
Thrice-happy too, in philosophic strength
Showed sumptuous ladies paths to Hera's shrine
And crushed his fellow-Greeks of Sybaris,
Haling their treasure to Crotona. In fine,
This subtlest of protagonists at length
Taught his folk, force was all, and all force his.

Sybaris was thy kin. Why then, Crotona,
Did Milo lead thee to crush Sybaris?
Why tortured he the men of Sybaris?
He coveted their golden port, Crotona!

One morning as the titan athlete went—
His mighty self-love nursing discontent—
By a forest path, some Dionysian storm
Of impulse spurred him to a feat enorm.
Cresting the Sila's granites, a strange Tree—
A boulder wedged its cloven trunk—to sea
Spread limbs of shade forth, westward, north, south, east.
Its high fantastic-rooted talons capt
The granite. It stood desolation-wrapt.
Mysterious, wounded, long, long had it stood
Deep-rifted, but a kindly fortitude. . . .

* Written during the Battle of Verdun.

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And Milo's pride of thew, restless, on edge,
Heaved out the boulder, made himself the wedge,
Thrust the gap wider—that old wound increased—
(Faint shivers running through the foliage)
Until the great bole writhed, sprang, caught him fast—
One arm locked in the yawning of the wood—
No more out of its shade to be released;—
Unless he transmigrate into this Tree
His body turns to a fetter, a prison, a grave!

Could such dumb wills, outside his will-to-be,
Have their own wounded being? Or did he rave?
That grip was real. Skywards without end
Its branch'd nerves did most curiously extend
As they might be the fibrils of a brain—
Stood he within the ganglions of some brain?

With what a movement strange the whole Tree moves
In thick-running waves of umbratility;
The heavy-fronded murmurer of the groves
Is dash'd by sudden inward beams—it moves
And lo! a pattern in its vapoury
Spirals unwreathing, spirals without end
Shaped into glimmering lights, a scatter'd train,
Corollas luminous, green nebulae. . . .

Beneath stood Milo, prisoned. At the last
Madness, and ghostly wolves approaching fast,
Still in delirium, still defiantly,
Milo bragged on, shouting up boughs divine,
"Who, then, art Thou, whose hold outwrestles mine?"
Silence fell round him that for him was worse
Than mortal. . . .

But to You (whose name
Verse will not utter, lest it darken verse)
Who were a greater Milo by your fame
But a nation that, before the Multiverse
Fountain of souls, seems one whom nothing awes,
To You, light-headed with your own applause,
Taunting the world whose agony you cause—
Crying with the lips of Milo still the same
Insult—*"Who are Thou, to imprison me?"*
Immense boughs whisper back, *"Humanity!"*
Innumerable leaves, *"Humanity!"*

MILO

II

With what a movement strange the whole Tree moves,
That hath its roots down in the kingdoms pale
Of Hela, and whose boughs do overspread
The highest heaven. We ripen, we are shed—
But lo! a pattern in its vapoury
Spirals unwreathing, spirals without end
Shaped into glimmering lights, a scatter'd veil,
Corollas luminous, green nebulae
Whirled up in figured dance, each soul in station
(This fan-like rise of petals seems of souls)
Ascending, throbbing—systoles—diastoles—
By generations! Old Pythagoras
These may have numbered in his secret glass—
These, carrying up the spirals of creation;
These, that alone change forces into loves!

These glowing cores, the chaliced families,
What suns draw from a source deeper than these—
Nebulae, wreathing upwards from their fount,
Majestic in their dreams and in their traces?
They throw off paler confraternities,
The temple-guilds, religions of the races,
Formed but to echo their august vibration—
Image forth perpetually their solemn rise!
Floating up warm from narrow native ground
Even in the very need of each man's toil,
And the very pang that bids defend his soil
They become aware of other chalices,
Until with sense of all the rest inwound
They break, towards one will, within their bound,
And feel themselves as one, nation by nation,
Enlarging so the spirals of Creation.

Neither in men themselves, nor what they change
Or make, do lie the centres of the strange
Movement, wherewith the whole Tree moves.
Spacing men's minds to measured harmony
Its centres lie in little glowing cores,
They that alone change forces into loves.

Poetry and Education

By Sir Henry Newbolt

WE seem to be slowly but inevitably nearing the end of a great struggle, in which our Public Services have worked with unusual success. It is characteristic of our nation that we are already beginning to take account not so much of our successes as of our failures and weaknesses. A people gifted with sound nerves, an easy temperament, and exceptionally good practical instincts is naturally inclined to take life as it comes, and to spend less time and thought than others do upon scientific method. We are conscious of this as a weakness, and when anything goes wrong we are always quick to suppose that the failure must be due to some defect in our system. And as we believe at bottom in men rather than in services or institutions, the system which we criticise is generally our educational system, as that which produces the units of our power.

This consciousness of a defect, this particular trend of self-criticism, is, I believe, not a sign of weakness or overdue diffidence, but one more proof of the nation's practical instinct. We are not in the least danger of falling in love with machinery or of putting our trust in a *régime* of handcuffs and strait-waistcoats. But we are perhaps in danger of replacing one system by another without sufficiently ascertaining where the old one failed and in what way the new one will do better. A course of physical exercises may be more methodical than a walking tour or a month's sport, and yet less advantageous for a particular man or a particular purpose. If we are to be more scientific in our education, the first step must be towards a more scientific view of education: we must be clear about the meaning we give to the word. In the past we have never been clear about this except when we have been narrow; and, now that our view is rapidly widening, clearness is more desirable than ever. For lovers of literature this is

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especially true, for the value of literature in education has been almost more misunderstood than the value of science.

The poets have long been aware of this, and one of the greatest of them, writing just a hundred years ago during a great European war, has again and again thrown the broad light of genius across our line of thought. I say across and not along it, because in Wordsworth's day the question had a different aspect. In the *Prelude* it is Poetry and not Science which is driven to cry aloud against the futility of the current education. But the interests of the two are the same: both are activities of the human spirit. Life cannot pursue one of them to the exclusion of the other; for education both are indispensable, and confused thinking on this point must be fatal to both.

Wordsworth says that he reached his own point of view by chance, or rather by following what was for him an instinctive pleasure, the habit of walking on the highways and talking with those whom he met there.

"When I began to enquire,
To watch and question those I met, and speak
Without reserve to them, the lonely roads
Were open schools, in which I daily read
With most delight the passions of mankind,
Whether by words, looks, sighs, or tears revealed;
There saw into the depth of human souls,
Souls that appear to have no depth at all
To careless eyes. And—now convinced at heart
How little those formalities, to which
With over-weening trust alone we give
The name of Education, have to do
With real feeling and just sense; how vain
A correspondence with the talking world
Proves to the most; and called to make good search
If man's estate, by doom of Nature yoked
With toil, be therefore yoked with ignorance;
If virtue be indeed so hard to rear
And intellectual strength so rare a boon—
I prized such walks still more."

Those formalities: the charge lies in these two words. Education, we are to understand, had gradually been narrowed down till it was not only limited to a small section of the population, but was rather an accomplishment, a mere elegance, than a development of character or a training for a life of any public utility. Wordsworth's opinion is that it had become a kind of intellectual full dress, as conventional as any fashionable clothes, and un-

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worthy of the name of education. This opinion it is possible to examine with some certainty, for it was made in circumstances well known to us. The poem in which it is expressed was begun in 1799 and finished in 1805. The passages which concern us now are to be found in the last few pages of it—that is to say, they were written at a time when this country was putting forth her powers, military, intellectual, and moral, in a world-wide struggle and at their highest pitch. The end was not yet in sight, but the success already won against superior force was in itself a sufficient answer to any merely carping criticism. It was not then with the practical or scientific training of his countrymen that Wordsworth was finding fault. The schools of the day escaped his criticism on that side, for they did not attempt to teach any kind of science except grammar, the rudimentary science of language. It was, therefore, on the side of the humanities that he thought them insufficient. It was a small class only that received “the education of a gentleman,” a smaller still that achieved any familiarity with the Classics; and even these few felt little of the effect of great literature. What they got was a knack of turning a sentence, a stock of imposing allusions to the names and stories of antiquity, and the power of pointing a speech with an apt line or two from Horace. Into such “formalities” as these had the teaching of Latin and Greek degenerated, according to Wordsworth’s evidence; and we may accept it as serious, for he had himself received a classical education, and loved the classics in spite of it.

What, then, was the remedy to which he turned? Did he advocate a different use of Homer and Horace, of Sophocles and Seneca—or even a return to the Aristotelian Ethics or Plato’s ideals of education? He did not: the line he took was not that of Reform but of Revolt; he threw both Antiquity and Authority overboard, and went elsewhere for what he needed. He went, as we have seen, to the common highways where he could meet his fellows, hear of the passions of mankind, the real feeling and just sense, and where he hoped to find evidence that virtue and intellectual strength were not incompatible with the life of a working man of any degree.

It is notable that although his revolt is a general one,

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against a whole system, he does not suggest that all who suffer from it should follow him out to the open road. It is to be his part to learn from human nature face to face, and then to pass on his acquired wisdom to the world. Having bent in reverence to Nature, and to men "as they are men within themselves":

"Of these, said I, shall be my song; of these . . .
Will I record the praises, making verse
Deal boldly with substantial things; in truth
And sanctity of passion, speak of these,
That justice may be done, obeisance paid
Where it is due: thus haply shall I teach,
Inspire: through unadulterated ears
Pour rapture, tenderness, and hope—my theme
No other than the very heart of man . . .
Sorrow that is not sorrow, but delight;
And miserable love, that is not pain
To hear of, for the glory that redounds
Therefrom to human kind, and what we are."

In this remarkable plan of Wordsworth's for educating his fellows there are two more points which deserve illustrating from his poem. One is that although the method proposed is literary, it is not bookish. Wordsworth was not over-fond of books; he prefers the men who live

"Not uninformed by books, good books, though few,
In Nature's presence."

And he also says:

"Yes, in those wanderings deeply did I feel
How we mislead each other: above all
How books mislead us, seeking their reward
From judgments of the wealthy Few, who see
By artificial lights: how they debase
The Many for the pleasures of those Few:
Effeminately level down the truth
To certain general notions, for the sake
Of being understood at once, or else
Through want of better knowledge in the heads
That framed them: flattering self-conceit with words
That while they most ambitiously set forth
Extrinsic differences, the outward marks
Whereby Society has parted man
From man, neglect the universal heart."

This gives us a good general idea of the lines upon which he would have reviewed books—he would have approved the novel of sentiment rather than the novel of manners; he would certainly have preferred Charlotte Brontë to Jane Austen, Thackeray to Peacock, and Hardy to everybody

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else. It also shows that he would have been in all cases a severe critic. But he has fortunately left us in no doubt as to his appreciation of romance: he regarded it as naturally desirable and akin to poetry.

"A gracious spirit o'er the earth presides
And o'er the heart of man: invisibly
It comes, to works of unproved delight
And tendency benign, directing those
Who care not, know not, think not what they do.
The tales that charm away the wakeful night
In Araby, romances: legends penned
For solace, by dim light of monkish lamps;
Fictions, for ladies of their love, devised
By youthful squires: adventures endless, spun
By the dismantled warrior in old age
Out of the bowels of those very schemes
In which his youth did first extravagate:
These spread like day, and something in the shape
Of these will live till man shall be no more."

The reason given for this eternal persistence of romance is interesting:

"Dumb yearnings, hidden appetites, are ours,
And *they must* have their food."

Especially is this so when the child is growing up into an uncongenial world, uneasy and unsettled, not yet tamed and humbled down to the yoke of custom:

"Oh! then we feel we feel
We know where we have friends—Ye dreamers, then,
Forgers of daring tales! we bless you then,
Impostors, drivellers, dotards, as the ape
Philosophy will call you, *then* we feel
With what and how great might ye are in league,
Who make our wish our power, our thought a deed,
An empire, a possession."

From this it is but a short step to the

"Knowledge and increase of enduring joy
From the great Nature that exists in works
Of mighty Poets. Visionary power
Attends the motions of the viewless winds
Embodied in the mystery of words:
There darkness makes abode, and all the host
Of shadowy things work endless changes—there
As in a mansion like their proper home,
Even forms and substances are circumfused
By that transparent veil with light divine,
And through the turnings intricate of verse
Present themselves as objects recognised
In flashes, and with glory not their own."

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Those who love poetry, and have thought upon it, will recognise in these passages, and especially in the one last quoted, so much evidence of deep thought, of a profound insight into the nature of the creative power from which all art proceeds, that they will not expect to hear them dealt with now in detail. It must be enough for us to mark the points upon which we summoned Wordsworth to speak, and pass on. His views are not entirely co-ordinated, or even thought out on scientific lines : they are rather a set of feelings, doubly his own by nature and by experience. They may be put down just as they occur, for they belong to, and must be eventually fitted into, a scheme which had not been imagined by Wordsworth or his contemporaries, and which even among ourselves has not yet been agreed upon. He thought then that the classics, *as taught in his time*, were worthless for education; that books in general came under the same condemnation, because they did not record or foster true feeling or knowledge of human nature; that human nature could be best studied in the largest and least sophisticated masses of men; that the lessons to be learned from it could best be gathered in and delivered to the young by poets and romancers; that the Poet especially has this power because he can create a "great Nature" by the mystery of words, a new world in which things are presented as objects recognised, but in flashes and with glory not their own. Lastly, it is noteworthy that the poets whom he had in mind were not ancient poets, but modern ones; even, it would appear, poets of the same age and country as those whom they are to teach.

Now there can be no doubt that some, if not all, of these opinions would have been hotly contested by his contemporaries, and there will probably be many now living who are convinced that our great-grandfathers' education was far better than Wordsworth knew. We need not enter upon this controversy, for the importance of Wordsworth's view for us lies not in its particular but in its universal aspect. His principles have a value, whether his estimate was just or unjust; and that value remains to our own day, when all the conditions are changed.

It is this change of which we have now to take account—a change which in 1805 was already in preparation, but apparently not yet in the least realised. It can hardly be

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said that science was unknown, for there existed on the one hand a number of men who loved knowledge of the material world and followed several lines of research under the name of natural philosophy; on the other hand, the practical problems of construction, transport, and manufacture were being solved with increasing success. But an advance on either of these two lines, the theoretical and the practical, was regarded rather as a discovery, a find in an unknown country, than as a step towards conquest of the whole known world. Life was being made more interesting and more comfortable, but the two processes had not yet been seen to be parts of a vastly greater change, that change by which man now sees himself to be no longer the almost helpless sport of natural forces, but the inheritor of powers by which he may before long master and direct them. The immense importance of this change, as Sir Ray Lankester pointed out in his famous Oxford address, lies not only in the fact of man's approaching mastery of the material world, but even more in his consciousness of his new position. We no longer explore, we organise; we think in world terms, and consider no problem satisfactorily stated unless all the possible factors are included. We no longer suffer evolution, we direct it; we see in a new light man's position in the world of nature and his relation to his fellow men. We even change our religion, for though we may retain our creed, it is the creed of a changed mind.

To a well-informed and unprejudiced observer nothing could seem more obvious than that a change of this magnitude must involve a change in our methods of education. But there are, for various reasons, comparatively few observers who are both well informed and unprejudiced. Over hardly any other subject is there seething and swirling such a welter of stormy feeling and confused thought. The tumult is set in motion from the scientific side, but not by a single current, or even by two. The appeal of the leaders of scientific thought is accompanied by the outcry of those who are merely impressed by the practical results of science, and desire no education that is not concerned with material things. A still lower class measure education by its bearing upon commercial success; and to these must be added those who have suffered from a lifelong feeling of inferiority, and would, they imagine, be in some

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way bettered by a turn of the tables. From the opposite direction come equally strong appeals: first, that of the true Humanists, to whom we should do well to listen. But these labour under a special difficulty. The separation between the classics and science has been so complete that the competent scholar rarely has any familiarity with scientific ideas. He knows how much he owes to the classics, and he does not believe that he could have got the same or any equivalent advantage from science. The value of his opinion is diminished then by his onesidedness; and it is too often still further diminished by the fact that he is in many cases a tradesman and his scholarship his only stock in trade. He cannot see that it *may* be an undesirable stock in trade, and is certainly one for which at present there is only a forced demand. Many a scholar at our universities may be not unjustly described as one who is buying the classics in order to sell them compulsorily to the next generation, that they may do the same in turn; yet he does not like to hear this system described as a vicious circle. If again we look at those who have done well in the classics and yet do not make their living by them, we shall find that they have either neglected their Latin and Greek in later life, or kept them up as an amusement, or a kind of freemasonry. The amusement is a pleasant one; the sense of privilege is also agreeable to many who seek no other distinction; but such considerations are out of date in a discussion on education. The scholar, then, does not make a very impressive witness, but he has two really good points: the value of literature as mental experience, and the value of language as mental gymnastic; and though he may make too sure of his system being the only trustworthy one, he has, at any rate, the advantage of being able to point to a long and not wholly disastrous past, while the alternative method must, he urges, be an experiment.

We need not stay to complete this list of the various points of view from which the subject is being debated; we have gone perhaps far enough to establish the fact that there is something like a chaos of opinions. Moreover, even those who have good evidence to give use it as an argument and not as evidence, disputatiously and not scientifically. The argument from the past is a striking example of this; the classicists point to all that is satis-

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factory in our public services, the scientists to all that is unsatisfactory; both assert that this state of things, good or bad, is due to our system of education. Both are here guilty of a common fallacy: they forget that a result may have more causes than one. Training is not the only force which affects development. But let us grant that in the development of character and ability education is the most important of the forces at work; we may still be the victims of another fallacy—that is, another failure in scientific thought. Education is a word which is capable of being used in two meanings, and is, in fact, so used unconsciously in this debate. Broadly, it means the process by which man's powers are "brought out," or developed, and includes, or should include, all the influences which life brings to bear upon him. But narrowly, and especially in the present chaotic dispute, it is used as almost equivalent to "curriculum" and includes nothing beyond the influences of school and schoolmasters. I hasten to add that schoolmasters are less often guilty of this fallacy than any other class of men; they realise better than most the difference between instruction and education. But they should realise also that they are themselves doing more for their pupils out of school than in school. Their error lies in their blind submission to an impossible system. They rely not so much upon themselves as upon their subject, and this subject they misuse, under orders from above. It would be incredible if it were not a fact centuries old, that the most beautiful and revered works of antiquity, those which you maintain to be unmatched for the strengthening and ennobling of the mind in youth, even those you tear to pieces and defile daily as grammatical exercises. Take your finest marble statue, break it up and give the pieces to your boys to be thrown about in their gymnastic training; when their muscles have developed sufficiently you may hope to put it together again, clean it, and set it up for their æsthetic education, but you will be doing a foolish thing. Of your hundred boys ninety-seven will have left you before the final stage; they are not taking an æsthetic education. Of the remaining three, two will regret that you have spoiled for them a beauty which they would otherwise have enjoyed; the hundredth will be the one fortunate enough to be born

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with the gift for language—grammatical exercises will have cost him no effort, and his delight in beauty will neither have been inspired nor injured by you.

Let us now state as briefly as possible what we expect or desire from Education, and compare with this the results which we have obtained in the past, and those which we may look for in the future under a reformed system.

Everyone, I imagine, will agree that the object of education is to fit men for life. But life is a highly complex activity and needs many kinds of fitness. As to the relative value of these there is, of course, a natural and fundamental difference of belief among men; but in whatever order they may be placed, it must always be agreed that the intellectual, the æsthetic, and the moral activities of the human spirit should all be trained and stimulated. Science is the province of the intellect, Art of the æsthetic power, and Conduct of the moral sense; we live not in any one of these provinces, but in the united kingdom of all three, and we warp and deform ourselves if we try to lead a separate existence within the boundaries of one only. The three natural affections of the human spirit are the love of truth, the love of beauty, and the love of righteousness; man loves all these by nature, for their own sake, and no system of education can claim to be adequate if it does not help him to develop these natural and disinterested loves. Further, I think everyone would upon reflection agree that on all these three sides the first necessity is to secure clearness of vision. "A haziness of intellectual vision," said Cardinal Newman, "is the malady of all classes of men by nature . . . of all who have not had a really good education." I have before pointed out that haziness of æsthetic vision is equally fatal to the artist or poet. If he cannot clearly seize the subject of his intuition he cannot express or re-create it in lines of beauty; the more hazy his perception, the more inferior his style will be. "*Quand on se contente*," says Joubert, "*de comprendre à demi, on se contente aussi d'exprimer à demi, et alors on écrit facilement*." I need not add that to write with facility is to write badly. All great Art is difficult—as difficult as it is rare. So is great Morality, and it too depends fundamentally upon clearness of vision. It may be said of Shakespeare, in answer to those who deplore his

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conduct, that he unquestionably had this clearness of vision; he could not always govern his impulses, but he never gave a false account of them.

Again I think that we might all be agreed upon the necessity of mental freedom and an abundance of ideas. Not only men of science but poets have felt this necessity. Matthew Arnold, breathing with difficulty the air of the Victorian world, longed for that of the great ages of literature. "In the Greece of Pindar and Sophocles, the England of William Shakespeare, the poet lived in a current of ideas in the highest degree animating and nourishing to the creative powers: society was permeated by fresh thought, intelligent and alive . . . all the books in the world are only valuable as they are helps to this." But he admits that they *are* useful. "Books and reading may enable men to create a kind of semblance of it in their own minds, a world of knowledge and intelligence wherein they may live and work." It is true that in his own day Matthew Arnold despaired of finding sympathy for his ideas. "The notion of the free play of mind on all subjects being a pleasure in itself . . . an essential provider of elements without which a nation's spirit . . . must in the long run die of inanition—this hardly enters an Englishman's head." In this respect we are not now as we were: it has entered the heads of so many Englishmen to desire this free play of mind that if all the good heads were laid together instead of being knocked against one another, we should easily be saved from the inanition we dread. And this suggests one more desideratum in education—the spread of a wider sense of common life and common effort than we have yet experienced.

Let us now take stock of our past, and see how we stand with regard to these elements of training for life, and what is the value of the offers made to us from different quarters. First, that clearness of vision which we all believe to be so vitally necessary is in its very nature scientific. It is scientific not only when it is shown in the measurements and comparisons of material substances, but when it is found in Art and Morals. In Morals it is moral because it makes measurements and comparisons of conduct, and becomes justice, tolerance, scrupulousness, or self-restraint. In Poetry it appears as that "fundamental

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brain-work" which, as Rossetti said, "makes the difference in all Art." It even provides the indispensable raw material of Poetry, as I have shown elsewhere, the very substance which by transmutation is to become a new and less perishable world. In the broadest sense, then, we have always lived by the help of Science, and the more we have sought that help the finer has been our life.

What now of the freedom and flow of ideas? Under what system is that likely to be stimulated and kept up? What is the evidence which has come down to us from the past? Have vitalising ideas been most often generated and distributed by authority or by experiment—by transmission from greater predecessors or by the increased vigour and variety of contemporary life? No doubt they have come from both sources. It is generally agreed that the actual power of the human intellect has not increased since the time of Plato, and that the rediscovery of the Greek writers poured a tide of new ideas into the brain of the Middle Ages. On the other hand, it does not appear that books were ever the only motive force in an age of intellectual expansion. Matthew Arnold possibly thought so; he speaks with regret of the Greece of Sophocles, the England of Shakespeare. But he might with equal truth have spoken of the Greece of the Ionic Confederacy and the England of the Merchant Venturers; for these were periods in which political and commercial enterprise were at as high a tide as literature. So, too, was scientific thought; for Aristotle lived in the same century with the Greek tragedians, and while Shakespeare was writing plays Bacon was protesting in the *Novum Organum* against the everlasting distillation of ideas from ideas, and advocating a return to experiment as the true method of science.

The recollection of Bacon's work may act as a warning to us; we must not repeat in our education the mistake against which he protested, the mistake of trying to live on ideas detached from experience. We may get our ideas from literature or from science, but we must get them living. Our education must not be too abstract; it must be drawn from that life which it is to teach. The paradox is a perfectly intelligible one—we must learn to swim before we can be safe in the water, but also we must enter the water if we are to learn to swim. The knowledge of the world

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which is desired to fit us for life is twofold—a knowledge of men and a knowledge of things. Hitherto the first of these two has been our chief care, and in this respect we Britons have no reason to reproach ourselves. From time to time both our enemies and our allies have admired the results of our system: our people have been described as the only grown-up nation in Europe, the only nation with a genius for politics—that is, for life in a great society. Our leading classes have been able and ready to lead wherever the qualities required have been qualities of character. It is not here, but on the scientific side, the methodical and intellectual side, that we have shown inferiority, that we have even, it would seem, preferred inferiority. The danger of the present situation lies precisely in the fact that we have been strong on one side and weak on the other; there would be less partisanship if we had done badly all round. It will be a disaster if the literary education is entirely ousted by the scientific; it will be a still greater disaster if the demands of the friends of science are repelled. First because they are right in saying that to deal with humanity only and not with the material world is impossible, and that we cannot live the life of man as he now is without learning to understand better his physical conditions and opportunities. Time must be made for this study, and that means that the timetable must be shared more equally between Science and Literature. The advantages offered in return for this sacrifice have been admirably stated by the Poet Laureate in a recent speech. “We have no wish to exclude the humanistic side of learning, with its necessary study of Greek. Those who most value that are too well aware of its advantages to fear that its serious study can ever be supplanted. But for the ordinary schoolboy natural science has one great superiority, which is this, that whereas the grammatical rudiments of Greek are of no value—above other grammatical rudiments—except as a key to Greek style and thought, so that a boy who learns them imperfectly or never gets beyond them gains nothing from them and is never likely to make any use of them whatever; on the other hand the rudiments of natural science are in and for themselves rewarding, and in all its stages this learning is of value to a man,

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for it tells of the things among which he must pass his life and is a constant source of intellectual pleasure and of usefulness, and it is the living Grammar of the universe, without which no man can ever hope to read in its full significance the epic of his spiritual experience."

Mr. Bridges prefaces this with a warning against the mischief which might be done by preachers of dogmatic materialism. As to that, we must hope that the leaders of scientific thought will prevent the establishment of a Church of Science with a new orthodoxy of consecrated hypotheses based on a partial survey of the evidence. Another warning he might have added, against expecting—with Science any more than with the Classics—good results from bad teaching. If the rudiments of science are taught as a mass of unco-ordinated facts, and not as the data of great generalisations, they will prove as useless as the rudiments of Greek. But if they are so taught as to give the student a glimpse of the passion for truth, the sense of fellowship, and the disinterestedness, which are the cause and the accompaniment of true scientific work, then I think Mr. Bridges has even understated his case. We shall not go far in the study of any science without gaining from it something more than the promised reward of knowledge and efficiency. In principle Science is bound by nature to be emotionless, impartial, prosaic; but in fact its high laws cannot long be contemplated without irresistible emotion. If Beauty is Truth, so is Truth Beauty. We need not ask why; but the passion for truth of reason in the material world is not far removed from the passion for truth of feeling in those other worlds of art and conduct. It will stir men to the same sacrifice, and reward them with the same spiritual peace. Let us welcome Science, then, and give up the hours that are necessary; with those that remain to Literature we can still do better than we have done in the past. Even for its own sake our literary education has hitherto had too much time allotted to it. With all the term before them our teachers have laboured too slowly and too heavily. No poem, no history, however fine, will stand being read so many hours a week for thirteen weeks. Even a promising pupil who began the term with a certain appetite for the new book is sick with indigestion before the end, and looks back with

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disgust on the process by which his food has been chopped small into a kind of intellectual forcemeat. With what a different heart does he devour Homer or Virgil or Cicero's Letters, if some more humane master offer to read them with him out of hours! It is a real experience of life, for he is at the same moment in contact with two characters of men—tangible in the style of the one and the comments and preferences of the other. There is nothing wanting, for the author has been understood; and nothing that can be lost, for the touches of character make impressions that are deeper than memory. If we give up half the week to Science, we can perhaps no longer afford to teach literature as grammar or as archæology, but we shall still have ample time to teach it as literature. We need not despair because we cannot teach it all; the years of youth never did suffice for any complete study, and they never will. It is not even to be regretted; as Anatole France has said, "*Ne vous flattez pas d'enseigner un grand nombre de choses . . . mettez l'étincelle aux esprits. D'eux-mêmes ils s'éprendront par l'endroit où ils sont sensibles.*"

Here, then, is something to aim at; by putting the spark to these young spirits, which are, after all, inflammable enough by nature, we can give them the chance of catching fire, here or there. But if it proves to be literature that fires them, we can do more than that. Literary art is not a method of decoration, it is a method of expression; to read poetry is to come in contact not with a pattern but with a personality, to be taken into a living world. Into such a world if a young reader once fairly enters he cannot come out of it without change, if, indeed, he can ever come out of it entirely. And when he has undergone the transforming influence of the greatest art of his own country, still further changes of the same kind are open to him; he can enter into the literature of other countries and undergo the magic of words that are not his own natural inheritance. The value claimed by the Classicists for Latin and Greek is a real value, but it is one which does not exceed that which is to be got from the best modern languages. In the literature of France, Italy, Spain, or Russia we may become familiar not merely with new thoughts, but with new forms of thought. The Welsh and Irish are right to preserve their own tongues; these are no small part of

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their national character, and by the power to think in two languages they are our superiors. Not only is the mind improved as an instrument; it is, in a sense, enriched or doubled. "When I learn a new language," said the Emperor Charles, "I seem to acquire another soul." At the least we may hope to acquire touch with another soul, the soul of one of the neighbours with whom our national life must bring us into contact. The Roman soul and the ancient Greek soul are good for us too, but it would be difficult in the present state of civilisation to claim for them an equal importance, for we do not share an armed world with them.

I am not now speaking of grammar—that is a branch of science and must take its chance with other sciences. I am only thinking of Literature, of Poetry, and of the manner in which it may be used. The difficulty will be first to persuade those in authority that poetry is the record of man's most vital experience, and that this is as true now as it was in Virgil's time. Secondly, it will be hard to persuade them that the teacher must be allowed to impart his author and himself, without mangling or dissecting too closely the written word, and without shrinking from any question raised by the reading. We and our predecessors were confused and misled in boyhood by the shamefaced select editions of Ovid, Horace, and Martial which were put before us as the works of great men. The rest of them we read for ourselves, but could not ask what we were to think of the grossness, the cynicism, and the cruelty there displayed. If the same system is to be followed with Chaucer and Shakespeare, the confusion will be worse still; the boys who read them without frank guidance in their most impressionable years will lose the incomparable lesson of their human infirmity and their superhuman nobility. Finally, the method of examination must be changed; if scraps of archæology and grammar have not been crammed into the pupil, obviously they cannot be demanded of him. He must be asked such reasonable questions as might occur in conversation upon the subject between two intelligent and interested talkers, and he must be classed according as he answers them in his own way, with understanding and sincerity. No boy who can read a poem with pleasure is too young to be asked what he

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thinks of it : the spiritual experiences of the young are often not less but more keen than those of their elders.

The scheme which I have faintly outlined may prove to be unacceptable to those in authority, those who rivet the chains of education upon our schools. If so, we who are not in authority must do our best to correct and supplement a defective system. By all means in our power we must see that the generations which are to be touched by the great scientific minds shall be touched also by the great creative minds. They must have the poets brought to them, and brought by those who will speak of them as they are. It is not difficult to imagine an edition of the English poets for boys which would be as willingly read out of school as any Greek or Latin author in the classroom. This would be near to the fulfilment of Wordsworth's plan, and that is saying a great thing in its favour, for no one has ever better understood the nature and value of poetry than Wordsworth, or spoken more clearly of it in verse and prose. One passage in his best-known essay is extraordinarily appropriate to our present position and the subject before us. "Poetry," he has said, "is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science. . . . In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs—in spite of things gone silently out of mind, and things violently destroyed, the poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth and over all time. . . . Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man."

In the World (iii)

An Autobiography

By Maxim Gorki

I RAN away in the spring. One morning when I went to the shop for bread the shopkeeper, continuing a quarrel with his wife in my presence, struck her on the forehead with a weight. She ran into the street, and there fell down; people began to gather round at once. The woman was laid on a stretcher and carried to the hospital, and I ran behind the cab which took her there without noticing where I was going, till I found myself on the banks of the Volga with two grevens in my hand.

The spring sun shone caressingly, the broad expanse of the Volga flowed before me, the earth was full of sound and spacious—and I had been living like a mouse in a trap. So I made up my mind that I would not return to my master, nor would I go to grandmother at Kunavin, for as I had not kept my word to her I was ashamed to go and see her, and grandfather would only gloat over my misfortunes.

For two or three days I wandered by the riverside, being fed by kind-hearted porters, and sleeping with them in their shelters. At length one of them said to me:

"It is no use for you to hang about here, my boy, I can see that. Go over to the boat which is called *The Good*, they want a washer-up."

I went; the tall, bearded steward in a black silk skull cap looked at me through his glasses with his dim eyes, and said quietly:

"Two roubles a month. Your passport?"

I had no passport. The steward pondered and then said:

"Bring your mother to see me."

* Translated from the Russian by Mrs. G. M. Foakes.

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I rushed to grandmother. She approved the course I had taken, told grandfather to go to the workman's court and get me a passport, and herself accompanied me to the boat.

"Good!" said the steward, looking at us. "Come along."

He then took me to the stern of the boat where sat at a small table, drinking tea and smoking a fat cigar at the same time, an enormous cook in a white overall and a white cap. The steward pushed me towards him.

"The washer-up."

Then he went away, and the cook, snorting, and with his black moustache bristling, called after him:

"You engage any sort of devil as long as he is cheap."

Angrily tossing his head of closely cropped hair, he opened his dark eyes very wide, stretched himself, puffed, and cried shrilly:

"And who may you be?"

I did not like the appearance of this man at all. Although he was all in white he looked dirty; there was a sort of wool growing on his fingers, and hairs stuck out of his great ears.

"I am hungry," was my reply to him.

He blinked, and suddenly his ferocious countenance was transformed by a broad smile, his fat, brick-red cheeks widened to his very ears, he displayed his large, equine teeth, his moustache drooped—he had all at once assumed the appearance of a kind, fat woman.

Throwing the tea out of his glass overboard, he poured out a fresh one for me, and pushed a French roll and a large piece of sausage towards me.

"Peg away! Are your parents living? Can you steal? You needn't be afraid; they are all thieves here. You will soon learn."

He talked as if he were barking. His enormous, blue, clean-shaven face was covered—all round the nose—with red veins closely set together, his swollen purple nose hung over his moustache. His lower lip was disfiguringly pendulous; in the corner of his mouth was stuck a smoking cigarette. Apparently he had only just come from the bath—he smelt of birch twigs, and a profuse sweat glistened on his temples and neck.

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After I had drunk my tea he gave me a rouble note.

"Run along and buy yourself two aprons with this. Wait—I will buy them for you myself."

He set his cap straight and came with me, swaying ponderously, and his feet pattering on the deck like those of a bear.

At night the moon shone brightly as she ran away from the boat to the meadows on the left. The old red boat with its streaked funnel did not hurry, and her propeller splashed unevenly in the silvery water. The dark shore gently floated to meet her, casting its shadow on the water, and beyond the windows of the peasant huts gleamed charmingly. They were singing in the village—the girls were merry-making and singing, and when they sang "Aie Ludi" it sounded like "Alleluia."

In the wake of the steamer a large barge, also red, was being towed by a long rope; the deck was railed in like an iron cage, and in this cage were convicts, condemned to deportation or prison. On the prow of the barge the bayonet of a sentry shone like a candle. It was quiet on the barge itself; the moon bathed her in a rich light; behind the black iron grating could be seen, dimly, grey patches—these were the convicts looking out on the Volga. The water sobbed, now weeping, now laughing timidly. It was as quiet here as in church, and there was the same smell of oil.

As I looked at the barge I remembered my early childhood—the journey from Astrakhan to Nijni, the iron faces of mother and grandmother, the person who had introduced me to this interesting though hard life—in the world. And when I thought of grandmother, all that I found so bad and repulsive in life seemed to leave me, everything was transformed and became more interesting, pleasanter; people seemed to be better and nicer altogether.

The beauty of the nights moved me almost to tears, and especially the barge, which looked so like a coffin, and so solitary on the broad expanse of the flowing river in the pensive quietness of the warm night. The uneven lines of the shore, now rising, now falling, stirred the imagination pleasantly—I longed to be good, and to be of use to others.

The people on our steamboat had a peculiar stamp.

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They seemed to me to be all alike—young and old, men and women. The boat travelled slowly; the busy folk travelled by fast boat, and all the lazy rascals came on our boat. They sang and ate, and soiled any amount of cups and plates, knives and forks and spoons, from morning to night. My work was to wash up and clean the knives and forks, and I was busy with this work from six in the morning till close on midnight. During the day from two till six o'clock, and in the evening from ten till midnight, I had less work to do, for at those times the passengers took a rest from eating, and only drank tea, beer, and vodka. All the buffet attendants, my chiefs, were free at that time too. The cook, Smouri, drank tea at a table near the hatchway with his assistant, Jaakov Ivanich, the kitchen-man, Maxim, and Sergei, the saloon steward, a humpback with high cheek-bones, and pitted with smallpox, and he had oily eyes. Jaakov told all sorts of nasty stories, bursting out into sobbing laughs and showing his long, green teeth. Sergei stretched his frog-like mouth to his ears; frowning Maxim was silent, gazing at them with stern, colourless eyes.

"Asiatic! Mordovan!" said the old cook now and again in his deep voice.

I did not like these people. Fat, bald Jaakov Ivanich spoke of nothing but women, and that always filthily. He had a vacant-looking face covered with bluish pimples; on one cheek he had a mole with a tuft of red hair growing from it. He used to pull out these hairs by twisting them round a needle. Whenever an amiable, sprightly passenger of the female sex appeared on the boat he waited upon her in a peculiar timid manner like a beggar: on his lips appeared a soap-like foam, he spoke to her sweetly and plaintively, he licked her, as it were, with the swift movements of his unclean tongue. For some reason I used to think that such great fat creatures ought to be hangmen.

"One should know how to get round women," he would teach Sergei and Maxim, who would listen to him much impressed, pouting their lips and turning red.

"Asiatics!" Smouri would roar in accents of disgust, and standing up heavily he gave the order: "Pyeshkov, march!"

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In his cabin he would hand me a little book bound in leather, and lying in his hammock by the wall of the ice-house :

"Read!" he would say.

I sat on a box and read conscientiously :

"The *umbra* projected by the stars means that one is on good terms with heaven and free from profanity and vice."

Smouri, smoking a cigarette, puffed out the smoke and growled :

"Camels! They wrote——"

"Baring the left bosom means innocence of heart."

"Whose bosom?"

"It does not say."

"A woman's it means. Eh, and a loose woman."

He closed his eyes and lay with his arms behind his head; his cigarette, hardly alight, stuck in the corner of his mouth, he set it straight with his tongue, stretched so that something whistled in his chest, and his enormous face was enveloped in a cloud of smoke. Sometimes I thought he had fallen asleep and I left off reading and examined the accursed book which bored me to nausea. But he said hoarsely :

"Go on reading!"

"The venerable one answered, "Look! My dear brother Suvyerin——,",""

"Syevyeverin——"

"It is written Suvyerin."

"Well, that's a witchcraft. There is some poetry at the end, run on from there."

I ran on.

"Profane ones, curious to know our business,
Never will your weak eyes spy it out,
Nor will you learn how the fairies sing."

"Wait!" said Smouri. "That is not poetry. Give me the book!"

He angrily turned over the thick blue leaves, and then put the book away under the mattress.

"Get me another one."

To my grief there were many books in his black trunk clamped with iron. There were "Precepts of Peace,"

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"Memories of the Artillery," "Letters of Lord Sydanhall," "Concerning Noxious Insects and their Extinction, with Advice against the Pest"—books which seemed to have no beginning and no end. Sometimes the cook set me to turn over all his books and read out their titles to him, but as soon as I had begun he called out angrily: "What is it all about? Why do you speak through your teeth? It is impossible to understand you. What the devil has Gervase to do with me? Gervase! *Umbra* indeed!"

Terrible words, incomprehensible names were wearily remembered, and they tickled my tongue. I had an incessant desire to repeat them, thinking that perhaps by pronouncing them I might discover their meaning. And outside the port-hole the water unweariedly sang and splashed. It would have been pleasant to go to the stern where the sailors and stokers were gathered together amongst the chests, where the passengers played cards, sang songs, and told interesting stories. It would have been pleasant to sit amongst them and listen to simple, intelligible conversation, to gaze on the banks of the Kama at the fir trees drawn out like brass wires, at the meadows wherein small lakes remained from the floods, looking like pieces of broken glass as they reflected the sun.

Our steamer was travelling at some distance from the shore, yet the sounds of invisible bells came to us, reminding us of the villages and people. The barks of the fishermen floated on the waves like crusts of bread; there on the bank a little village appeared; here a crowd of small boys bathing in the river; men in red blouses could be seen passing along a narrow strip of sand. Seen from a distance, from the river it was a very pleasing sight; everything looked like tiny toys of many colours.

I felt a desire to call out some kind, tender words to the shore and the barge. The latter interested me greatly; I could look at it for an hour at a time as it dipped its blunt nose in the turbid water. The boat dragged it along as if it were a pig; the tow rope, slackening, lashed the water, then once more drew taut and pulled the barge along by the nose. I wanted very much to see the faces of those people who were kept like wild animals in an iron cage. At Perm, where they were landed, I made my way to the gangway, and past me came, in batches of ten, grey people,

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trampling dully, rattling their fetters, bowed down by their heavy knapsacks; there were all sorts—young and old, handsome and ugly, all exactly like ordinary people except that they were differently dressed and were disfiguringly close shaven. No doubt these were robbers, but grandmother had told me so much that was good about robbers. Smouri looked much more like a fierce robber than they, as he glanced loweringly at the barge and said loudly:

"Save me, God, from such a fate!"

Once I asked him:

"Why do you say that? You cook while those others kill and steal."

"I don't cook—I only prepare. The women cook," he said, bursting out laughing, and after thinking a moment he added: "The difference between one person and another lies in stupidity. One man is clever, another not so clever, and a third may be quite a fool. And to become clever one must read the right books—black magic—and what else? One must read all kinds of books and then one will find the right ones."

He was continually impressing upon me:

"Read! When you don't understand a book read it again and again as many as seven times, and if you do not understand it then read it a dozen times."

To everyone on the boat, not excluding the taciturn steward, Smouri spoke roughly, sticking out his lower lip as if he were disgusted, and, stroking his moustache, he pelted them with words as if they were stones. But to me he always showed kindness and interest, but there was something about his interest which rather frightened me. Sometimes I thought he was crazy like grandmother's sister. At times he said to me:

"Leave off reading."

And he would lie for a long time with closed eyes, breathing stertorously, his great stomach shaking; his hairy fingers, folded corpse-like on his chest, moved—knitting invisible socks with invisible needles. Suddenly he would begin growling:

"Here are you! You have your intelligence. Go and live! But intelligence is given sparingly and not to all alike. If all were on the same level intellectually—but they are not. One understands, another does not—and

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there are some people who do not even wish to understand!"

Stumbling over his words, he related stories of his life as a soldier, the drift of which I could never manage to catch. They seemed very uninteresting to me; besides, he did not tell them from the beginning but as he recollected them.

"The commander of the regiment called this soldier to him and asked, 'What did the lieutenant say to you?' So he told everything just as it had happened—a soldier is bound to tell the truth—but the lieutenant looked at him as if he had been a wall, and then turned away, hanging his head. Yes——"

He became indignant, puffed out clouds of smoke, and growled:

"How was I to know what I could say and what I should not say? Then the lieutenant was condemned to be shut up in a fortress, and his mother said—ah, my God!—I am not learned in anything."

It was hot. Everything seemed to be quivering and tinkling; the water splashed against the iron walls of the cabin, and the wheel of the boat rose and fell. The river flowed in a broad stream between the rows of lights. In the distance could be seen the line of the meadowed bank; the trees drooped. When one's hearing had become accustomed to all the sounds it seemed as if all was quiet, although the soldiers in the stern of the boat howled dismally:

"Se—e—even! Se—e—even!"

I had no desire to take part in anything. I wanted neither to listen nor to work, but only to sit somewhere in the shadows where there was no greasy, hot smell of cooking, to sit and gaze, half asleep, at the quiet, sluggish life as it slipped away on the water.

"Read!" the cook commanded harshly.

Even the head steward was frightened of him, and that mild man of few words, the dining-room steward, who looked like a sandre, was evidently afraid of Smouri too.

"Ei! You swine!" he would cry to this man. "Come here! Thief! Asiatic!"

The sailors and stokers were very respectful to him,

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and expectant of favours. He gave them the meat from which soup had been made, and inquired after their homes and their families. The oily and smoke-dried white Russian stokers were counted the lowest people on the boat; they were all called by one name—Yaks, and they were teased: "Like a Yak I amble along the shore."

When Smouri heard this he bristled up, his face became suffused with blood, and he roared at the stokers:

"Why do you allow them to laugh at you, you mugs? Throw some sauce in their faces."

Once the boatswain, a handsome but ill-natured man, said to him:

"They are the same as Little Russians—they hold the same faith."

The cook seized him by the collar and belt, lifted him up in the air, and said, shaking him:

"Shall I knock you to smithereens?"

They quarrelled often, these two, sometimes it even came to a fight, but Smouri was never beaten, he was possessed of a superhuman strength, and besides this, the captain's wife, with a masculine face and smooth hair like a boy's, was on his side.

He drank a terrible amount of vodka, but he never got drunk. He began to drink the first thing in the morning, drinking up a whole bottle in four gulps, and after that he sipped beer till close on evening. His face gradually grew brown, his eyes widened.

Sometimes in the evening he sat in the hatchway, looking large and white for hours without breaking his silence, and his eyes were fixed gloomily on the distant horizon. At those times they were all more afraid of him than ever, but I was sorry for him. Jaakov Ivanich would come out from the kitchen, perspiring and glowing with the heat, and scratching his bald skull and waving his arm, he would take cover or say from a distance:

"The fish has gone off."

"Well, there is the salted cabbage."

"But if they ask for fish soup or boiled fish?"

"It is ready. They can begin gobbling."

Sometimes I plucked up courage to go to him. He looked at me heavily:

"What do you want?"

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"Nothing."

"Good."

On one of these occasions, however, I asked him:

"Why is everyone afraid of you? For you are good——"

Contrary to my expectations he did not get angry.

"I am only good to you."

But he added distinctly, simply and thoughtfully:

"But it is true that I am good to everyone, only I do not show it. It does not do to show that to people or they will be all over you. They will crawl over those who are kind as if they were mounds in a morass, and trample on them. Go and get me some beer."

Having drunk the bottle, he sucked his moustache and said:

"If you were older, my bird, I could teach you a lot. I have something to say to a man. I am no fool—but you must read books—in them you will find all you need. They are not rubbish—books. Would you like some beer?"

"I don't care for it."

"Good boy! And you do well not to drink it. Drunkenness is a misfortune. Vodka is the devil's own business. If I were rich I would spur you on to study. An uninstructed man is an ox—fit for nothing but the yoke, or to serve as meat—all he can do is to wave his tail."

The captain's wife gave him a volume of Gogol. I read "The Terrible Vengeance," and was delighted with it, but Smouri cried angrily:

"Rubbish! A fairy-tale! I know—there are other books."

He took the book away from me, obtained another book from the captain's wife, and ordered me harshly:

"Read 'Tarass'—what do you call it? Find it! She says it is good—good for whom? It may be good for her but not for me, eh? She cuts her hair short—it is a pity her ears were not cut off too."

When Tarass called upon Tarass to fight, the cook laughed loudly.

"That's the way! Of course! You have learning, but I have strength! What do they say about it? Camels——"

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He listened with great attention, but often grumbled :
"Rubbish! You couldn't cut a man in half from his shoulders to his haunches—it can't be done. And you can't thrust a pike upwards—it would break it. I have been a soldier myself."

Andrei's treachery aroused his disgust :

"There's a mean creature, eh? Like women! Tfoo!"

But when Tarass killed his son the cook let his feet slip from the hammock, bent himself double and wept—the tears trickled down his cheeks, splashed upon the deck as he breathed stertorously and muttered :

"Oh, my God, my God!"

And suddenly he shouted to me :

"Go on reading, you bone of the devil!"

Again he wept, with even more violence and bitterness, when I read how Ostar cried out before his death, "Father, dost thou hear?"

"Ruined utterly!" exclaimed Smouri. "Utterly! Is that the end? Ekh! What an accursed business! He was a man, that Tarass—what do you think? Yes, he was a man."

He took the book out of my hands and looked at it with attention, letting his tears fall on its binding."

"It is a fine book! A regular treat!"

After this we read "Ivanhoe." Smouri was very pleased with Richard Plantagenet.

"That was a real king!" he said impressively.

To me the book had appeared dry. In fact our tastes did not agree at all. I had a great liking for "The Story of Thomas Jones," an old translation of "The History of Tom Jones, Foundling," but Smouri grumbled :

"Rubbish! What do I care about your Thomas? Of what use is he to me? There must be some other books."

One day I told him that I knew that there were other books—forbidden books; one could only read them at night in underground rooms. He opened his eyes wide.

"Wha—a—tas that? Why do you tell me these lies?"

"I am not telling lies. The priest asked me about them when I went to confession, and for that matter I myself have seen people reading them and crying over them."

The cook looked sternly in my face and asked :

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"Who was crying?"

"The lady who was listening, and the other actually ran away because she was frightened."

"You were asleep! You were dreaming!" said Smouri, slowly covering his eyes, and after a silence he muttered, "But of course there must be something hidden from me somewhere. I am not so old as all that, and with my character—well, however that may be——"

He spoke to me eloquently for a whole hour.

Imperceptibly I acquired the habit of reading, and took up a book with pleasure; what I read therein was pleasantly different from life which was becoming harder and harder for me.

Smouri also recreated himself by reading, and often took me from my work.

"Pyeshkov, come and read."

"I have a lot of washing-up to do."

"Let Maxim wash up."

He coarsely ordered the senior kitchen helper to do my work, and this man would break the glasses out of spite, while the chief steward informed me quietly:

"I shall have you put off the boat."

One day Maxim placed several glasses in a bowl of dirty water and tea-leaves on purpose, and I emptied the water overboard and the glasses went flying with it.

"It is my fault," said Smouri to the head steward. "Put it down to my account."

The dining-room attendants began to look at me with lowering brows, and they used to say:

"Ei! You bookworm! What are you paid for?"

And they used to try to make as much work as they could for me, soiling plates needlessly. I was sure that this would end badly for me, and I was not mistaken.

One evening, in a little shelter on the boat, there sat a red-faced woman with a girl in a yellow coat and a new pink blouse. Both had been drinking; the woman smiled, bowed to everyone, and said on the note O, like a church clerk:

"Forgive me, my friends, I have had a little too much to drink. I have been tried and acquitted, and I have been drinking for joy."

The girl laughed too, gazing at the other passengers

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with glazed eyes, and, pushing the woman away, she said :

"But you—you plaguey creature—we know you——"

They had berths in the second-class cabin, opposite the cabin in which Jaakov Ivanich and Sergei slept.

The woman soon disappeared somewhere or other, and Sergei took her place near the girl, greedily stretching his frog-like mouth.

That night when I had finished my work and had laid myself down to sleep on the table, Sergei came to me, and, seizing me by the arm :

"Come along," he said. "We are going to marry you."

He was drunk. I tried to tear my arm away from him, but he struck me.

"Come along ! "

Maxim came running in, also drunk, and the two dragged me along the deck to their cabin past the sleeping passengers. But by the door of the cabin stood Smouri, and in the doorway, holding on to the jamb, Jaakov Ivanich, and the girl stuck her elbow in his back and cried in a drunken voice :

"Make way——"

Smouri got me out of the hands of Sergei and Maxim, seized them by the hair, and, knocking their heads together, moved away, and they both fell down.

"Asiatic !" he said to Jaakov, slamming the door on him, and then he roared as he pushed me along :

"Get out of this ! "

I ran to the stern. The night was cloudy, the river black; in the wake of the boat seethed two grey lines of water leading to the invisible shore; between these two lines the barge dragged on its way. Now on the right, now on the left appeared red patches of light and without illuminating anything; they disappeared, hidden by the sudden winding of the shore; after this it became still darker and more gruesome.

The cook came and sat beside me, sighed deeply, and pulled at his cigarette.

"So they were taking you to that creature? Ekh ! Dirty beasts ! I heard them trying."

"Did you take her away from them?"

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"Her?" He abused the girl coarsely, and continued in a sad tone:

"It is all nastiness here. This boat is worse than a village. Have you ever lived in a village?"

"No."

"In a village there is nothing but misery, especially in the winter."

Throwing his cigarette overboard he was silent, then he spoke again:

"You have fallen amongst a herd of swine, and I am sorry for you, my little one. I am sorry for all of them too. Another time I do not know what I should have done. Gone on my knees and prayed. What are you doing, sons of——? What are you doing, blind creatures? Camels——"

The steamer gave a long-drawn-out hoot, the tow rope splashed in the water, the lights of lanterns jumped up and down, showing where the harbour was; out of the darkness more lights appeared.

"Pyani Bor (a pine forest). Drunk," growled the cook. "And there is a river called Pyanaia, and there was a captain called Pyenkov, and a writer called Zapivokhin—and yet another captain called Nepei-pivo.* I am going on shore."

The coarse-grained women and girls of Kamska dragged logs of wood from the shore in long trucks. Bending under their load-straps, with pliable tread, they arrived in pairs at the stoker's hold, and, emptying their sooty loads into the black hole, cried ringingly:

"Logs."

When they brought the wood the sailors would take hold of them by the breasts or the legs. The women squealed, spat at the men, turned back and defended themselves against pinches and blows with their trucks. I saw this a hundred times, on every voyage and at every landing-stage, wherever they took in wood, and it was always the same thing.

I felt as if I were old, as if I had lived on that boat for many years, and knew what would happen in a week's time, in the autumn, in a year.

* Pyanaia means "drunk," and the other names mentioned come from the same root. Nepei-pivo means "Do not drink beer."

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It was daylight now. On a sandy promontory above the harbour stood out a forest of fir trees. On the hills and through the forests women went laughing and singing. They looked like soldiers as they pushed their long trucks.

I wanted to weep. The tears seethed in my breast; my heart was overflowing with them. It was quite painful. But it would be shameful to cry, and I went to help the sailor, Blyakhin, wash the deck.

Blyakhin was an insignificant-looking man. He had a withered, faded look about him, and always stowed himself away in corners, whence his small, bright eyes shone.

"My proper surname is not Blyakhin but —, because, you see, my mother was a loose woman. I have a sister, and she also — That happened to be their destiny. Destiny, my brother, is an anchor for all of us. You want to go in one direction, but wait —"

And now as he swabbed the deck he said to me softly :
"You see what a lot of harm women do! There it is! And damp wood smoulders for a long time and then bursts into flame. I don't care for that sort of thing myself; it does not interest me. And if I had been born a woman I should have drowned myself in a black pool—I should have been safe then with Holy Christ, and could do no one any harm. But while one is here there is always the chance of kindling a fire. Eunuchs are no fools, I assure you; they are clever people, they are good at divination, they put aside all small things and serve God alone—cleanly —"

The captain's wife passed us holding her skirts high as she came through the pools of water. Tall and well-built, she had such a simple, bright face; I wanted to run after her and beg her from my heart :

"Say something to me! Say something!"

The boat drew slowly away from the pier. Blyakhin crossed himself and said :

"We are off!"

(To be continued.)

The Reality of Peace (ii)

By D. H. Lawrence

THE beginning of spring lies in the awakening from winter. For us, to understand is to overcome. We have a winter of death, of destruction, vivid sensationalism of going asunder, the wintry glory of tragical experience to surmount and surpass. Thrusting through these things with the understanding, we come forth in first-flowers of our spring with pale and icy blossoms, like bulb-flowers, the pure understanding of death. When we know the death in ourselves we are merging into the new epoch. For whilst we are in the full flux of death, we can find no bottom of resistance from which to understand. When at last life stands under us we can know what the flood is, in which we are immersed.

That which is understood by man is surpassed by man. When we understand our extreme being in death, we have surpassed into a new being. Many bitter and fearsome things there are for us to know, that we may go beyond them, they have no power over us any more.

Understanding, however, does not belong to every man, is not incumbent on every man. But it is vital that some men understand, that some few go through this final pain and relief of knowledge. For the rest, they have only to know peace when it is given them. But for the few there is the bitter necessity to understand the death that has been, so that we may pass quite clear of it.

The anguish of this knowledge, the knowledge of what we ourselves, we righteous ones, have been and are within the flux of death, is a death in itself. It is the death of our established belief in ourselves, it is the end of our current self-esteem. Those who live in the mind must also perish in the mind. The mindless are spared this.

We are not only creatures of light and virtue. We are also alive in corruption and death. It is necessary to

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balance the dark against the light if we are ever going to be free. We must know that we, ourselves, are the living stream of seething corruption, this also, all the while, as well as the bright river of life. We must recover our balance to be free. From our bodies comes the issue of corruption as well as the issue of creation. We must have our being in both, our knowledge must consist in both. The veils of the old temple must be rent, for they are but screens to hide from us our own being in corruption.

It is our self-knowledge that must be torn across before we are whole. The man I know myself to be must be destroyed before the true man I am can exist. The old man in me must die and be put away.

Either we can and will understand the other thing that we are, the flux of darkness and lively decomposition, and so become free and whole, or we fight shy of this half of ourselves, as man has always fought shy of it, and gone under the burden of secret shame and self-abhorrence. For the tide of our own corruption is rising higher, and unless we adjust ourselves, unless we come out of our veiled temples, and see and know, and take the tide as it comes, ride upon it and so escape it, we are lost.

Within our bowels flows the slow stream of corruption, to the issue of corruption. This is one direction. Within our veins flows the stream of life, towards the issue of pure creation. This is the other direction. We are of both. We are the watershed from which flow the dark rivers of hell on the one hand, and the shimmering rivers of heaven on the other.

If we are ashamed, instead of covering the shame with a veil, let us accept that thing which makes us ashamed, understand it and be at one with it. If we shrink from some sickening issue of ourselves, instead of recoiling and rising above ourselves, let us go down into ourselves, enter the hell of corruption and putrescence, and rise again, not fouled, but fulfilled and free. If there is a loathsome thought or suggestion, let us not despatch it instantly with impertinent righteousness, let us admit it with simplicity, let us accept it, responsible for it. It is no good casting out devils. They belong to us, we must accept them and be at peace with them. For they are of us. We are angels and we are devils, both, in our own proper person. But

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we are more even than this. We are whole beings, gifted with understanding. A full, undiminished being is complete beyond the angels and the devils.

This is the condition of freedom: that in the understanding I fear nothing. In the body I fear pain, in love I fear hate, in death I fear life. But in the understanding I fear neither love nor hate nor death nor pain nor abhorrence. I am brave even against abhorrence; even the abhorrent I will understand and be at peace with. Not by exclusion, but by incorporation and unison. There is no hope in exclusion. For whatsoever limbo we cast our devils into will receive us ourselves at last. We shall fall into the cesspool of our own abhorrence.

If there is a serpent of secret and shameful desire in my soul, let me not beat it out of my consciousness with sticks. It will lie beyond, in the marsh of the so-called sub-consciousness, where I cannot follow it with my sticks. Let me bring it to the fire to see what it is. For a serpent is a thing created. It has its own *raison d'être*. In its own being it has beauty and reality. Even my horror is a tribute to its reality. And I must admit the genuineness of my horror, accept it, and not exclude it from my understanding.

There is nothing on earth to be ashamed of, nor under the earth, except only the craven veils we hang up to save our appearances. Pull down the veils and understand everything, each man in his own self-responsible soul. Then we are free.

Who made us a judge of the things that be? Who says that the water-lily shall rock on the still pool, but the snake shall not hiss in the festering marshy border? I must humble myself before the abhorred serpent and give him his dues as he lifts his flattened head from the secret grass of my soul. Can I exterminate what is created? Not while the condition of its creation lasts. There is no killing the serpent so long as his principle endures. And his principle moves slowly in my belly; I must disembowel myself to get rid of him. "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out." But the offence is not in the eye, but in the principle it perceives. And howsoever I may pluck out my eyes, I cannot pluck a principle from the created universe. To this I must submit. And I must adjust myself to that

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which offends me, I must make my peace with it, and cease, in my delicate understanding, to be offended. Maybe the serpent of my abhorrence nests in my very heart. If so, I can but in honour say to him, "Serpent, serpent, thou art at home." Then I shall know that my heart is a marsh. But maybe my understanding will drain the swampy place, and the serpent will evaporate as his condition evaporates. That is as it is. While there is a marsh, the serpent has his holy ground.

I must make my peace with the serpent of abhorrence that is within me. I must own my most secret shame and my most secret shameful desire. I must say, "Shame, thou art me, I am thee. Let us understand each other and be at peace." Who am I that I should hold myself above my last or worst desire? My desires are me, they are the beginning of me, my stem and branch and root. To assume a better angel is an impertinence. Did I create myself? According to the maximum of my desire is my flower and my blossoming. This is beyond my will for ever. I can only learn to acquiesce.

And there is in me the great desire of creation and the great desire of dissolution. Perhaps these two are pure equivalents. Perhaps the decay of autumn purely balances the putting forth of spring. Certainly the two are necessary each to the other; they are the systole diastole of the physical universe. But the initial force is the force of spring, as is evident. The undoing of autumn can only follow the putting forth of spring. So that creation is primal and original, corruption is only a consequence. Nevertheless, it is the inevitable consequence, as inevitable as that water flows downhill.

There is in me the desire of creation and the desire of dissolution. Shall I deny either? Then neither is fulfilled. If there is no autumn and winter of corruption, there is no spring and summer. All the time I must be dissolved from my old being. The wheat is put together by the pure activity of creation. It is the bread of pure creation I eat in the body. The fire of creation from out of the wheat passes into my blood, and what was put together in the pure grain now comes asunder, the fire mounts up into my blood, the watery mould washes back down my belly to the underearth. These are the two

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motions wherein we have our life. Is either a shame to me? Is it a pride to me that in my blood the fire flickers out of the wheaten bread I have partaken of, flickers up to further and higher creation? Then how shall it be a shame that from my blood exudes the bitter sweat of corruption on the journey back to dissolution; how shall it be a shame that in my consciousness appear the heavy marsh-flowers of the flux of putrescence, which have their natural roots in the slow stream of decomposition that flows for ever down my bowels?

There is a natural marsh in my belly, and there the snake is naturally at home. Shall he not crawl into my consciousness? Shall I kill him with sticks the moment he lifts his flattened head on my sight? Shall I kill him, or pluck out the eye which sees him? None the less, he will swarm within the marsh.

Then let the serpent of living corruption take his place among us honourably. Come then, brindled abhorrent one, you have your own being and your own righteousness, yes, and your own desirable beauty. Come then, lie down delicately in the sun of my mind, sleep on the bosom of my understanding; I shall know your living weight and be gratified.

But keep to your own ways and your own being. Come in just proportion, there in the grass beneath the bushes where the birds are. For the Lord is the lord of all things, not of some only. And everything shall in its proportion drink its own draught of life. But I, who have the gift of understanding, I must keep most delicately and transcendently the balance of creation within myself, because now I am taken over into the peace of creation. Most delicately and justly I must bring forth the blossom of my spring and provide for the serpent of my living corruption. But each in its proportion. If I am taken over into the stream of death I must fling myself into the business of dissolution, and the serpent must writhe at my right hand, my good familiar. But since it is spring with me, the snake must wreath his way secretly along the paths that belong to him, and when I see him asleep in the sunshine I shall admire him in his place.

I shall accept all my desires and repudiate none. It will be a sign of bliss in me when I am reconciled with

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the serpent of my own horror, when I am free both from the fascination and the revulsion. For secret fascination is a fearful tyranny. And then my desire of life will encompass my desire of death, and I shall be quite whole, have fulfilment in both. Death will take its place in me, subordinate but not subjected, I shall be fulfilled of corruption within the strength of creation. The serpent will have his own pure place in me, and I shall be free.

For there are ultimately only two desires, the desire of life and the desire of death. Beyond these is pure being, where I am absolved from desire and made perfect. This is when I am like a rose, when I balance for a space in pure adjustment and pure understanding. The timeless quality of *being* is understanding; when I understand fully, flesh and blood and bone, and mind and soul and spirit one rose of unison, then I *am*. Then I am unrelated and perfect. In true understanding I am always perfect and timeless. In my utterance of that which I have understood I am timeless as a jewel.

The rose as it bursts into blossom reveals the absolute world before us. The brindled, slim adder, as she lifts her delicate head attentively in the spring sunshine—for they say she is deaf—suddenly throws open the world of unchanging, pure perfection to our startled breast. In our whole understanding, when sense and spirit and mind are consummated into pure unison, then we are free in the world of the absolute. The lark sings in a heaven of pure understanding, she drops back into a world of duality and change.

And it does not matter whether we understand according to death or according to life; the understanding is a consummating of the two in one, and a transcending into absolution. This is true of tragedy and of psalms of praise and of the Sermon on the Mount. It is true of the serpent and of the dove, of the tiger and the fragile dappled doe. For all things that emerge pure in being from the matrix of chaos are roses of pure understanding; in them death and life are adjusted, darkness is in perfect equilibrium with light. This is the meaning of understanding. This is why the leopard gleams to my eye a blossom of pure significance, whilst a hyæna seems only a clod thrown at me in contumely. The leopard is a piece

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of understanding uttered in terms of fire, the dove is expressed in gurgling watery sound. But in them both there is that perfect conjunction of sun and dew which makes for absolution and the world beyond worlds. Only the leopard starts from the sun and must for ever quench himself with the living soft fire of the fawn; the dove must fly up to the sun like mist drawn up.

We, we are all desire and understanding, only these two. And desire is twofold, desire of life and desire of death. All the time we are active in these two great powers, which are for ever contrary and complementary. Except in understanding, and there we are immune and perfect, there the two are one. Yet even understanding is twofold in its appearance. It comes forth as understanding of life or as understanding of death, in strong, glad words like Paul and David, or in pain like Shakespeare.

All active life is either desire of life or desire of death, desire of putting together or desire of putting asunder. We come forth uttering ourselves in terms of fire, like the rose, or in terms of water, like the lily. We wish to say that we are single in our desire for life and creation and putting together. But it is a lie, since we must eat life to live. We must, like the leopard, drink up the lesser life to bring forth our greater. We wish to conquer death. But it is absurd, since only by death do we live, like the leopard. We wish not to die; we wish for life everlasting. But this is mistaken interpretation. What we mean by immortality is this fulfilment of death with life and life with death in us where we are consummated and absolved into heaven, the heaven on earth.

We can never conquer death, that is folly. Death and the great dark flux of undoing, this is the inevitable half. Life feeds death, death feeds life. If life is just one point the stronger in the long run, it is only because death is inevitably the stronger in the short run of each separate existence. They are like the hare and the tortoise.

It is only in understanding that we pass beyond the scope of this duality into perfection, in actual living equipoise of blood and bone and spirit. But our understanding must be dual, it must be death understood and life understood.

We understand death, and in this there is no death.

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Life has put together all that is put together. Death is the consequent putting asunder. We have been torn to shreds in the hands of death, like Osiris in the myth. But still within us life lay intact like seeds in winter.

That is how we know death, having suffered it and lived. It is now no mystery, finally. Death is understood in us, and thus we transcend it. Henceforward actual death is a fulfilling of our own knowledge.

Nevertheless, we only transcend death by understanding down to the last ebb the great process of death in us. We can never destroy death. We can only transcend it in pure understanding. We can envelop it and contain it. And then we are free.

By standing in the light we see in terms of shadow. We cannot see the light we stand in. So our understanding of death in life is an act of living.

If we live in the mind, we must die in the mind, and in the mind we must understand death. Understanding is not necessarily mental. It is of the senses and the spirit.

But we live also in the mind. And the first great act of living is to encompass death in the understanding. Therefore the first great activity of the living mind is to understand death in the mind. Without this there is no freedom of the mind, there is no life of the mind, since creative life is the attaining a perfect consummation with death. When in my mind there rises the idea of life, then this idea must encompass the idea of death, and this encompassing is the germination of a new epoch of the mind.

The Victims

By Antonio de Navarro

MIDNIGHT.

A solitary lamp upon the piano; a glow of embers on the hearth.

A soft voice, humming—almost shamefacedly—old German airs: airs of the soil, remote of origin, more attenuated now—as if shrinking to even more distant times, to hide the shame of undeserved disgrace. Honest melodies destined to perpetuate the message of early simplicity, happiness, sincere patriotism; now but memories of an irrecoverable past.

In and out the time-worn verses—the dirges of the trenches. Songs of homesickness chanted in weary unison by young voices aged by tragedy and iron law—a return home in spirit before the fateful moment of butchery, to which they were alien in desire and understanding. Messages of farewell. And from remote, derelict hearths—as if they had caught the meaning of the agonising words—the voices of stricken mothers making answer in remembered melodies of childhood rising upon the night air, floating back to the distant fields of martyrdom.

In their graves—the innocent dead, victims of a satanic despotism, their squandered blood calling for mercy on the vampires of a depopulated country.

And beyond the grave—the voices of Bach, Heine, Dürer, Goethe, Schiller, Schubert, Franz . . . the protest of outraged Olympians who in the fields of Art alone had constructed the unimpeachable greatness of the Fatherland.

A sacrifice of national honour and distinguished achievement; then the chastisement of a world's opprobrium to follow the humiliation of defeat.

An outcast nation.

The fire upon the hearth had spent itself.
A sob at the piano . . . and all was silent.

Edward Thomas

By E. S. P. Haynes

IN December, 1898, Professor Morgan, a friend and contemporary of mine at Balliol, brought an interesting compatriot of his to my rooms from Lincoln. Edward Thomas was then, as always, tall and thin. He had what another friend has described as a "golden brown face" and deep blue eyes which sometimes became suddenly translucent and alert with interest. His voice was a singularly melodious tenor. He sang and read aloud very well. I have never heard so delightful a rendering of Jane Austen's novels or Gibbon's chapters on Christianity as he once gave me when I was ill. His talk was incomparable. It was full of such remarks as that which I cull at random from his little volume *Rest and Unrest* about a Welsh farmer: "He seemed to regard the pig as a kind of brother who sacrificed himself for the good of others almost willingly out of consideration for the expensive food which had fattened him; and until the day of the knife he was treated as a brother seldom is." But he was as reticent as he was responsive. He went through life up to the time of entering the Army with an ever-recurring fear that he was not wanted, and was therefore all the more cordial when he met anyone who made it clear that his talk and his work were in demand.

From our first meeting we were intimate friends, though in later life often separated by accidents of time and place. I may perhaps be excused for dwelling more on his personality than on his work, because there are others far more competent than I to deal with his books. In early life we both dutifully reviewed each other's books in various periodicals; but we always frankly expressed a decided preference for each other's conversation. His books remain, but he himself has gone, and reading them

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is, as Fitzjames Stephen once pointed out, a poor consolation for the friends and family of a deceased author.

Edward Thomas was born on March 3rd, 1878. He was the son of a civil servant now well known in Positivist circles, and himself a writer concerning the religion of Humanity. At St. Paul's School he belonged to a special class for the study of history and literature. Mr. Bentley and Mr. G. K. Chesterton were both members of it. At the age of seventeen he made the acquaintance of his future father-in-law, James Ashcroft Noble. Mr. Noble encouraged him to give up the Civil Service and devote himself entirely to literary work. He wrote a number of articles on what is vaguely called "Nature" for the *Speaker*, the *Globe*, and other papers, which were finally published under the title of *The Woodland Life* in 1897. The book is full of curious and delicate observation in a style which has since been extensively imitated, and the English is characteristically flawless.

In these early years he was "living that deep, beneficent, unconscious life which is what, after all, we remember with most satisfaction, and learn, often too late, to label happiness when the pleasures have all fallen away," as he writes in *Rest and Unrest*. This life he recovered to some extent after joining the Army. At the age of nineteen he obtained a scholarship at Lincoln College, and read History under the tuition of Mr. Owen Edwards, for whom he had a deep regard and to whom he dedicated his second book, *Horæ Solitariae*. His life at Oxford was, on the whole, happy and unruffled, and there perhaps for the first time he became thoroughly interested in his contemporaries.

He was always hyperæsthetic as regards impressions, and the beauty of Oxford sank deeply into him. I find a letter of his dated July 25th, 1899, about an afternoon visit to Eton, in which he writes of "the most perfect memory scenes I ever knew, enclosed in a silence broken only by the sound of the wings of doves among all the peaks and ridges of mellow red tile as we looked out from the gallery of the Hall. . . . I expect there will be fragments of Eton in all my landscapes for months."

Horæ Solitariae is a collection of essays that distils many of these impressions as in the lovely passage about

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the Welsh hills at night. There is also a great deal of quiet humour and pleasant discourse on old books. The book on Oxford (of which I possess the MS.) never got its proper appreciation. It is full of good things like the following about the Magdalen choir: "When one sang alone it was as it had been a dove floating to the windows and away, away. There were parts of the music so faint and so exquisitely blended that the twenty voices were but as the sound of a reverberating bell. A voice of baser metal read the lesson with a melancholy dignity which made the words at once pleasing and unintelligible." My copy is annotated with names. Here, for instance, is a description of Belloc at the Union: "A stiff, small, heroic figure—with a mouth that might sway armies, a voice as sweet as Helicon, as irresistible and continuous as Niagara"; or again of Raymond Asquith as one "who would rather spend a life in deciding between the Greek and Roman ideals than in ruling Parliament and being ruled by society. He strode like a Plantagenet. When he stood still he was like a classical Hermes."

The book is full of miscellaneous reading and learning, and contains various extracts from Belloc's first volume of sonnets and *Lambkin's Remains*, works much treasured by us both at a time when the rest of the world read nothing of his but *Danton* and *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*. No other book of Thomas's contains so happy a blend of humour, a sense of beauty, and antiquarian learning as this on Oxford.

While at Oxford he married Helen, daughter of his old friend and literary sponsor James Ashcroft Noble, and after taking his degree he settled in a little house at Earlsfield, which he describes inimitably in *Horæ Solitariae*. The next fifteen years were marred by the struggle for existence. His inveterate shyness and lack of "push and go" were grave handicaps. What he wanted was a literary director to find out what he could do and induce others to give him the work in question. He could not make up his mind to lecturing of any kind, and of other work he felt himself incapable. He was extremely conscientious, and in later life gave up a comfortable temporary job for the Government because he felt there was not enough for him to do in it. Consequently he wrote

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a series of books on different subjects, which often fatigued him before he had achieved the tale of one hundred thousand words deemed essential in a trade which imagines that the public demand for a book is regulated more by quantity than quality.

The remuneration for this work was sadly reduced after the ingenious discovery by an enterprising firm of publishers that the leisure of moderately educated spinsters who liked to appear in print could be exploited to produce any number of books on a variety of topics. I do not suggest that the *res angusta domi* embittered his life, which he would always have desired to be simple in a sense different from what the "simple life" meant before 1914. But the necessity of having to write to order probably took some zest out of his writing, even when he was engaged on such congenial subjects as Jefferies, Borrow, or "Beautiful Wales."

He never agreed with me; but I always considered his criticism the best part of his literary work. He was about the best critic of poetry in his time. His learning was as profound as his taste was unerring. As regards prose, his book on *Walter Pater* is the best on the subject. One sentence alone shows a wonderful sense of what makes for style: "Only when a word has become necessary to him can a man use it safely; if he try to impress words by force on a sudden occasion, they will either perish of his violence or betray him." The book was a failure because the British public does not want judicial criticism. To the literary snob Pater was a fetish, and fetishes are not meant to be the subject of intelligent discussion.

Much the same drawback applied to Thomas's deep and sympathetic interest in human beings as such. He chose types which do not excite general interest. Our urban population likes to read of dukes and Prime Ministers and millionaires, with a female complement of duchesses and adventuresses. An intensive study of Welsh farmers and rustic milkmaids and tramps excites but little curiosity. And Thomas perhaps felt that there was not so much demand for his writing as it deserved, without realising that in this imperfect world a man has often to begin by creating a demand for himself. All this, however, aggravated a natural melancholy of temperament, which

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was not cured by various abstinences either from meat or drink or tobacco. His health suffered much as Shelley's did when removed from the robust influence of Peacock.

This melancholy, however, would instantaneously disappear in congenial company on a holiday. There is one perfect memory of walks over the Sussex downs on two sunny days at the end of the year 1910, which ended in a little *festa* with the Belloc family and the singing of many of the songs in which he delighted on the road to London. The *Pocket-book of Poems and Songs for the Open Air*, which Thomas compiled in 1907, is about the best anthology of its kind. "I have gathered into it," he writes, "much of the finest English poetry, and that poetry at its best can hardly avoid the open air. With this is some humbler poetry which is related to the finest as the grass is to the stars; between the two I have often found it hard to choose. I have added about sixty of the sweetest songs which it seemed that a wise man would care to sing, or hear sung, in the fields, at the inn, on the road at dawn or nightfall, or at home." Looking at it again one finds a poem of Walter de la Mare curiously appropriate now, "Keep Innocency," and the last two lines of his favourite Cornish epitaph :

"Long is his score who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay."

After the war broke out he wrote an interesting biography of the Duke of Marlborough. It shows less sign of fatigue than some of his other books. He also brought out an admirable little anthology from the work of English writers entitled *This England*. He "wished to make a book as full of English character and country as an egg is full of meat," and certainly succeeded. Readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW will remember him as a not infrequent contributor: his beautiful essay called "July," and his articles on street talk in the first months of the war, and on Rupert Brooke, on Swansea, etc., were full of keen and judicial observation.

Of all those who have lost their lives in this war he had the most vivid and sensitive image in his brain of what he was fighting for. As Mr. Seccombe has written: "It was the life of one who knew and loved England, its

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inhabitants and writers, old and new, better than any man I ever came across." His life in the Army cured his neurasthenia. He could no longer feel at any moment that he was not wanted. For the first time he felt that certain prosaic things had got to be done at regular hours. He had no leisure for experiments in diet. Although he gave a superficial impression of passivity, I had always noticed that in an emergency he acted promptly and wisely, and this quality now came into function.

At this time, too, he began to write verse under the name of Edward Eastaway, which has been much praised by the critics. I do not profess to understand the scansion of modern verse, but the following poem cannot fail to appeal to the most antiquated reader :

"The Bridge.

I have come a long way to-day :
On a strange bridge alone,
Remembering friends, old friends,
I rest without smile or moan,
As they remember me without smile or moan.

All are behind, the kind
And the unkind, too, no more
To-night than a dream. The stream
Runs softly yet drowns the Past,
The dark-lit stream has drowned the Future and the Past.

No traveller has rest more blest
Than this moment brief between
Two lives, when the Night's first lights
And shades hide what has never been,
Things goodlier, lovelier, dearer than will be or have been."

That is exactly the mood of a man who has walked all day and gained the mental repose that comes in the evening, and which came to Edward Thomas in the last years of his life; and it may be remembered that he never talked so well as when walking with his elastic, long stride. One may think of his talk as of the lute in Shelley's poem on "The Woodman and the Nightingale":

"Wakening the leaves and waves, ere it has past
To such brief unison as on the brain,
One tone, which never can recur, has cast,
One accent never to return again."

The last lines of all have an even deeper significance for us to-day than when they were written in 1818:

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"The world is full of Woodmen who expel
Love's gentle Dryads from the haunts of life.
And vex the nightingales in every dell."

The hatred of the woodman against the wood which sheltered the nightingale has destroyed the youth of our world, to say nothing of its beauties in nature and in art. Edward Thomas died instantaneously in the knowledge that all was well with the cause for which he was fighting. The following account of him was sent by his commanding officer to his widow, and may here be reproduced :

"I cannot express to you adequately in words how deep our sympathy is for you and your children in your great loss. These things go too deep for mere words. We, officers and men, all mourn our own loss. Your husband was very greatly loved in this Battery, and his going has been a personal loss to each of us. He was rather older than most of the officers, and we all looked up to him as the kind of father of our happy family. He was always the same, quietly cheerful, and ready to do any job that was going with the same steadfast, unassuming spirit.

"The day before his death we were rather heavily shelled, and he had a very narrow shave, but he went about his work quite quietly and ordinarily, as if nothing was happening.

"I wish I could convey to you the picture of him, a picture we had all learnt to love—of the old clay pipe, gum boots, oilskin coat, and steel helmet.

"With regard to his actual death you have probably heard the details. It should be of some comfort to you to know that he died at a moment of victory from a direct hit by a shell, which must have killed him outright without giving him a chance to realise anything, a gallant death for a very true and gallant gentleman. We buried him in a little military cemetery a few hundred yards from the Battery; the exact spot will be notified you by the parson. As we stood by his grave the sun came and the guns round seemed to stop firing for a short time. This typified to me what stood out most in your husband's character, the spirit of quiet, sunny, unassuming cheerfulness."

More need not be said. Edward Thomas detested any suspicion of the histrionic. His last wish was that his work should stand or fall on its own merits without reference to his military service, whether he returned from it or not. His best epitaph was written by George Herbert :

"Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turns to coal
Then chiefly lives."

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

The Education Question (ii)

By The Master of Balliol

III. THE TEACHERS.

IT is often asked, Is education a science or an art? The answer is, it is both; and like every other science and art, when all is said and done, its whole success depends on the human element. Educational reforms rest ultimately on the teachers. For half the reforms proposed depend directly on them; such as those turning on the subjects taught, the methods employed, the ideals inculcated, the freer use of the open air and external and material channels, the due emphasis on the physical side. The other reforms depend indirectly on them; such as the position of the teaching profession, the amount and form of Government grants, the introduction of nursery schools, the extension of elementary education to fourteen, the continuation of education from fourteen to eighteen, the access to universities, the linking up of schools with workshops and factories and counting-houses, the encouragement of research, scientific, educational, and general—all these obviously require new legislation; but legislation simply registers a popular demand, and a popular demand has to be worked up through the Board of Education and the local educational authorities, and these, in the last resort, reflect the consensus of the teachers.

In education, more than in any other art, all depends on the teacher; a good teacher has an influence beyond all other influences except that of a mother. It is hardly possible to put limits to what he can do if he is given adequate scope; as an Arab proverb says, "With patience, the mulberry leaf becomes satin." The present facts, however, about the teachers of the mass of our population are these: (1) Of the 160,000 teachers, 60,000 are uncertificated, 40,000 more have never been to any training college, and hardly any at all have been through a university. (2) The supply of candidates to be trained as teachers ought to be 14,000 a year; in 1906 it was 11,018,

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and in 1913, 4,486. (3) In 1913 there were women head-teachers receiving less than £100 a year 4,846, and assistant teachers receiving under that sum 4,782 men and 31,795 women.

This question of training must be faced, because while it may be that the teacher, like the poet, is born, not made, it does not mean that he is born trained and experienced. Teaching, moreover, is one of those things which are done not on blackboards and paper, but on "the ticklish skin of poor humanity." There is no vocation in which routine is so deadening, monotony so imminent, and formal mechanical methods so fatal. The head of a great firm of solicitors, when asked what was the quality most of all required in his profession, said, "Imagination." This imagination, the power of seeing the unseen, may come through sympathy and experience, but in the recruit it requires to be developed in a stimulating atmosphere. The present training colleges are too narrow; it is not good for future teachers to be all herded together, and a two years' course is too short. The only proper method is for the recruits to be brought somehow into a university atmosphere, if only by a month or two of residence in a summer school. Hitherto, the Board of Education has been obstructive on this point, contrary to their enlightened policy in other respects. To prevent mental fatigue and loss of elasticity in the teachers many means should be employed, such as visits to other schools, tours to places of beauty and interest in this country, and journeys abroad to acquire modern languages. It is, perhaps, too much to hope for what the Americans call "a sabbatical year," one year off in every seven, not for idleness, but for acquiring new ideas and new life. But, at any rate, a year put aside at intervals for further training would prove a good investment, as it has done at Manchester.

The figures given above show that the supply of teachers has reached a serious crisis. It is notorious that the brightest boys and girls refuse this vocation, especially if they are the children of teachers. "We have gone in for bricks and mortar, improved desks and lavatories, and forgotten the living personality behind the machine." We must remember, too, that the new continuation schools from fourteen to eighteen would want 30,000 fresh teachers, and by their greater attractions would drain off the most

promising recruits. Again, the immense development of the Civil Service, with its far superior conditions, puts the teaching profession at a great disadvantage compared to thirty years ago. The only way to meet the situation is to raise the quality by raising the status and position. All teachers, from the highest university posts to the smallest village school, should have the consciousness of belonging to one great profession—a profession on which the economic efficiency, the political intelligence, and the degree of spirituality in the whole community all ultimately depend. At present the local status of a teacher reflects the inherent Philistinism which is the worst trait in the British mental character; the rural teacher is a little above the agricultural labourer, but regarded as distinctly below the smallest farmer; he is associated in the mind with the unpleasant idea of “rates,” and too often expected to be “the parson’s man.” By a vicious circle, the low pay and the unsatisfactory social position deter young people of vigour and ability, and the large proportion of poor material that results among the teachers hinders their rise in public estimation. As to the pay, in Northumberland, a favourable district, it begins at £150 per annum for a man, but cannot rise to a higher maximum than £215. The average salary of 4,086 teachers through England and Wales for twelve years’ service was £175 10s. In Bavaria the corresponding figure was £315 and a possible maximum of £350, besides a claim to a pension and an allowance for house rent. It would be mere justice that £300 should be an attainable maximum, though this is only actually the case in London. (These figures are assuming that the 70 or 80 per cent. war rise in food prices, etc., is only to be temporary.) The minimum actual salary goes down as low as £90 a year for men and £85 for women even in urban areas, and still lower in rural areas. How can we wonder that all good teachers tend to drift off to the towns from, say, villages in Oxfordshire, where they have to begin at £70 a year? The after-war conditions, with many actual teachers killed and a great destruction of young life between eighteen and twenty-five will make it absolutely necessary to call for more women. Fortunately, they make excellent teachers, especially in the elementary schools; but the conditions imposed upon them are often simple cruelty, and not less in some of the “high” schools, where the exacting standards, the mass of

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paper-work out of hours, the need to dress presentably, even to take journeys abroad to improve their languages, tell very hardly on them. No doubt part of the difficulty is the broad economic fact that the well-paid careers are those which require a considerable expenditure of capital, like those of a doctor or a barrister; but the State, making it possible to become a teacher by State aid, is bound to see that the career is not forced down to a minimum of subsistence; just as, on the other hand, the State must see that candidates of inferior quality are not drawn into teaching as what in the United States is called "a soft option." Closely connected with the pay is the need of a pension. A few localities have this, and the Board of Education was on the point of promulgating a scheme when the war broke out. It will, no doubt, be made universally compulsory, and be based on the principle of part contributions from the teachers. A contributor on leaving his post should be entitled to receive back the monies he has paid in with interest, or, on leaving after twenty years' service, should be entitled to his own and the State's contributions, and this, of course, should be equally recoverable for his widow and children. The pension should not be less than £150 a year, receivable at sixty-five or sixty. At present, cases are quoted such as a man after forty years' service receiving £1 a week! One of the most difficult points in the present position is the size of the classes, because while everyone of practical experience knows the vital difference between a number that can be handled as individuals and a number too large to be anything but a mass, yet the fixing of this actual number is difficult; it depends on the skill, temperament, and experience of the teacher, on the nature of the subject being taught, and on the exact method of instruction (as is well seen in the interesting plan successfully adopted by Miss C. M. Mason in the West Riding). It is difficult because, while the present size of class, fifty or even sixty, has been justly called "heart-breaking" for the teachers, yet a universal reduction to thirty, as now practised in the secondary schools, if applied to all elementary schools, would mean a vast increase in expenditure on a matter which the ordinary Briton would persist in regarding as a pedantic whim.

Most authorities on the subject, such as the London County Council Education Committee, the National Union

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of Teachers, and the Workers' Educational Association, will probably accept forty as the desirable limit, above which number a class should not go unless exceptional reasons could be thoroughly established. The experiment in Manchester of half-time in schools, half-time in museums, etc., would help over some of the difficulty as to the need for the great expansion of buildings if the classes were suddenly to be reduced in size, and the corresponding need for more accommodation and space. The whole of the lessons of the Boy Scout movement, too, have not yet been fully digested and taken into account as throwing light on our practical problems in this respect.

The question whether this service should be made a branch of the general Civil Service of the country seems to have created a difference of opinion in the profession. The obvious advantages are protection from local interference or even tyranny, the rise in social status and estimation, better conditions of pay and pension, and a general levelling up towards the higher standards now reached in the more enlightened municipalities. But it is felt, and it is wholesome that this should always be felt in England, that State monopoly and control has another side to it; it is apt to press with iron hand on the living limbs, and there may be danger of the loss of individuality, originality, and initiative. The example of the existing Civil Service departments, particularly the host of petty bureaucrats created in so many new departments during this war, is not encouraging. English life has always liked to keep some open space, as it were, free from State control. The example of Germany, with its absolute synchronisation and its simultaneous "tuning" of all the teachers, and therefore of the whole public opinion of the country, to the tenets dictated from Potsdam, has thrown a new light on the German boast that their schoolmasters, who had won for them the war of 1870-1871, would win this war. On the whole, it is probable that the advantages can be obtained without the disadvantages of making the whole profession a branch of the Civil Service. Local management and responsibility, inadequate and variable as it often is, has still too great a value, and it is too large a part of English tradition to be superseded by a sudden centralisation.

(To be continued.)

Ireland's Best Friend—Herself

By Sergeant Frank P. Slavin

So the Old Country has been told to hope for the best once more. This time the Imperial Conference of Colonial Premiers, backed by the force of American opinion, will see to it that she gets justice and Home Rule at last. Every Irishman—Nationalist Irishman, that is—knows the justice of his demand, just as he remembers every little item in the long tale of wrong which is Ireland's story.

He knows, too, that the Commonwealth Parliament of Australia has unanimously passed a resolution in favour of the granting of Home Rule. He knows that Canadian, British Columbian, South African, and New Zealand citizens of the Empire have looked on at Ireland's long struggle for self-government and at England's and North-East Ulster's cold refusal of it with wonder and amazement, and he knows that if their representatives get half a chance they will back up the Irish plea for all they are worth. I suspect, too, that he is feeling far more hopeful still now that the United States have come into the war, because he has never had any doubt at all about American opinion. But I am far from being sure that the Home Rule discussions of the Imperial Conference, if there are going to be any at all, will pan out half so well as Nationalist Irishmen have hoped that they will.

There will be hundreds of other things to discuss, and we have all seen lately that the present British Government is as skilful at side-tracking an awkward argument as any of its predecessors.

Even now we overseas Irishmen from the Dominions—and there are a good few of us, a bigger percentage, I dare bet, than there are of any of the other races in the Empire—can see how the game is being played. We can see little simple-looking questions like the following in quite a number of English newspapers:

“What do our Canadian and Anzac and South African kinsmen think of the strapping young Irishmen who have refused to answer the call of duty, and who are now for

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political reasons exempted from the scope of the Act which has compelled our own men of military age to do battle for their country?"

Well, I can answer that question as an Australian born—British Columbian—Catholic—Irishman, both for myself and for a few thousand others. We should—yes, all of us—have refused to answer the "call of Empire" (not the call of duty, because it wouldn't have been one) if we had been refused our share in the Empire, as Nationalist Irishmen have been refused theirs.

The Orange Irishman, who lives mainly in the north-east corner of the island, has been given his share, or what he fancied was his share (for, anyway, it seems to have satisfied him), but I haven't noticed that he has been clamouring for inclusion within "the scope of the Act which has, etc." Here, as always, he has asked for, and generally contrived to secure, the best of both political worlds. The Act of Union didn't ruin his industries, because it wasn't aimed at them. The Act of Union, or rather the subsequent legislation rendered possible by it, did ruin the then gradually developing prosperity of sheep rearing and woollen manufacturing industries in Southern and Western Ireland.

This very vital contrast in the English treatment of North-Eastern Ulster and of the rest of Ireland is always conveniently forgotten when Unionists talk and write about loyal and disloyal Ireland.

But Irishmen can rest assured that we overseas Irishmen have had the memory of it handed down from our fathers and grandfathers, who were ruined and driven abroad by it, rubbed into us far too often to forget. Also, too often to prevent us from asking ourselves to-day why there are so many Orange shirkers?

Of course, I am well aware that tables have been issued showing the high percentage of Orange volunteers and the comparatively low percentage of Nationalist volunteers in the Army. But I don't think this sort of thing is going to impress the overseas Irishmen, the Canadian, Anzac, South African, and British Columbian kinsmen, to any great extent; because we have all heard from the Nationalist Irish who did volunteer, in spite of all persuasion not to do so, how *that* little game was engineered.

But all this is past history. It has been all done, and

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can never be undone. The thing to-day is not to forget it, because it cannot be forgotten, but to forget the sting of it, and, as I hope, for Irishmen to realise that it is up to them to repair the harm which has been worked, and the misery which has resulted.

It is up to the Nationalist Irishmen, and to them more than to anyone else. They have tried to do things for themselves in the past and they have failed, usually because they never had half a chance, and at other times, say in that wretched Sinn Fein business, because they not only never had half a chance, but because they were trying to do the worst thing possible for themselves. They wanted to wreck the Empire if they could, since they had to do that before they could establish an Irish Republic, which would have lived for a few months and then passed under the heel of the Hun.

The Irishmen in the Overseas Forces, who are so many because so many Irishmen were driven away into the Dominions or into the United States during the last century, are all ready to give their representatives the big shoulder-push which will send them to demand Home Rule for Ireland, but they would also like to see Irishmen from the Old Country reach out their hands and take hold of the share in the Empire to which they are entitled if they will only make an effort for it.

Believe me, the Empire is worth having. Most of the Irishmen I have met seemed to think that it is England's Empire we are all fighting for; and small blame to them, since so many Englishmen labour under a similar delusion. But it isn't.

It's OURS. No more England's than it is Scotland's, Australia's, Canada's, British Columbia's, South Africa's, New Zealand's, Wales', Newfoundland's, or North-East Ulster's. The property of each and all of us except Nationalist Ireland's, and her name is the only one missing among the list of proprietors, owing mainly, it is true, to British obstinacy and pigheadedness, but owing also to Nationalist Ireland's refusal to see that nearly all the other partners want her to come in and handle her share.

Now one may want to do everything one can for a country one cares for, but how is one to set about it if that country won't get up and stir even a finger to help herself to the good thing.

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One sees what the average Irishman wants, just as one sees why the Orange Irishman wants to keep what he has got. Outside the north-east corner I guess the general desire is for a separate republic altogether. Irishmen have a good memory, especially for all the injustice under which they have suffered for centuries, and one can understand why they should all feel that they have had enough of Dublin Castle and of the English connection. Perhaps I should feel that way myself if I had been born in Ireland and had lived there all my life.

But I wasn't and I haven't. I have been around and about the world, have lived under thirty-two flags altogether, and have had my ups and downs, some of them awfully rough passages, but I have learned one thing, and that is that the British Empire is the best thing under the sun. I have also come to the firm conclusion that even the happiest and most prosperous Independent Ireland which the most enthusiastic Sinn Féiner could imagine would be a poor place compared with a Home Rule Ireland as part and parcel of the Empire. Not belonging to it, mind you, but as a part proprietor.

One can see why Englishmen can honestly profess that they cannot understand Ireland, and one can both see why North-East Ulster wants to keep out of Home Rule, and also why the rest of Ireland wants to include it.

Few people suspect the fundamental secret, but the fact is that both Ulstermen—Orange Ulstermen, that is—and Nationalists have a goodly strain of the Boche in their make-up. Planted there by English misrule, I expect, before the original Englishmen had had time to get rid of their own Boche proclivities.

The Orangemen have bossed the rest of the island from time out of mind. Bossed it very thoroughly and very vilely in the old days of the Protestant Pale, and to a certain extent to-day by the grip they have on the ears of the English Government and Press; and since they have a few Boche tendencies, they don't want to run any risk of being bossed themselves in their turn.

On the other hand, though I guess the Nationalist would be fierce in his denial of any ambition to boss Orange Ulster, I suspect that he not infrequently licks his lips at the thought of it. Not that there is any fear of anything of the kind ever happening.

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Orangemen and Nationalists are Irishmen, and if they are apt to carry their old quarrel with them when and wherever they go—to Australia, Canada, the United States, and elsewhere—they are always ready to stand up shoulder to shoulder and fight like brothers against anyone of another race who ventures an insult on the Old Country.

I want to remind Irishmen of these things, because I feel sure that when the Imperial Conference meets and the Irish question comes up, the Lansdownes and the Brodricks and all the men who can't forgive Ireland for all the wrongs they have inflicted on her in the past will hold forth so eloquently on the impossibility of persuading *Ulster* (they always talk of the north-east corner as though it were the whole province) and the rest of Ireland to agree. that they will again succeed in side-tracking the whole business. Not because they want to do so particularly, because they don't, but because they always get paralysed whenever they are asked to face the Irish problem. Still, they do want to get the business settled, only they cannot very well begin by relieving one section from oppression in such wise as will even apparently place it in a position to oppress others who object.

If I might offer a word of advice to Nationalist Irishmen I would say, "Leave the Orange crowd to their shouting; let them again threaten to kick the King's crown into the Boyne if it pleases them to do so, and attend strictly to your own business. The first item of this is the finishing off of the war. Some half-million more men are wanted. and the ranks of good Catholic Irish regiments are growing woefully thin. Do you want to see these ranks filled up by English, Scots, and Welshmen? Or do you want to see them struck off the active Army List? Cannot you help the remnants of the old bands of heroes to win a few more honours for Ireland?"

"Come along, boys, and do the work. You have always done it before. You can send along a good slice of that half-million, and the boys you send will hear and will learn something about the Empire you are all going to help to win. You can then tell the Conference Premiers that you have earned your share in the Empire partnership for the tenth time, or the hundredth time if you like, and they will see that you get it. If they don't, the Imperial Army will see that you do. Don't leave it too late."

Foundations of Reconstruction

By Austin Harrison

WHEREVER men meet to-day discussion turns upon that vista loosely termed reconstruction which somehow is expected to arise from the ruins of war. Already it is easy to discern two categories, the one positive, the other negative, and behind them that positional class which, naturally insular and conservative, would prefer that things should not change appreciably, and hopes, with as little disturbance as possible, to get back to the old order and to football. This latter group is probably pretty considerable, comprising in no small part official Party Liberalism and official Party Toryism, supported by the Church and all posts and pillars of individualist, institutional England; and all these people may be expected to wait and see rather than take any active steps to see that things shall happen this way or that.

Absolutely the most hopeful sign in this re-awakening of national and spiritual curiosity—for that is the incentive to the unrest—is the multifarious nature of this growing class of men and women freed from existing trammels and conventions, whether of Party or of policy. And this is a new thing among us. These people belong to no Party to-day, to no one class, to no one Church, to no one rank. They have come together, attracted spiritually and constructively as if in exhilaration of this intellectual freedom won for Britain on the battlefield, uniting for the first time even creeds, passions, theories, and antagonisms in the impersonal cause, not so much of country—for that is a narrow conception—but of a civilisation which, governed by the vastness of our Imperial reality, we have the legitimate right to focus as integral of a cosmic responsibility. Thus we may speak of an Imperial idea, which in itself is an ideal.

But even the idea is unformulated, as yet unscientific

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and unregistered, and only the ideal seems to light the way like a revelation through the mist of war and uncertainties. It is a seedling around which are grouped and are grouping here and there, in a bewildering complexity of apparently incommunicable associations, a body of men and women seeking a new analysis and a new valuation. All that we can say positively about them is that belief has been cast upon the waters. They are making discoveries. Acceptance has given way to receptivity. We seem suddenly to have broken with the superstitions of the past, to have acquired a gathering liberty of thought and purpose, and attained more fully to our conscious selves. True, many know not what they want, but that also is a spiritual recognition, and by no means a weakness. The factor is this consciousness of revolt or intellectual freedom. Its characteristic is an equality of what may even be called a fellowship, for it is free from all class, social, or political bias. Its spirit is the sanction of freedom.

These are the reconstructionists, the spirits of revolt. They form almost a new citizenship. They are to be met in all places, and they know one another, as it were, intuitively, as members of a masonry. At this moment it would be hard, if not futile, to attempt to define any common aim or even any common affinity of aspiration, for they are one only in recognition: that what has brought them together and what will keep them together is the polarity rather of negation than any assertion that as yet they can lay claim to. Probably in this sense only are they as yet positive re-creators. Certainly they have no policy and no foundations of policy. Yet this fellowship of Young Britain is real because alertly sensible of its necessity. Even the purely commercial-minded in its grouping admit that. Men of this kind meet and talk to-day simply because they feel they must meet and talk. They cast for a diagnosis—of what they scarcely know how to explain, but still of some tangible mal-condition which all feel to be present in our midst. It is the effects which puzzle them, causes they are not accustomed to inquire into. And so, even as every man is his own physician, the physicians in turn have become laymen. There would seem no specific. The assenters are growing into seekers, that is all.

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The staidest opinions have modified or seek correction, even our deepest prejudices seem to require open-air treatment. Values demand revaluation. We find commercialism inspiring intellectualism, a cry for education, and even a tentative sympathy for ideas which commercial England had long ago affected to ignore. This flux and rudiment undoubtedly denote a movement, a process of recreation. All kinds of men are learning all kinds of things. We have been pushed into the European mind, so to speak, as the price of our physical defence of it, with the net result of discovery—the discovery, first of all, of ourselves, so true it is that men and nations grow great through adversity or what is spiritually creative in them.

Among the reformers there are two easily defined activities, the one spiritual, the other commercial, which latter is engaged purely with the commercial prospects of Britain after the war, or rather the conditions of Labour and Capital when the fighting is over and the problems of adjustment demand a solution. This is the shopkeepers' view. They see a great chance, they smell gold. They still think merely commercially. Their attitude, as always, is the line of least resistance. In reality these men have learnt curiously little, and so their endeavour is concentrated upon some formula of compromise calculated to tide over the awkward period immediately succeeding peace when the inevitable deflation sets in as the result of the policy of orgy on which the war has been fought and of the new plutocratic conditions of war, which, instead of producing misery among the people, leads to an inflation of wage and comfort as unreal as it is demoralising. The commercial reformers are as yet hardly cognisant of the new conditions that have arisen or of the new psychology that will arise from them. To them reconstruction is an economic problem; it is only commercialism a little more alertly commercial.

Such men neither buy nor sell thought. It was precisely this commercialism which blinded us before the war, which gave us our false values, which chased ideas from the land. As the merchant spirit failed then through want of knowledge and imagination, so it will not save us after the war. For decades Britain has been losing her position and significance in the world because of this commercial atti-

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tude. Our low plane of education, our inability to face facts, to think scientifically, our insular unintellectualism—all this we owe to the materialism of the shopkeeper standard blinking into the world through the glass of Puritanism which made it hypocritical, and of insularity which made it unthoughtful. These men for the most part fail to see that what they complain of is literally their own fault; that if our industries are inefficient it is simply because of the general lack of education, the lack of scientific training and attitude; in short, the low plane of *bourgeois* standards themselves setting a low example. And if Capitalism in this country has been unimaginative, so has organised Labour. The trade unions have also set up low standards, the most characteristic of which is "ca' canny." The capitalist has never considered whether his schools teach his class to work, to think, to construct. He never questioned the validity of his own class example. He still does not understand that before the masses can raise their standards the classes must raise theirs, nor until he does grasp the significance of intellect is there much use seeking to advise him, still less in encouraging him to find an artificial, and so illusory, economic truce.

The question of reconstruction is spiritual, not material; and by spiritual I mean simply the impersonation of idea together with the means and methods of its application. As a generalisation this idea may be called the Empire, not in a territorial-Imperialist sense, but in its conception as an integrated civilisation. Call it the motive of survival. Yet there is something finer in its instinct which, already emerging as the truth of the war, we may descry as a re-affirmation of democratic law by which our race and our purpose will be judged. The test of this was the principle for which we took up arms contrary to German expectations, which had planned to restrict the war to the Continent and hoped to bring about the desired end before we could intervene successfully and so internationalise the cause. With our entry into the war the principle thus became cosmic—the principle of New Europe as against the Old Feudal Europe which the Kaiser hoped to restore in all its mediæval magnificence to the satrapy of a military-monarchical estate. To-day the world recognises this, and has turned against the monarchical principle. The whole character

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of the war is changing rapidly, assimilating more and more a coherent purpose guided by a common principle—freedom from the old associations. All over Europe, like some magic fountain, the jets and sprays of liberty rise up in ever wider scope surging from a common energy at war with the old Europe of kings and mediæval survivals. Thus we find the paradox of scientific Germany fighting to set back the clock of history, to restore the old unscientific spirit. Without our intervention, in all probability the Kaiser would have succeeded, but in fulfilling her own truth England assumed the truth of Europe, and most nobly justified her completeness. It was long ago said that Old Europe would go down through Armageddon. This is what we are witnessing to-day. And rightly, therefore, this is called the People's war; it will be the People's victory—the victory of education; and that no matter how the war may end or what may be the manner of the terms affecting boundaries, dynasties, or Empires, or what the covenants and impositions of peace.

In this war Old Europe will bleed to death. Out of it men will issue spiritually refreshed. In the end there will be a new beginning. And the civilisation which shows itself to be the quickest and surest to grasp the new values and principles will be the moral victors of the fight and the torchbearers of the new progress.

In this reconstruction our English purpose will be tested intrinsically and extrinsically. Our opportunity will be as great as our temptation. If our inspiration fails within, we shall fail without. For us there can no longer be an attitude of isolation or insularity. Reconstruction thus with us is a European interest because we must either lead or lag behind, and if there is to be any question of a European League aiming at an organised peace founded on common unities and intercommunity of confidence, it is, above all, our fitness and aptitude that will govern or be the first to be adjudged in the democratic Europe of the future.

The task will be in our case peculiarly difficult owing to our now admitted low plane of education and the equally admitted bankruptcy of a political system which, leaving Parliament without check or control, maintained the negational rigidity of Two-Party power, thereby itself inevit-

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ably losing both efficiency and responsibility. This, of course, is the result of the half-work which destroyed the privilege of the Lords. It left us with Single House rule, conditioned by its own majority *ipso facto* deprived of the will or reason of criticism—that is, of independence or intellectual honesty.

It is worth noting that this entirely evil governance was the work of Party Liberalism, and quite particularly of Mr. Asquith. Politically, we may say that most of our troubles during the war derive from Single Chamber government, thus depriving the country of intelligent opposition and the Cabinet of intelligent and responsible control. The Coalition, at best an artifice, only emphasised this weakness. Parliamentary majority being the sole support of the Government, criticism disappeared, and with criticism the status and responsibility of the House. To-day it is admitted generally that this jejune contrivance of popular government is in need of reform. The results of One House rule are to-day seen to be notoriously defective. Parliament has forfeited its dignity and example, and the Government is more secret and more irresponsible than ever. Standard has gone. The values of public life hardly bear examination. The whole business of politics has degenerated into a game of machine-made servility and sterility, enlivened chiefly by the sale of honours and the rodomontade of windy and aspiring placemen. Over this growth the knife must pass. A Parliament elected, as in present conditions it needs must be, to keep the Government in, as otherwise it must itself go out, reduces that institution to a mere debating society, and gives the Government an immunity from control and supervision not only theoretically undemocratic, but essentially at variance with the principles which are supposed to justify it and the liberties which it is supposed to represent.

This was the lawyers' handiwork acting on the negative policy of wait and see. But in such conditions wait and see can be the only policy, as Mr. George has subsequently discovered ensconced behind the bureaucracy of a Coalition dictatorship. There is, and can be, no responsibility, no serious criticism, hence no constructive idea or objective. And until this vitally important matter of Second House reform is settled so that Parliament may be restored to

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its right place of honour and responsibility in the country, we shall find all way of real reconstruction blocked and all chance of attaining to a scientific progressive policy obscured and obstructed in the machinery which, as things are, only admits of a Government sanctioned by a representation which has no alternative.

In such circumstances the Party becomes simply an echo, and in all cases of doubt or opposition an affirmation. This is the explanation of Mr. Asquith's long tenure of office, though in all those years no constructive legislation was produced, no great social problem was tackled, no essentially Liberal policy was formulated or attempted. The Government's business was to remain in office by palliative and compromise. We have Lord Haldane's cynical confession of governmental impotence in the excuse that our military unpreparedness was due to the unreadiness or ignorance of Democracy, which is to say that the Government acted only by compulsion, and itself had no initiative at all. Lord Haldane spoke truly. There was no Government, and that is why it lasted. There can be no Government under such a system. If the Executive has to wait for and on the initiative of the mob, then obviously the standard of progress is the standard of the lowest; yet that was the position of the Asquith Government, and that is why, under the rude exposure of war, it failed until it no longer had any bottom to it, and in lieu of office-holders we now get hotels. All this must go if we are to step into line and keep on the level with the European reconstruction that will succeed war, and if we are not ready for the fray of peace, assuredly once more we shall fall behind.

Flanking this political machinery of inefficiency and social corruption we have our curiously low plane of education sapping the wisdom and hope of Britain. It operates in every sphere of our life and endeavour. At the present moment we find in industrial centres a serious unrest. Above, we see an almost wholesale breakdown of traditions. The Church has lost its myths. Our Party system has become meaningless. All around our politicians, our shibboleths, our idols, our celestials are seen to be fly-blown adhesions of small capital value to the country. There is no example outside the physical sphere. Only the Press stands, docile, commercial. All our roots seem

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to have been torn up. In their place we see only tendencies, energy, conscience, instinct.

After the war, our captains of industry tell us, we are to capture many prizes. How? What example do they set? Do these men not understand that the low state of our industrial efficiency is the result of inferior education, and that if we are to capture prizes we must first educate ourselves to deserve them? Our Public Schools' attitude teaches the classes to despise thought; to think, therefore, unscientifically. Now that is what is wrong with England. Our outlook is that of the amateur. Tradition, convention, privilege, ignorance paralyse the country. The democratic chance, such as exists in America, is non-existent here. When war broke out we had no General Staff. And because we cannot think scientifically we have no system, we had no sense of organisation, we seem temperamentally unable to face facts or think from sound premises. This is England's weakness. Here it is that reconstruction must start from. In a word, the diagnosis is—education, which alone can fit us to grapple with the immense problems that will face us after the war and alone assure our Imperial continuity.

To those who doubt I say: Read the Dardanelles Report. If after studying that stupefying document we still adhere to the Eton playground idea, then we shall find the after-war battle as expensive and as critical as the physical side of war, perhaps even more so now that America is associated with our efforts. Reconstruction will depend on our attitude towards it. In existing political conditions only half-work is possible. All will depend upon the fundamentals we build upon. To-day we lack these fundamentals because we lack the education which alone can provide them. In the new Europe these are the things that will decide and set the pace of evolution. And this is our charge and destiny, as it will be our proof in the European architectonics of the great war.

“A New World”

[A Reply to Mr. Lloyd George]

By Austin Harrison

THE other day, in one of those lambent utterances reminiscent of the halcyon days of our ante-war proletarian plutocracy, you recommended “audacity” and admonished Demos to “get a new world.” It was a characteristic challenge, and it has been answered by a crop of sporadic reactions in the Labour world in what are to-day euphemistically known as “rest-cures.” I do not pretend to know whether in this tooling of the democratic spirit you were thinking of re-insurance with the powers in whose name the war is claimed to be fought, yet it is certain that your call struck a deep significance in constructive consonance with the spirit of the age and the associations of that much-abused word—Liberty. It is in the cause of Liberty, about this audacity and new world that I would address you. Now many men and women do mean to try to get a new world; unfortunately, you are the man who seems to stand for an old world, for the old order, and have shut down thought and freedom of expression in the land. When, as the result of newspaper effort, you became Prime Minister, you declared your intention to tell the people the truth, and having so spoken you proceeded to screw down the censorship tighter and tighter until to-day thought, intellect, and democratic association have no expression at all, though how you imagine this new world is to be obtained without the faculty of thought and intellect you have neglected to enlighten us. Instead of an orchestra, you are reducing the Press to a concertina. Instead of telling the people the truth, you are ruling by censorship more autocratic than the personal *régime* of Potsdam or the secrecy which finally brought about the fall of M. Briand in Paris. No, there is no need to start; you have appealed for audacity, you have told us to get a new world, and in this you have been given a very inspiring lead from

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New Russia, where Democracy is setting an example to Europe which may soon become the hope and spiritualism of the whole political and military situation.

That is what I want to speak to you about. I want to bring you back to earth and show you at this hour of the most appalling tragedy in history that Limehouse Napoleonism is not the way to the stars, and is gravely embarrassing the truth and nobility of our civilisation.

Now what we wish to know is this. Are we to understand that the intellect of England is to abdicate, to have no voice in the aims and settlement of this colossal movement of Peoples because you and your Government claim the right to settle it all for us; demanding a free hand, a blank cheque, and absolute rights of proposal and disposal whether to wage war indefinitely or to muddle indefinitely or to spend the nation's money, life, and substance without check or control; and, if so, by what right do you arrogate to yourself such sanction? Is the "audacity" to be all yours? Are we to be merely your pawns, placing ourselves wholly at the mercy of your omniscience, as if you were the Invisible King recorded in the latest book of Mr. H. G. Wells? Surely you cannot claim to be the only man who can "get" us a new world—you who were demonstrably wrong about Germany and the whole European situation before the war, and were yourself associated with all the failures, blunders, omissions, and fantastic ignorance of war connected with the late Government and Coalition, and yet failed to resign, failed to play the man, as Sir E. Carson, to his lasting credit, did; failed conclusively to show yourself a statesman until events precipitated a crisis and opportunism forced you to take over the helm of State, or quit for good and all.

If that is your claim, and we are to be simply your docile servants awaiting the fulfilment of your fair-weather braggadocio, permit me to tell you that your record is not "good enough" for such a blind trust, for your judgment has been proved unsound. You know it. You will remember denouncing me as an ignoramus a year or so before the war for insisting that a German-European war was inevitable and imminent—do you think it wise to expect men to believe that a man so staggeringly ignorant

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of European affairs as you were before the war has to-day acquired the perfect wisdom; that any man whose judgment was so wrong then is now the man to form correct opinions, or ever to form correct opinions? If so, I say, turn up your record, and turn up mine, if you like. See who was right before and during this war and who was wrong. Believe me, you cannot stand before the bar. And, believe me, you cannot therefore claim to speak authoritatively in the name of the new scientific Democracy.

I have no desire to criticise, so that you will have no cause to turn Brigadier-General Sir F. E. Smith upon me. I aim solely at pointing out to you the danger of your policy of Absolutism in this resurgent hour of a conscious Democratic attestation, which is to-day the truth of the world-war. It is a question of attitude and of the new spirit of Man, which somehow you appear to miss the sense of, even as the machinery of your Government is seeking to suppress it. Perhaps I can best explain by an example.

The other day I attended a meeting summoned under the auspices of the League of Nations. It was a representative gathering, and the leading speaker was General Smuts. He said what I fancy lies in the inner minds of most men, that the war had shown the necessity of educating opinion to restrict and abolish war, and that unless this end was achieved the war would have been fought in vain. I heard, with astonishment, I confess, Lord Hugh Cecil proclaim that above nationality men must learn to acknowledge Christianity—the true Christianity, not of dogma but of Love. I heard Lord Buckmaster declare that if a League of Nations was to be established calculated to do any good at all, obviously the enemy of to-day must be admitted into it, as otherwise it would be only one group of civilisations opposing another, and the words were warmly applauded. Now this is Wilsonism, the declared reason of America's entry into the war. Still more enthusiastically it is the motive of the new Russian Democracy with the idealism of its young faith, which is the greatest result so far of the war.

This is what I would bid you mark. From your lips I have caught neither ideas nor ideals. You have talked about a "knock-out." You have spoken in the stale language of Old Europe, as the mouthpiece of the

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old secret diplomacy, like a Princeling of the "Holy Alliance." I can see no sign that you have understood the profound change that has come over the meaning of the war since Russian freedom from Tsarism, and the hope that it has generated in the minds of the Peoples fighting, and now destined, to create the New Europe. Rather the contrary. As the spiritualism of Democratic Liberty grows without, you have suppressed it within. There are unpleasant signs that you and your Government have misinterpreted the Russian Revolution—I am sure Lord Milner was surprised—failed to gauge its true immanence and manifestation, lagged behind in the frank acceptance of it. An ominous reactionary atmosphere prevails precisely here where openness and sympathy should lead to a fuller and juster comprehension. With results of bewilderment, uncertainty, misunderstanding. And what I see is the lead or moral gesture slipping from this country, passing to the New World, gathering vent and significance in the Russian Republic, and so recoiling into this country.

I trust you will not misjudge the symptom which, whether you credit it or not, is the sign and spirit of the hour. If you have failed to form a right estimate, it is because you have seen with the insular eyes of a politician and not understood the psychology of other nations; have not grasped the truth that this is no longer a war for boundaries, markets, or empires, or the dislocation of one set of Powers for another in the old European Metternichian sense, but quintessentially a war of the Peoples in revolt, at first unconsciously, but now articulately, against the shams and tyrannies of theocratic and monarchical Europe and the class anachronism of Feudalism. The very phraseology of war has changed in the process, militarily and politically. For the first time in modern history we hear the word abnegation used by an Empire in place of the covetousness of annexation. So long as Tsarist Russia fought in the name of Liberty, the sincerity of our cause was an artifice, but to-day it is a wonderful and creative reality. These things you would do well to consider, since you have given no mark of recognition. Now and finally this war is a gigantic paradox, demanding the highest form of statesmanship—vision. We entered it in the name of nationality. Alas,

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poor logic! For venturing to think logically a celebrated schoolmaster lost his school, but the time has come when in our own despite we must try to think logically; we must endeavour to dissemble less; to use words closer to their meaning; to make sure that when we speak of spiritualism we are not ourselves falling into that very materialism we are fighting to demolish, and that spirit we are pledged to remove.

Now you have advised us to get a new world, how is it that you do not realise that a new Europe is being fashioned under your very eyes? Its example has come from Russia, where with our usual lack of imagination we evidently have made a grave blunder by treating the Russian revolutionaries very much as long ago we treated the French revolutionaries—with an attitude, that is, of pained *class* surprise and annoyance. It has caused serious umbrage in Petrograd, and may lead to estrangement if you do not instruct our representatives in Russia to think in the spirit of the times and speak in the language of the hour, so that they may accept and associate themselves with the liberating thought and movement of an unbound Russia. Our alliance with Russia will ultimately depend on the sympathy and equality of our democratic association, on no other interest; and you will do well to face the fact and learn that you can no more stem the march of Democratic progress in Russia and New Europe to-day than Rasputin himself can ascend from the dead to cast Russia once more under the palsy of Tsarist favouritism and the tyranny of Peter-Paul. You also will have to acquire the new principles of thought, the new terminology of diplomacy, and in all likelihood you will have to send to Russia a man who is not a mere diplomatist of the old school whose vision is prescribed by the circle of Court society, ossified in the ana and disciplinarian tradition of Imperialism and prejudice. We ought to send to Russia to-day the finest and clearest-thinking Democrat that we possess. Do not hesitate. You need not heed the secret diplomatists with their comparative French and small knowledge of the world; think of the world, get one of your secretaries to scrutinise the pages of history relating to the progress of the French Revolution, for remember this: the movement in Russia is Socialism, the fruit of the

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abortive rising in 1905. To believe the Rasputins in our midst, who advise you that Russia is not ripe for self-government, is to commit the policeman's error that we have fallen into as regards the Irish capacity to govern themselves, and, if persisted in, may give rise to grave complications and contingencies. It is not a question of "the king is dead, long live the king"; it is the Democratic conscience awake; it is the Social Democratic State in the flower and blossom of its evolution.

A few words here on the military situation, which is perhaps best described as a fog—the cloud largely of your unscientific war prophecy.

You informed the world not long ago that you would secure a "knock-out," and in substance that prophecy was repeated by the Commander-in-Chief, thus giving rise to hopes for which there was no scientific justification, as was pointed out in this REVIEW at the time. There is no need to say more. In France, General Nivelle has been superseded, and on May 11th the military correspondent of the *Times* wrote these remarkable words:—"Neither we nor France can afford the heavy losses of a great and general offensive for the moment."

The reason is, of course, that the theory of the positional gun as the secret of trench stagnation has not proved the success anticipated owing to the new counter-method of mobile positional defence, supported by the counter-attack and the appalling deadliness of the hidden and unregistrable machine-gun. That is the position; the reversion once more to tactical or siege warfare and the conditions that have governed the Western field more or less since the battle of the Marne, aggravated by the inactivity of the Eastern front, and, for the time at any rate, its negative utility as a strategic factor of war.

Now though this is the precise condition I foresaw, it is not the condition you led the public to expect, nor presumably what you yourself anticipated, as otherwise it would be difficult to exonerate you from the responsibility which neglected during the winter months to raise the forces we are now informed are necessary for a "great offensive," which, as usual, at the eleventh hour in the old Derby style you appear to be skirmishing about to raise with a premonitory appeal to voluntarism, doomed, as surely you

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must by this time be aware, to fail. Months ago all this was pointed out to you in these pages. But in your position of dictator, disdainng Parliament, you have become a mystic under the screen of the Censorship, which has literally suppressed intelligent opinion and is rapidly exasperating all good citizens of this commonwealth to the creation of unrest and even dangerous irritation.

The extraordinary thing about this is that there is no necessity for secrecy. Our spirit has never been so sure, so single, or more racially quickened with resolve and confidence, whether to sacrifice or endure, yet never has the sanity of this people been so ludicrously doubted. You have had a blank cheque and a free rein unexampled in our history, and all we receive in return are foolish prophecies and more censorship *plus* variations on German progressive cannibalism.* I do not speak of your Controllers, with their lamentable muddles, half-measures, orders, counter-orders, and utter failure to control prices, I am thinking of the lack of statesmanship you have displayed and the intelligent recognition of that fact among the general public.

For it is in the vision of statesmanship that we miss Democratic guidance, and never was this more unfortunately shown than in your Note rejecting the German overtures for peace, couched in the grammar of bad English and poor diplomacy. This was followed by your "knock-out" vaticination, since when, save for a newspaper reference to something you said in the last Secret Session about the superfluousness of stating our terms, I can recall no statesmanship of yours either towards Russia, Ireland, or the general situation; nor can I discover whether you identify yourself with Mr. Wilson's views or not, or with any higher views than those incorporated in the rather schoolboy vista of the knock-out.

Pray do not think this is pacifism. If I may proffer a counsel it is that you divest your mind from all labels which in these constructive days are unscientific. Now when you borrow a pugilist phrase as the supreme definition of British statesmanship, permit me to rejoin that,

* The *Kadaver* story merely reflects upon our ignorance of Germany, and has been explained in the best French newspapers as a mistranslation. For goodness' sake, tell Lord Curzon not to make us all appear ignorant.

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even as I credit your enthusiasm, I yet must classify it as unworthy of the impersonal cause we are fighting for. I would go further and say that it is militarily unscientific in the group conditions of war socialisation—Sedans and "electric" finales are extremely improbable to-day—but as some mysterious letter might here be adduced to serve as a demurrer, I will say no more except that, if the attitude of this country is to be the knock-out, then at least you should not say you are going to deliver such a blow until you are sure, as distinct from cock-sure, of being able to prove good your words, as I feel confident Jack Johnson himself, who is the best banterer in the ring, would concede.

But when you say that our terms are known, I answer you that they are not—at least. I do not know them, nor have I the haziest notion whether a "knock-out" implies a vindictive or annexionist and disruptive solution as apart from the Democratic European and now World Settlement which alone can bring this vast struggle to a satisfactory end, and alone pave the way to that League of Nations comprising all the civilised Powers with the object of eliminating war.

On this question—perhaps the greatest and most inspiring problem that the human race has ever aspired to solve—I heard more statesmanship, more sense and humanity, that is, from General Smuts in his address the other day on that "New World" you so glibly teased us with, than I have heard from either you or your Government; and if, as the precondition to any attempt at fulfilment of this ideal, the knock-out is the only and absolute introduction, then here again I tell you that secrecy and irresponsibility are not the way to obtain it, no more here than in Germany.

It is clear—Mr. Balfour hinted as much openly in New York the other day—that the knock-out blow will not be delivered this year; which means the prolongation of the war into another summer; the knock-out may not be delivered then—at least, such is the military way of facing war, for the good soldier does not prophesy. Are we to understand that statesmanship during that long period of expectation is to remain in abeyance? We have every right to know. Indeed, we must know, for the Russian situation demands the full and frank definition of our

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aims and common policies, and it would be in the highest degree impolitic to ignore it. Why should we? The object of war is peace. Our trust and business in this war is correction, the education and enfranchisement of Peoples, the acceptance and affirmation of human liberties. At this hour of the supreme crisis we see all round us a curious bankruptcy of statesmanship; of moral courage; of mind. I believe myself, and I speak with considerable knowledge of Germany and of the Germans and of European conditions derived from years of study among foreign nations, that in one sense peace is more realisable to-day than at any time since the beginning of war, and I am not afraid to express the opinion that if only the mist of secrecy and passion could be broken so that the sanity of Man could find outlet and utterance, this European madness could be brought to an end within no distant time on the basis of a peace of reason and social constructiveness.

I do not see any decisive military factors as yet, whether on land or on the seas—the submarine menace will certainly not be decisive. War, which is simply the physical argument of policy, is to-day proved its own negation, as the Germans, of course, realise: hence their offer of peace. And what we are faced with to-day is the negation of the argument, leading thus logically back to the affirmation of policy or reason in its spiritual, which is the only permanent, sense. The question whether we can afford to treat with the Hohenzollerns is Napoleonism; he said: "I ought to have decreed that the House of Hohenzollern shall reign no more." I do not understand that it is our mission to dethrone kings or, as a constitutional Monarchy, to declare war on the Monarchical principle, but to correct and neutralise the military sway and Feudalism of kings and of secret Courts, which in the case of Germany we have done. The decapitations are her concern. And this view, I note, Lord Robert Cecil seemed also to profess in his statement to the House of May 16th. If we are to agree that the hope of humanity lies in the establishment of a League of Nations, or in the attempt to found such a League, then plainly the *a priori* condition is justice and the acceptance of a common integration, though we have heard nothing of this from you. Otherwise such a League and such a peace can only lead to a restatement

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of the balance of power and condominium of the old diplomacy, with all the intrigues, ambitions, vanities, secrecies, and dangers associated with force and its inevitable corollary, counter-force. Such an end can only be achieved and placed upon permanent foundations through the human principle of justice: it cannot be achieved physically, for its reason is a moral law, as its condition is the logic of reason. I would have you remember this when you speak in the name of Democracy. I would ask you to bear in mind that if our purpose is moral, then the values also must be moral, and can alone so acquire life and continuity.

What does this mean? It is a plea for sanity, for construction. It is to remind you that the world is watching you, and that the world will never forgive you for any trespass on the spiritualism of New Europe in the track of a mistaken or misdirected materialism. We have to win this great battle. We have won it. We have now to win it educationally.

What I mean by that is that we must be great enough, as we are strong enough, to give the enemy his spiritual chance, which will not be advanced by threatening him with a knock-out deliverance and the delirium of decay and disruption. The Germans to-day know they cannot win—that is the physical situation. The question is to end war. Half of that problem has been solved, the Eastern side by New Russia; who has called upon us to work for a peace on the conditions of live and let live. If we accept that attitude, then such must be our purpose. But if our object is destruction, then we must prepare to put that matter to the test and fight to the very death, for perhaps another two years.

As I see things at this juncture, *this is the confession and tragedy of the war, and there is no man big enough to proclaim it.* Out of it there has sprung a new scientific Democracy, young and radiant with an immense hope, a new religion of humanity. It is the new life, the new purpose of civilisation.

So long as there existed a positive danger of German victory, we had no option; our duty was wholly physical, but now that America has entered the war that danger no longer exists; nor do I think we need have any fear of a

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Russian separate peace. That is an immense advance, because it raises the physical side of war into the domain of the mind, into the potentiality, that is, of statesmanship. We find a German Socialist leader speaking of war as an "unservicable weapon"; we see the problem of peace resolving itself more and more into a question of annexation. Two months ago there seemed no solution save the physical, but the Russian Revolution has placed the whole war on a constructive Democratic plane which we must either accept or repudiate, even as our action determines, and is determined by, its acceptance by the enemy. The point of correction is the exact definition of the European cause and of our physical and moral intervention.

We have to win to the point of correction, but Democracy now demands a clear definition of that point of correction and what steps you have taken or propose to take to acquaint the enemy with that definition, and what chances you propose to give him to accept it. The statesmanship of war is to know how to end it. Now it is this want of statesmanship, vision, and moral courage that are the outstanding features of the situation. I ask: What is our policy? Have you an objective beyond the physical conclusion of a prophecy, which is neither Napoleonism nor statesmanship? Do we accept the article of belief formulated in the Declaration of May 19th of the Russian Government which aims at a Democratic settlement without annexation and without punitive indemnities? If so, I call upon you to announce our adhesion; if not, that you inform this Democracy of the fact. We mean to get this New World, as we intend the Germans to accept it too. But I would have you know this. Not a man must die beyond the point of correction needful, and this is the responsibility of the back. If those who lead us to-day fail in the semblance and expression of that trust, do not be surprised if the Democracy of the "New World" affirms the new valuation and completes, within and without, its own fellowship.

The Hindenburg Strategy ?

By Major Stuart-Stephens

"As had been said, know thyself; know thy enemy; fear not for victory." This text I have taken from a "Book of War"—not, however, the official publication of that name issued by the War Office half a dozen years ago, and on which much reliance appears to be placed by our leaders of to-day. The other "Book of War" from which I quote was written in—of all places on the world's surface—Pekin, ten centuries ago, by one Sun-Wu, and I put it to my readers that its aphorisms are as true in principle to-day as when they were hieroglyphed by a Chinese "military expert" at about the same period that William Duke of Normandy was, as managing director, promoting his great joint-stock venture for a filibustering descent upon open, semi-defenceless England. "The foundation of victory is a Government which knows its own mind"; oh! that this maxim had applied to our weathercock rulers. "He who does not know the evils of war will not reap the advantage therefrom"—precisely our case, for since the second decade of the nineteenth century the word "war" has had no real meaning for us beyond the excitement, interest, or private loss or sorrow occasioned by some war which has been remote and impersonal.

And so the peoples of the British Isles were unable from their own experience or knowledge to realise what a national war would mean to them or how it would affect them, individually or collectively.

Another thousand-year-old utterance of this Oriental statesman (he had been Chinese Minister of War) was: "In the conduct of war do not depend on the enemy's not coming, but rely on your own preparations." It is evident that his incursions into the literature of his spiritual home had left the monumental Lord Haldane lack of leisure to assimilate the illuminative philosophy of a sometime War Secretary of the Farthest East.

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The general situation as I write brings home with little significance Sun-Wu's warning: "Know thy enemy." Does the public at large know the enemy yet? I warrant not. We are living just now in a fog of war. Also we are living in a shadow cast by our wonderful ignorance of the German military mind, and of our inability to realise the basic principles of what I call the Prussian war doctrine. And so in all classes and parties there is a growing presentiment of some crisis impending. According to our knowledge or ignorance or indifference (marvellous to observe, there is even now an indifferent minority among us) or other controlling qualities, we set our teeth and yield all we have, life and fortune, *pour la patrie*, or we panic, or we smile a know-all, superior smile, or we shrug our shoulders, or we simply do not care the proverbial straw. Looking round, we see daily expositions of the valour of ignorance, or even within the privacy of our homes the panic of ignorance, the fears based on *partial* knowledge, but how little of that of which we can say with certainty, "This is optimism based on knowledge"? How are we to get at the truth? This is the main point, because if we do not know the truth and are valourous, our valour is merely idiotic; if we are panic-stricken, our panic is unmanly and indecent. If, on the other hand, we know the truth, and so figure to ourselves the imminence of the danger which our juggling with the man-power problem has brought about, there is some hope 'of getting to work' on the one road—that of crushing numerical superiority—that will bring us to conclusive victory. What is optimism? Real truth, not the optimism of the man in the street, who at quarterly intervals announces the certain termination of this world-over hurricane. It is confident anticipation. What is knowledge? It is the certainty of truth, and can only be approximated to by the human intelligence. Now I suggest that the kind of belief which most nearly approaches to certainty of truth or positive knowledge is that which is supported by authoritative sponsors (in the case in question members of the Grosser General Staff), corroborated by evidence (the *inner* battle-life of the German Army), and substantiated by reason. Let these tests be applied to my one assumption of fact—and that is that this war will end in an inconclusive deadlock unless we are enabled enormously to increase our numerical superiority on

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the one front, which I have for thirty-three months contended is the one alone that counts, that which is aligned with Western and Southern Belgium. If this is so, can the necessary preponderating weight be obtained by us? I say Yes. Of the necessity for it now let me speak. The bed-rock of the overwhelmingly serious problem that presents itself to us *now, now, NOW*, is the setting to work in deadly brutal earnest for the provision of new reserves. In a banking institution we may look upon the actual gold reserve as "the Reserve," and the widespread and ramified resources of the concern in the shape of credit as the bank's "Reserves." Now in the event of a run on the bank I imagine the reserves are mobilised, and the reserve is produced ready to throw in to turn the scale. It seems to the people looking at it from a business point of view quite a reasonable conclusion that if an adequate reserve is not supplied in time to turn the tide of battle or to meet an unforeseen eventuality, the resources of the bank may not save it from disaster. Do the same people see from their business point of view that Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig must have at his disposal a reserve of at least a million men before he can accomplish after many more rounds a knock-out blow? I trow not. Because our un-military British public will not apply to the winning of a struggle for our Empire's existence the principles that are inseparable from ordinary civil life.

In the ring, the boxer's resources are his skill, his training, his fitness—a hundred and one factors which are behind him: his Reserve is that which he keeps up his sleeve, some knock-out blow into which he has to put every ounce at his disposal and which he is preparing to put in to settle the combat once for all, either when he sees an opening or at a predetermined time. And without this million reserve Haig will not be strong enough at a point where he would be looking to the accomplishment of a decision, or where Hindenburg would propose a decision. Now I dare to assert that either of these contingencies will not present itself to either opponent for some months to come. Therefore there is time even at this eleventh hour to get the "solar plexus" million. For there cannot be any reasonable probability of a knock-out blow in the area in which this summer's operations will be carried on. The "ring" is not suitable; it does not favour a knock-

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out. There is no clean area of ground fit for the deployment of armies, one or the other of which would be able to inflict a decisive blow. The combats will, as I stated in the April and May issues of this REVIEW, be more or less localised, so that no rapid and overwhelming decision of the Napoleonic order can be sought by either side until the biggest armies that have ever been set into motion debouch into the plains of the Netherlands. And on those rolling plateaus, the immemorial cock-pit of Europe, within not many miles of God's Acre of Waterloo, where so many of our brave forbears sleep, will be fought the big battle of the war; and on which, if the issue of the result imposes such a course, the enemy will hold us up on their last line, that on which during the last eighteen months has been lavished every atom of Teutonic military engineering ingenuity. This Torres Vedras of the war, and of the nature of which I have heard from neutral sources, extends from the Antwerp entrenched camp to that of Nemour. *Inter alia*, one of its most striking features is an extra heavily ballasted railway capable of bearing the weight of mobile platforms from which "Fleissige Bertha" (42-mm. howitzers) can be brought into action "with almost as much rapidity," an informant expressed to me, "as a horse artillery gun." The whole line is, in fact, stiffened by the presence of a perambulating giant battery which is ready to move up and down between the place of arms on the Scheldt and that on the confluence of the Sambre and the Meuse. As to the question of reserves for the present phase of the war—*i.e.*, that of the enemy's retirement *en échelon* on Belgium and the Maubeuge-Sedan alignment—they will be required in force between now and October, because of the nature of the fighting which the German system of retirement will impose on us. And simultaneously with the steady flow of reserves to France during Hindenburg's steady retrograde movement, the organisation of our practically unlimited recruiting ground in the vast interior of the Dark Continent must be "rushed" with the object of being able to launch next year sufficient human weight for a knock-out blow. The sponsors, in my opinion, that will necessitate us using up a large proportion of our effective strength during the summer and autumn are the men on whose doctrine Hindenburg is now fighting, and who some years subsequent to the Franco-German War became the parents of the remodelled

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school of German infantry manœuvre when applied to a strategic retirement. By the way, it is a significant point in this connection that no Prussian Service text-book ever discusses the question of a retreat as we understand the term. The German military confidence is so unassailable that the term "retreat" is in the mind of the Grosser General Stab absolutely unthinkable. These are little traits worth bearing in mind: as Sun-Wu says, "Know thy enemy." Now I have known personally the majority of the soldiers of the Maekel school whose precepts Hindenburg is putting into practice as these lines are written. Very well, they are, as I have said, the sponsors for my assumption that the present fighting will turn out to be extremely costly to both sides. Its nature involves such a conclusion.

There is another point which must be taken into account in considering the next three or four months' operations. The demand for fresh troops after every engagement with Hindenburg's retiring formations will become increasingly insistent. Mechanical science will convey these to the strategical points where they will be launched straight into the manœuvre area. In the last two years of the war time was given at the base for leaders and led to shake themselves into war conditions before being thrown into the front line. But the latest phase of the war in France will not permit of the expenditure of time for that final training within the actual war zone which was insisted upon by Sir John French during the last twelve months of his command in France.

To revert to the Hindenburg doctrine as influencing our necessity for a constant and ever-increasing flow of reserves to the front, it may be asked, How is it that the several "pushes" of ourselves and our valiant French Allies have failed to realise the tangible result anticipated? Unhesitating I declare that such a lamentable state of affairs will continue so long as Hindenburg's governing tactical principles are apparently ignored and unprepared for. His system of fighting detaining actions by enveloping attacks in mass directed against one of the following army's flanks, the working of which I explained in the May issue of this REVIEW, is no modern development of Teutonic military science. It is the same idea on which Frederick the Great based his offensive-defensive strokes

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during a strategic retirement—the manoeuvre to produce his famous “oblique line”—and this idea should guide us during the prelude of every coming action fought on a large scale. Then, again, how is it that we use up so much time and come to such prolonged pauses when essaying an advance movement? Again I maintain the answer is to be found in the psychology of war as regarded from the German Staff—the Hindenburg point of view. It is that our Staff invariably taboo a move forward until the most complete information as to affairs is in their possession. For this object strong advanced guards capable in investigation and resistance are employed, and so our daily tale of costly outpost conflicts. On the contrary, the tendency of the Hindenburg school is to come to a decision quicker and upon less complete information, for they consider that the secret of success lies, above all, in a strong will dominating that of the enemy. With the Hindenburg school it is not the situation accurately known that should rule the offensive, but a rapid and overwhelming offensive blow that should create a predetermined tactical situation which would favour the Commander-in-Chief’s strategic plan.

It may be convenient here to set out the broad principles of the German school of war. The German system seeks for success in the envelopment of an enemy whose actual position is often ascertained by a process of reasoning as to the best move open to him. This plan is adopted in order to avoid the loss of time incident on exhaustive aerial reconnaissance. The chief drawback to this method is the possibility of the defeat in detail of converging units before they close on their prey. This danger is guarded against in the German system by a high degree of training in initiative and co-operation, which leads commanders of units to close with the enemy as rapidly as possible and irrespective of losses, the object being to get at the enemy wherever he is encountered in order to deprive him of freedom of movement, in the certainty that their comrades to the right and left are doing the same, and by their vigorous action are relieving hostile pressure. One obvious drawback to this form of war is that, should the position of the enemy not conform to the hypothesis of the Commander-in-Chief, the latter has great difficulty in altering his plan by giving fresh directions to his general officers for the control of the

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operations, and once these are launched they are practically in the hands of column commanders. On the other hand, the German system—that evolved by my sometime Berlin friend, Colonel Macckel—is especially adapted to working in the fog of war, and is therefore finding its *raison d'être* in the condition of things that prevails on the whole Western front. It demands, first of all, an entirely intelligent knowledge of the art of war on the part of the Commander-in-Chief, and Hindenburg is efficiently equipped in this respect. And it calls for character and vigour rather than intelligence in its column leaders. It assumes that, in war, information will not always be forthcoming exactly when it is wanted, or, at any rate, not in time to be acted upon, and that therefore it is necessary to have a hard and simple definite plan of action laid down beforehand and a vigorous and irresistible initiative to destroy the independence of the hostile Commander-in-Chief. Now the German system requires information to confirm the hypothesis as to the whereabouts and constitution of the main body of the hostile army. Our system requires accurate information when the enemy has committed himself and is no longer free to alter his dispositions. Secondly, that of Germany requires a standard of average efficiency but not genius in the subordinate leaders—not a heaven-born general here and there, but a corps of commanders who can be counted upon to play up to each other.

Thirdly, the German war method suits the conditions of uncertainty which, aeroplanes all to the contrary, have shrouded operations on the Western front. In this form of war the German General Staff maintain that a vigorous offensive in great measure replaces accurate information.

Fourthly, the adherents of the German method contend that only the simple succeeds in war. The German war doctrine is simplicity pushed to its ultimate. In favour of the French Staff method, under which I have trained, it may be said that, given sufficient information, the plan acted upon is never an involved one.

Fifthly, the German method bridges over the gulf between strategy and tactics, since Prussian enveloping strategy brings about a battle of which enveloping tactics are the characteristic feature.

Sixthly, in the enemy's system the Commander-in-Chief must to a great extent stand or fall by his initial plan of

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operations. In the Franco-British system a Commander-in-Chief can take advantage of an opportunity if he is able to recognise it.

Lastly, the German Commander-in-Chief bases his plans at the onset on reasoning rather than on information. When his mind is made up he risks much to gain time.

Let us imagine the two opponents on the Western front of equal efficiency and approximately of equal strength, one fighting according to the Prussian war doctrine, and the other according to the Anglo-French system. Now which ought to derive the greatest advantage from the new cavalry of the air? The answer is indubitably "the side that can make the best use of its information."

Should the aeroplane reconnaissance prove the German Commander-in-Chief's reasoned out plan to be wrong, the German method of war makes it exceedingly difficult for him to profit by that information by giving a fresh direction to his operations taken as a whole. This weak feature of the enemy's battle system may come as a surprise to many of my readers who have been led to believe that a Prussian Commanding General embarks upon a massed operation carrying in his pocket several alternative plans to be resorted to if the tide of battle flows in his antagonist's favour. As I have shown, it is quite the other way. The German High Command laboriously manufacture a PLAN founded on logically reasoned out conclusions. At what is calculated to be the psychological moment, it is put into execution with lightning celerity—time being, with the German system, the essence of success. I think the introduction of the air service factor into this war ought to make for the most favourable influence on our side. To put it in a nutshell, with an equality of aerial cavalry the advantage over the German ought to be indisputable; for the flying machine assists us in the FORMATION of a battle plan, whereas it only assists the German leader in the EXECUTION of an already formed plan.

Now the aeroplane favours our strategic school if the necessary reserves are available to ensure an irresistible attack. For it is man-power, and that factor alone, that will decide in our favour the issue of this titanic struggle, and that no doubt is why America has come in to ensure the result.

An Orgy of Waste and its Remedy

By Raymond Radcliffe

A FEW weeks ago the Chancellor of the Exchequer told an astonished House that the cost of the war was seven millions four hundred and fifty thousand pounds a day. A few days previously members had been led to understand that the cost was only six millions five hundred thousand a day. When the war began we gasped at the idea of spending a million a day. Perhaps by the end of this year we may be creating credit to the extent of nine millions a day. As far as I can see, no one takes the least notice. We are drugged with credit—drugged to such an extent that not a single member of Parliament, not a single writer on finance utters a word of protest. As for the Ministers, they revel in an orgy of waste. Every week some new Government Department throws out a new branch. These branches are in no wise urgent for the conduct of the war. Many of them are merely the shelters for nervous young gentlemen who do not desire to stand in the trenches. Each nervous young gentleman has to be supplied with a beautiful typist, and, as a rule, some common or garden clerk does the work of the office. I have in mind one branch established some months ago which is now costing seven thousand a year to run, and in which the only person who does any work is an elderly gentleman who was formerly in business, and is therefore capable of doing the whole work of the department alone—a fact which he proudly confides to his friends. Having once taken root, the Government Departments grow like noxious weeds; they throw out suckers and tendrils in every direction. They choke all earnest endeavour, and even the most energetic outsider is forced into idleness. Not only are they expensive in their *personnel*, but they create extravagance in every direction.

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The control exercised over the expenditure is lax. They give out contracts without knowing anything whatever about the goods they order. The business is done by amateurs who think that because they are employed by the Government they must of necessity be infallible. Such people do not understand that a business training takes many years, and that without such training accurate business methods are impossible. Thus it is easy to see that with tens of thousands of Government officials, the majority of whom know nothing about the business they are supposed to conduct, the cost of the war mounts up in an insane manner. Even when a business man is appointed to the charge of the department, he generally insists upon contracts being given to the firms with whom he has been in connection in his pre-war days. I need hardly say that such contracts are made upon generous terms. I am not accusing Government officials of dishonesty. I do not say that they participate in the profits made by the contractors. But I do say that there is no proper control over expenditure, and I asseverate my conviction that the ever-increasing cost of the war is entirely due to lack of such control.

It is dangerous for the nation to go on spending money in its present ridiculous and lavish manner. No one apparently realises that the creation of credit automatically forces up prices. Nevertheless, this is a well-known axiom. The Government gaily puts on 80 per cent. Excess Profits Tax quite regardless of the fact that everybody in England who makes goods or trades in goods is compelled to add 100 per cent. to the sale price. This I pointed out last month. The public is now thoroughly roused to the danger of excessive taxation. But the Government does not realise it.

In the days of Mr. Gladstone the business of a Chancellor of the Exchequer was to criticise in the severest and closest manner the expenditure of the various public departments and to insist upon economy. In those days the House of Commons quite realised its obligation to the nation and backed up the Chancellor to the full extent of its power. Therefore we were enabled to reduce the National Debt in a remarkable manner. Also the nation had confidence in the Chancellor and in the House of Commons. I am sorry to say that to-day no one has any

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confidence in either. The House of Commons simply registers the wishes of the Ministers, and criticism is considered unpatriotic. Extravagance in public spending means extravagance in private life. It is the duty of the Ministers, and still more the duty of the members of the House of Commons, to cut down expenditure. But nothing is done in this direction.

If we are to win this war we can only win it by rigid economy. Therefore I have a proposition to make. I suggest that the Ministers appoint a Board of Control, which shall have supreme power to punish extravagance in public offices. This Board must be composed of men of the highest reputation, who must be paid high salaries in order that they may not be tempted to betray their trust. The Board should consist of at least eight members, of whom one should be a leading lawyer, another a leading accountant, and the rest well known business men. All of them should be chosen for their rigid rectitude and unbending attitude. The Board of Control should make known to the whole of Great Britain that they were prepared to receive and examine into complaints of every kind in connection with the Government conduct of the war. For example, if a man discovered peculation in connection with Army supply—and we all know that a good deal of this does go on—he should be able secretly to inform the Board, whose business it would be to instantly make inquiry into the truth of the accusation. The Board should be able to punish after a proper trial. It should be placed in exactly the same position as our present Judges of the High Court are placed in. It should be of the same standing as our Court of Appeal. I believe that if such a Court were established we should soon see a complete change in the present system of public expenditure. The petty robbery which now goes on would soon come to an end. But more than this would happen. Tradesmen and manufacturers soon find out whether contracts have been given at extravagant prices, and, as a rule, make pretty shrewd guesses as to why these prices have been paid. Such traders could in confidence inform the Board of Control about these contracts, and the Board could reprimand the department, and if necessary punish those who pay 20s. for goods which can be bought for 15s. As soon as the Board was in full

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working order we should see a great change in the way contracts are given out. Government departments would be terrified of the controllers. It would be no use their complaining to the chiefs of their departments who are politicians, because the controllers would be above the politicians, just as the judges are to-day.

It may be objected that such a Board would lead to blackmail. This has been urged against the Board of Censors in China. There is nothing in this point, because we should only choose men of the highest position, and we should pay them the highest salaries in the land. They would be on a par with the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, which is as incorruptible as our own Judiciary. Unless we make a violent effort to stop the present insane extravagance in Government expenditure we shall suffer terribly. We have completely lost all control. The House of Commons has neglected its duties, and the Ministers, being only politicians and each one responsible for his own Government department, can hardly be expected to impeach their own officials. Nevertheless, impeachment is absolutely necessary to get us out of the present welter.

Again, it may be objected that the Council of Eight would become despots and would in the end practically control the war. What would that matter if we won the war? We want a despot—a man like Napoleon, who never had any hesitation in hanging a contractor if he failed to deliver the goods. Well, apparently we are not likely to discover a genius like Napoleon. But we certainly do possess a vast body of thoroughly honest business men who are disgusted with the present condition of affairs, and who would gladly devote the whole of their energies to cleaning up the Augean stable of the Government departments. Unless some reform is made, I repeat we shall suffer terribly. But I have absolute confidence in the business instincts of the nation, and I think that sooner or later reform will come. But it must not be delayed too long.

Books

BIOGRAPHY

THE LIFE OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. By EDMUND GOSSE, C.B. Macmillan and Co., Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.

The admirable Mr. Gosse had added another admirable book to his credit, a stately, studiously correct, and genteel life of the poet Swinburne. It chronicles the phases and achievements of "Algy" with pious and painstaking decorum, shows us the boy at Eton devouring books in the school library, conducts him to Oxford where Swinburne was a "failure," brings the man to London, where we get a boudoir vista of the pre-Raphaelites. A most worthy book, a library gift-book, a book one reads with admiration for the author's gifts, and almost with despair at the absence of human revelation. True, discreet references are made to Swinburne's rackety moods, but the veil is impenetrable; in fact, the one human document is a characteristic letter from George Moore, who found the poet naked on a bed and fled incontinently. If only George Moore had written the poet's life! If only Gosse could let himself go, like the poet! The author is evidently loth to inquire too deeply into Swinburne's Oxford career; he glosses over the famous Club incident which convulsed London at the time; clearly, too, he rather loses interest after Swinburne's migration to the Watts' household, where he resided for thirty years in blissful irresponsibility until the end. A strange life—cast in the dream and music of words, a career of ecstasy. But, alas! there is little ecstasy in this irreproachably mellow work.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

GOD, THE INVISIBLE KING. By H. G. WELLS. Cassell and Co., Ltd. 6s. net.

Another book by Mr. Wells, this time on God, whom with a horrid journalistic instinct he styles King. And yet

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this is a serious contribution. He means well. He puts it forcibly, with uplift, as the Americans might say, and there is a genuine spiritualism in his endeavour to restate the essence of God, which may well interest both Church and State. Mr. Wells defines God as—Courage; as Youth; as a Person, in the synthetic sense, and thus arrayed he disposes of dogma, ritual, the old superstitions, and the old mysteries of the Churches. Much of it is sound and welcome, and unquestionably reflects the modern attitude towards divinity; thus the elimination of the "angry" God, and Fear, which is the Pontifical argument of Rome. Hell, punishment, an after-life—these things Mr. Wells discards. He sees God in our own immanency, and he maintains that every gallows-bird can find God. As a statement of religion up-to-date it is not bad, but it is hardly "deep" enough for serious students of the eternal miracle, and many people will be annoyed at this journalistic attempt to settle the problem of God in a small book. The proper attitude to adopt is not to treat Mr. Wells too seriously, but rather to look on him as an irrepressible child-man whose genius is too attractive to ignore and too obviously limited to reprove. Mr. Wells has "found" God, that is the point. Why not? Put it down to the war.

THROUGH LIFE AND ROUND THE WORLD. By RAYMOND BLATHWAYT. With illustrations by Mortimer Menpes. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.

"Over the hills and far away" has been Mr. Blathwayt's star in life and he has followed it, and almost risen to the stars in this delightful work of travel, anecdote, observation, and spiritualism, wherein we find recorded the man and a wide slice of human nature. A varied life, always seen kindly, always helpfully. The chapters devoted to Mr. Blathwayt's experiences as a clergyman are highly interesting, and they form, as it were, a sermon for both Church and public; all this part of the book, indeed all the chapters relating to the author's early life, are charmingly fresh and observed, narrated in what is a style, both in form and expression. Mr. Blathwayt became an interviewer, or, rather, he made the interview an art; he

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has nursed in a lepers' hospital, he has travelled far and wide, he has known "most" people; he is that remarkable compound, a mystic and a man of the world. Of good stories the book is full. But it is more than a book of life, it is a statement of life. Mr. Blathwayt believes in sentiment. And the result is a human document which philosophers can read with profit and all men with affection.

FICTION

SONIA. By STEPHEN MCKENNA. Methuen and Co., Ltd.
6s. net.

People are talking about this book because it gets away from the ordinary novel, and that though in form it is rather old-fashioned and has small artistic construction. But the thing interests. As a picture of our English life before the war it fascinates; moreover, the author knows his *monde*, and has not been afraid to paint these effete, wanton, vapid men and women as they flittered across London society with skill and veracity. Not a pleasant picture. A good few of these people have real names. The girl Sonia is typical of a certain London set—cynical, selfish, impudent, loveless, and completely inefficient; one wonders whether these dreary little women will return to their glory after the war. All through the book the figure of an Irish-American throws a virile atmosphere; the school-life is admirable, but the tail of it all is melodramatic and disappointing. Still, we have thrills, and a show-up of Tango London, refreshingly free from the stock-pot fiction of smart society à la serial story-fibber.

WAR

TURKEY, GREECE, AND THE GREAT POWERS. By G. F. ABBOTT. Robert Scott. 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Abbott calls his volume a study in friendship and hate: it is. His historical method is useful, for he takes the relations of the Powers with Greece in turn and shows how they have used and abused her in the interests of the "balance of power," which game led logically to Armageddon. The author is evidently a Philhellenist, and he ap-

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proaches the problem of Greece with some bias, yet not so as to distort his perspective or lessen the real importance of this volume at a moment when Greece is suffering for the faults of the big Powers in the stereotyped name of liberty.

Particularly the last chapters should be read. Our whole German policy has been execrable since 1914, and Mr. Abbott claims that the King is more endeared to the Greeks than ever by our policy of brutal indifference to national rights and dignities as the result of the abortive Salonika occupation. Englishmen should try and read this book dispassionately, remembering that during the Boer War the Greeks were practically the only people in Europe who did not villify and condemn us for our assault upon the rights of the Boers.

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JULY, 1917

Blue Lobelia

By G. Gwyn

Do you remember, dear, the garden beds
 Bordered in blue?
As if cerulean skies above our heads
 Their colour had let through.

You looked on them, I looked from sky to ground
 And from the flowers to you,
And in your happy eyes I found
 The self-same hue.

Dear, that was years ago. Your eyes
 Death long since hid away,
But still they smile on me from sunny skies. . . .
 And in the floweret blue
I find the memory of that far-off day,
 And you.

Life and Love

To H. S. Howell

By Meredith Starr

I HAVE looked in the eyes of the wind;
I have lain on the breast of the earth.
I have pulled down the night for a blind
To hide from the sun and his mirth.
I have harnessed the tides of the ocean,
And brought a new æon to birth.

They told me life was a snare;
They said that love was a lie.
I plucked down the stars by their hair;
I rolled up the scroll of the sky.
And I found that life is a crystal
That echoes the song that is I.

And I knew (as the deep soul knows)
That love is the life of the song
That flames in the heart of the rose
And flashes and thrills in the throng
Of the flower-sweet forms of the living
Whose life is the soul of the song.

In the World (iv)

An Autobiography

By Maxim Gorki

BEFORE the departure of the tailor's wife there had come to live under the flat occupied by my employers a black-eyed young lady with her little girl and her mother, a grey-haired old woman everlastingly smoking cigarettes in an amber mouthpiece. The young lady was very beautiful, imperious, and proud; she spoke in a pleasant deep voice, she looked at everyone with head held high and unblinking eyes as if they were all far away from her and she could hardly see them. Nearly every day her black soldier servant, Tuphyaev, brought a thin-legged brown horse to the steps of her flat. The lady came out in a long, steel-coloured velvet dress, wearing white gauntleted gloves and tan boots. Holding the train of her skirt and a whip with a lilac-coloured stone in its handle with one hand, with the other little hand she lovingly stroked the horse's muzzle; he fixed his great eyes upon her, trembling all over, and softly trampled the soaked ground under his hoofs.

"Robaire, Robaire," she said in a low voice, and she patted the beautiful arched neck of the steed with a firm hand.

Then, setting her foot on the knee of Tuphyaev, she sprang lightly into the saddle, and the horse, prancing proudly, went through the gateway. She sat in the saddle as easily as if she were part of it. She was beautiful with that rare kind of beauty which always seems new and wonderful, and always fills the heart with an intoxicating joy. When I looked at her I thought that Diana of Poitiers, Queen Margot, the maiden Lavallière, and other beauties—heroines of historical novels—were like her.

She was constantly surrounded by the officers of the

* Translated from the Russian by Mrs. G. M. Foakes.

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division which was stationed in the town, and in the evenings they used to visit her and play the piano, the violin, and the guitar, and dance and sing. The most frequent of her visitors was Major Olessov, who revolved about her on his short legs, stout, red-faced, grey-haired, and as greasy as an engineer on a steamboat. He played the guitar well and bore himself as the humble, devoted servant of the lady.

As radiantly beautiful as her mother was the little five-year-old, curly-haired, chubby girl. Her great dark blue eyes looked about her gravely, calmly expectant, and there was an air of thoughtfulness about her which was not at all childish.

Her grandmother was occupied with the housekeeping from morning to night with the help of Tuphyaev, a morose, taciturn man, and a fat, cross-eyed housemaid. There was no nursemaid, and the little girl lived almost without any notice being taken of her, playing about all day on the front steps or on a heap of planks near them. I often went out to play with her in the evenings, for I was very fond of her, and she soon became used to me, and would fall asleep in my arms while I was telling her a story. When this happened I used to carry her to bed. Before long it came to this—that she would not go to sleep when she was put to bed unless I went to say good-night to her. When I went to her she would hold out her plump hand with a grand air and say:

“Good-bye till to-morrow! Grandmother, how ought I to say it?”

“God preserve you!” said the grandmother, blowing a cloud of dark blue smoke from her mouth and thin nose.

“God preserve you till to-morrow, and now I am going to sleep,” said the little girl, rolling herself up in the bed-clothes, which were trimmed with lace.

The grandmother corrected her:

“Not till to-morrow, but for always!”

“But doesn’t to-morrow mean for always?”

She loved the word “to-morrow,” and whatever pleased her specially she carried forward into the future. She would stick flowers which had been plucked, or branches which had been broken by the wind, into the ground and say:

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"To-morrow this will be a garden-

"To-morrow, some time, I shall buy myself a horse and ride on horseback like mother."

She was a clever child, but not very lively, and would often break off in the midst of a merry game to become thoughtful, and ask unexpectedly :

"Why do priests have hair like women?"

If she stung herself with nettles she would shake her finger at them, saying :

"You wait! I shall pray God to do something vewy bad to you; God can do bad things to eveywy one—He can even punish mamma." Sometimes a soft, serious melancholy descended upon her; she would press close to me, gazing up at the sky with her blue, expectant eyes, and say :

"Sometimes grandmother is cross, but mamma never, she only laughs. Everyone loves her because she never has any time; people are always coming to see her, and to look at her because she is so beautiful. She is 'ovely, mamma is! 'Oseph says so—'ovely!"

I loved to listen to her—she spoke of a world of which I knew nothing. She spoke about her mother willingly and often, and a new life gradually opened out before me, and I was again reminded of Queen Margot, which deepened my faith in books and also my interest in life. One day when I was sitting on the steps waiting for my people, who had gone for a walk, and the little girl had dozed off in my arms, her mother rode up on horseback, sprang lightly to the ground, and, throwing back her head, asked :

"What—is she asleep?"

"Yes."

"That's right."

The soldier Tuphyaev came running to her and took the horse; she stuck her whip in her belt and said, holding out her arms :

"Give her to me!"

"I'll carry her in myself."

"Come on!" cried the lady as if I had been a horse, and she stamped her foot on the step.

The little girl woke up blinking, and seeing her mother held out her arms to her. They went away.

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I was used to being shouted at, but I did not like this lady to shout at me; she had only to give an order quietly and everyone obeyed her.

In a few minutes the cross-eyed maid came out for me. The little girl was naughty and would not go to sleep without saying good-night.

It was not without pride in my bearing towards the mother that I entered the drawing-room where the little girl was sitting on the knees of her mother, who was deftly undressing her.

"Here he is," she said; "he has come—this monster——"

"He is not a monster, but my boy."

"Really? Very good. Well, you would like to give something to your boy, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I should!"

"A good idea! I will see to it, and you will go to bed."

"Good-bye till to-morrow," said the little girl, holding out her hand to me. "God preserve you till to-morrow."

The lady exclaimed in surprise:

"Who taught you to say that? Grandmother?"

"Ye—es."

When she had left the room the lady beckoned to me:

"What shall we give you?"

I told her that I did not want anything—but could she let me have a book to read?

She lifted my chin with her warm, scented fingers, and asked with a pleasant smile:

"So you are fond of reading; yes, what books have you read?"

When she smiled she looked more beautiful than ever. I confusedly told her the names of several books.

"What did you find to like in them?" she asked, laying her hand on the table and moving her fingers slightly.

A strong sweet smell of some sort of flowers came from her, mixed with the odour of horse-sweat. She looked at me through her long eyelashes, thoughtfully grave—no one had ever looked at me like that before.

The room was packed as tightly as a bird's nest with beautiful soft furniture; the windows were covered with thick green curtains; the snowy white tiles of the stove

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gleamed in the half light; beside the stove shone the glossy surface of a black piano, and from the walls in dull gold frames looked sort of dark writings in large Russian characters, and under each writing hung a large dark seal by a cord. Everything about her looked at that woman as humbly and timidly as I did.

I explained to her as well as I could that my life was very hard and uninteresting, and that reading helped me to forget it.

"Yes; so that's what it is," she said, standing up. "Well, it is not a bad idea, and, in fact, it is quite right. Well, what shall we do? I will get some books for you, but just now I have none. But wait—you can have this one——"

She took a tattered book with a yellow cover from the couch.

"When you have read this I will give you the second volume; there are four."

I went away with the "Secrets of Peterbourg," by Prince Meshtcheski, and began to read the book with great attention. But before I read many pages I saw that the Peterbourgian "secrets" were considerably less interesting than those of Madrid, London, or Paris. The only part which took my fancy was the fable of Svoboda (liberty) and Palka (stick).

"I am your superior," said Svoboda, "because I am cleverer."

But Palka answered her:

"No, it is I who am your superior because I am stronger than you."

They disputed and disputed and fought about it. Palka beat Svoboda and—if I remember rightly—Svoboda died in the hospital as the result of her injuries.

There was some talk of Nihilists in this book. I remember that, according to the Prince Meshtcheski, a Nihilist was such a poisonous individual that his very glance would kill a fowl. What he wrote about Nihilists struck me as being offensive and rude, but I understood nothing else and fell into a state of melancholy; it was very evident that I could not appreciate good books! For I was convinced that it was a good book; such a great and beautiful lady could never read bad books.

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"Well, did you like it?" she asked me when I took back the yellow novel by Meshtcheski.

I found it very hard to answer no, I thought it would make her angry. But she only laughed, and going behind the *portière* which led into her sleeping chamber she brought a little volume in a binding of dark blue morocco leather.

"You will like this one, only take care not to soil it."

This was a volume of Pushkin's poems. I read them all at once, seizing upon them with a feeling of greed such as I experienced whenever I happened to visit a beautiful place which I had never seen before. I always tried to run over it all at once. It was like roaming over the mossy hillocks in a marshy wood and suddenly seeing spread before one a dry plain covered with flowers and bathed in sunrays. For a second one gazes upon it enchanted, and then one begins to race about happily, and each contact of one's feet with the soft growth of the fertile earth sends a thrill of joy through one.

Pushkin had so surprised me with the simplicity and music of poetry that for a long time prose seemed unnatural to me, and it did not come easy to me to read it. The prologue to "Ruslan" reminded me of grandmother's best stories all wonderfully compressed into one, and several lines amazed me by their striking truth.

"There, by ways which few observe
Are the trails of invisible wild creatures."

I repeated these wonderful words in my mind, and I could see those footpaths so familiar to me and hardly visible to the average being. I saw the mysterious footprints which had pressed down the grass which had not had time to shake off the drops of dew, heavy as mercury. The full sounding lines of poetry were easily remembered; they adorned everything of which they spoke as if for a festival, they made me happy, my life easy and pleasant, the verses rang out like bells heralding me into a new life. What a happiness it was to be educated!

The magnificent stories of Pushkin touched me more closely, and were more intelligible to me than anything I had read; when I had read them a few times I knew them by heart, and when I went to bed I whispered the verses to myself with my eyes closed until I fell asleep. Very

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often I told these stories to the orderlies, who listened and laughed and abused me jokingly. Sidorov stroked my head and said softly:

"That's fine, isn't it? Oh, Lord——"

The awakening which had come to me was noticed by my employers. The old lady scolded me:

"You read too much, and you have not cleaned the samovar for four days, you young monkey! I shall have to take the rolling-pin to you——"

What did I care for the rolling-pin? I took refuge in verses.

"Loving black evil with all thy heart,
Oh, old witch that thou art."

The lady rose still higher in my esteem—see what kind of books she reads! She is not like the porcelain tailor's wife.

When I took back the book and handed it to her with regret, she said in a tone which invited confidence:

"Did you like it? Had you heard of Pushkin before?"

I had read something about the poet in one of the newspapers, but I wanted her to tell me about him, so I said that I had never heard of him.

Then she briefly told me the life and death of Pushkin, and asked, smiling like a spring day:

"Do you see how dangerous it is to love women?"

All the books I had read had shown me that it was really dangerous, but it was also pleasant, so I said:

"It is dangerous, yet everyone falls in love. And women suffer for love too——"

She looked at me as she looked at everyone, through her lashes, and said gravely:

"You think so? You understand that? Then the best thing I can wish you is that you may not forget it."

And then she asked me what verses I liked best.

I began to repeat some from memory with gesticulations. She listened silently and gravely, then she rose, and walking up and down the room said thoughtfully:

"We shall have to have you taught, my little wild animal! I must think about it. Your employers, are they relations of yours?"

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And when I answered in the affirmative she exclaimed :
"Oh!" as if she blamed me for it.

She gave me "The Songs of Beranger," a special edition with engravings, with gilt edges and a red leather binding. These songs made me feel giddy with their strange mixture of bitter grief and boisterous happiness.

With a cold chill at my heart I read the bitter words of
"The Old Beggar":

"Homeless worm, have I disturbed you?
Crush me under your feet!
Why be pitiful? Crush me quickly!
Why is it that you have never taught me,
Nor given me an outlet for my energy?
From the grub an ant might have come,
I might have died in the love of my fellows.
But dying as an old tramp
I shall be avenged on the world!"

And directly after this I laughed till I cried over the
"Weeping Husband." I remembered especially the words
of Beranger:

"A happy science of life
Is not hard for the simple."

Beranger aroused me to moods of joyfulness, to a desire to be saucy and to say something rude to people, rude, sharp words, and in a very short time I had become proficient in this art. His verses I also learned by heart, and recited them with pleasure to the orderlies, running into the kitchen where they sat for a few minutes at a time.

But I soon had to give this up because the lines,

"But such a hat is not becoming
To a young girl of seventeen,"

gave rise to an offensive conversation about girls which made me furiously disgusted, and I hit the soldier, Ermokhin, over the head with a saucepan. Sidorov and the other orderlies tore me away from his clumsy hands, but I made up my mind from that time to go no more to the officers' kitchen.

I was not allowed to walk about the streets, and, in fact, there was no time for it, the work had so increased. Now, in addition to my usual duties as housemaid, yardman, and errand-boy, I had to nail calico to wide boards, fasten the plans thereto, and copy calculations for my master's architectural work and verify the contractor's

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accounts, for my master worked from morning to night like a machine.

At that time the public buildings of the Yarmarka* were the private property of individuals; rows of shops were built very rapidly, and my master had the contracts for the reconstruction of the old shops and the erection of new ones. He drew up plans for the rebuilding of vaults, or the throwing out of a dormer window and such like. I took the plans to an old architect together with an envelope in which was hidden paper-money to the value of twenty-five roubles, the architect took the money and wrote under the plans: "The plans are correct, and the inspection of the work has been performed by me, Imraik." As a matter of fact he had not seen the original of the plans, and he could not inspect the work as he was always obliged to stay at home by reason of his malady.

I used to take bribes to the inspector of the Yarmarka and to other necessary people, from whom I received what the master called papers which permitted all kinds of illegalities. For this service I obtained the right to wait for my employers at the door on the front steps, when they went out to see their friends in the evenings. This did not often happen, but when it did they used not to return until after midnight, and I used to sit at the top of the steps or on the heap of planks opposite them for hours, looking into the windows of my lady's flat, thirstily listening to the gay conversation and the music.

The windows were open; through the curtains and the screen of flowers I could see the fine figures of officers moving about the room, the rotund major waddled about, and She floated about dressed with astonishing simplicity but so beautifully.

In my own mind I called her "Queen Margot."

"This is the gay life that they write about in French books," I thought, looking in at the window. And I always felt rather sad about it—a childish jealousy made it painful for me to see "Queen Margot" surrounded by men, who buzzed about her like wasps over flowers.

Her least frequent visitor was a tall, unhappy-looking officer, with a furrowed brow and deep-sunken eyes, who always brought his violin with him, and played marvellously

* Yarmarka = market-place.

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—so marvellously that the passers-by used to stop under the window, and all the dwellers in the street used to gather round, even my employers, if they happened to be at home, would open the window and listen and praise. I never remember their praising anyone else except the subdeacon of the cathedral, and I know that a fish-pie was more pleasing to them than any kind of music.

Sometimes this officer sang and recited verses in a muffled voice, sighing strangely and pressing his hand to his brow. Once when I was playing under the window with the little girl, and "Queen Margot" asked him to sing he refused for a long time, and then said clearly :

"Only, a song has need of beauty,
While beauty has no need of songs."

I thought these lines were lovely, and for some reason I felt sorry for the officer.

What I liked best was to look at my lady when she sat at the piano, alone in the room, and played. Music intoxicated me, and I could see nothing but the window, and beyond that, in the yellow light of the lamp the finely formed figure of the woman, her haughty profile, and her white hands hovering like birds over the keys. I gazed at her, listened to the plaintive music, and dreamed. If I could find some treasure I would give it all to her so that she should be rich! If I had been Skobelev I would declare war on the Turks again, I would have taken money for ransoms, and would have built a house for her on the Otkossa, the best site in the whole town, and made her a present of it—if only she would leave this street where everyone talked offensively about her. The neighbours, all the servants belonging to our yard, and my employers more than all, spoke about "Queen Margot" as evilly and spitefully as they had talked about the tailor's wife, but more cautiously, with lowered voices, and looking about them as they spoke.

They were afraid of her probably because she was the widow of a very distinguished man; the writings on the walls of her rooms, too, were privileges bestowed on her husband's ancestors by the old Russian emperors, Goudonov, Alexei, and Peter the Great. This was told me by the soldier, Tuphyaev, a man of education, who was always reading

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the Gospels; or it may have been that people were afraid lest she should thrash them with her whip with the lilac-coloured stone in the handle. It was said that she had once struck a person of position with it.

But words uttered under the breath were no better than words uttered aloud. My lady lived in a cloud of enmity, an enmity which I could not understand and which tormented me. Victorushka related how returning home after midnight he had looked into her bedroom window and had seen "Queen Margot" with nothing on but a chemise, sitting on the couch, while the major was kneeling before her and cutting her toe-nails and wiping them with a sponge. The old lady abused her and spat, while the young mistress squealed, blushing:

"Victor! Phoo! What a disgraceful thing! What a vile woman she must be!"

The master was silent, just smiling to himself. I was very grateful to him for keeping silence, but every moment I dreaded that he would join sympathetically in the noise and racket. Squealing and groaning the women demanded all the details from Victorushka—wanting to know exactly how the lady was sitting, and how the major looked kneeling.

"His face was red, and his tongue was out."

I saw nothing dreadful in the fact that the major was cutting the lady's toe-nails, but I would not believe that he had his tongue out, the latter appeared to me as an insulting lie, and I said to Victorushka:

"Even if all was not as it should be, what business had you to look in at the window? You are not a child——"

They scolded me for this, of course, but that did not trouble me, I had only one desire—to run downstairs, go down on my knees before the lady, as the major had done, and beg her:

"Please, go away from this house!"

Now that I knew that there was another life, that there were different people, feelings, ideas, this house with all its tenants aroused in me a feeling of disgust which oppressed me more and more. It was entangled in the meshes of a dirty net of disgraceful tittle-tattle, there was not a single person in it of whom evil was not spoken. The regimental chaplain, though he was ill and miserable, had a

reputation for being a drunkard and a rake; the officers and their wives were living, according to my employers, in a state of sin; the soldiers' conversation about women, which ran on the same lines, had become repulsive to me, but my employers disgusted me most of all. I knew too well the real value of their favourite amusement, namely, the merciless judgment of other people. Watching and commenting on the crimes of others was the only amusement in which they could indulge without paying for it. They just amused themselves by putting those about them on the rack verbally, and, as it were, revenged themselves on others because they lived so piously, laboriously, and uninterestingly themselves.

When they spoke so vilely about "Queen Margot" I was seized by a convulsion of feeling which was not childish at all; my heart swelled with hatred for the back-biters, I was overcome by an irresistible desire to do harm to everyone, and to be insolent, and sometimes a flood of tormenting pity for myself and everyone else swept over me—and that dumb pity was more painful than hatred.

I knew more about my Queen than they did, and I was always afraid that they would find out what I knew.

On Sundays, when my employers had gone to the Cathedral for High Mass, I used to go to her the first thing in the morning, she would call me into her bedroom, and there I sat in a small armchair upholstered in gold-coloured silk, with the little girl on my knee, and told the mother about the books I had read. She lay in a wide bed with her cheek resting on her small hands which were clasped together, her body hidden under a counterpane, gold in colour like everything else in the bedroom, her dark hair lay in a plait over her swarthy shoulder and her breast, and sometimes fell over the side of the bed till it touched the floor.

As she listened to me she looked into my face with her soft eyes, and a hardly perceptible smile, and said:

"That's right!"

Even her kind smile was in my eyes the condescending smile of a queen. She spoke in a deep, tender voice, and it seemed to me that it said always:

"I know that I am immeasurably above all other people, and no one of them is necessary to me."

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Sometimes I found her before her mirror, sitting in a low chair and doing her hair, the ends of which lay on her knees, over the arms and the back of the chair, and fell almost to the floor—her hair was as long and thick as grandmother's. In the glass I could see her swarthy, firm breasts. She put on her underclothes, her stockings in my presence, but her clean nudity aroused in me no feeling of shame, but only a joyful feeling of pride in her. A flowerlike smell always came from her, protecting her from any evil thoughts concerning her.

I was strong and healthy, and well acquainted with the secrets of the relations of men with women, but people had spoken before me of these secrets with such heartless malice, so cruelly and obscenely, that I could not bring myself to imagine this woman in the arms of a man, and it was hard for me to think that anyone could ever have the right to touch her boldly and shamelessly, to lay proprietary hands upon her body. I felt sure that the love of the kitchen and the pantry was unknown to "Queen Margot," she knew something different, a higher joy, a different kind of love.

But one day late in the afternoon, going into her drawing-room, I heard from the bedroom the ringing laugh of the lady of my heart, and a masculine voice:

"Wait a minute! Good Lord! I can't believe——"

I ought to have gone away, I knew that, but I could not.

"Who is that?" she asked. "You! Come in——"

The bedroom was heavy with the odour of flowers; it was twilight, for the curtains were drawn. "Queen Margot" lay in bed with the bedclothes drawn up to her chin, and beside her against the wall sat, clad in his shirt only, with his chest bared, the officer violinist; on his breast was a scar which lay like a red streak from the right shoulder to the nipple, and was so vivid that even in the half-light I could see it distinctly. The hair of the officer was ruffled comically, and for the first time I saw a smile on his sad, furrowed countenance—he was smiling strangely. And his large feminine eyes looked at the "Queen" as if it were the first time he had gazed upon her beauty.

"This is my friend," said "Queen Margot." And I did not know whether she were referring to me or to him.

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"What are you looking so frightened about?" I heard her voice as if from a distance. "Come here——"

When I went to her she placed her hot hands on my bare neck and said:

"You will grow up and you will be happy. Go along——"

I put the book on the shelf, took another, and went away as best I could.

Something seemed to grate in my heart. Of course I did not for a moment think that my Queen loved as other women, nor did the officer give me reason to think so. I saw his face before me with that smile—he was smiling for joy like a child who has been pleasantly surprised, his sad face was wonderfully transfigured. He had to love her—could anyone not love her? And she also had cause to bestow her love upon him generously—he played so wonderfully, and could quote poetry so touchingly.

But the very fact that I had to find these consolations showed me clearly that all was not well with my attitude to what I had seen, nor even towards "Queen Margot" herself. I felt that I had lost something, and I lived for several days in a state of deep dejection. One day I was turbulently and recklessly insolent, and when I went to my lady for a book she said to me sternly:

"You seem to be a desperate character from what I have heard! I did not know that——"

I could not endure this, and I began to explain how nauseating I found the life I had to lead, and how hard it was for me to hear people speaking ill of her. Standing in front of me with her hand on my shoulder, she listened at first attentively and seriously, but soon she was laughing and pushing me away from her gently.

"That will do, I know all about it. Do you understand? I know!"

Then she took both my hands and said to me very tenderly:

"The less attention you pay to all that nastiness the better for you. You wash your hands very badly——"

She need not have said this; if she had had to clean the brasses, wash the floor and the dirty cloths, her hands would not have been any better than mine, I think.

"When a person knows how to live he is slandered,

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they are jealous of him; and if he doesn't know how to live they despise him," she said thoughtfully, drawing me to her and looking into my eyes with a smile. "Do you love me?"

"Yes."

"Very much?"

"Yes."

"But—how?"

"I don't know."

"Thank you! You are a good boy! I like people to love me——" She smiled, looked as if she were going to say something more, but remained silent, still keeping me in her arms. "Come oftener to see me, come whenever you can——"

I took advantage of this, and she did me a lot of good. After dinner my employers used to lie down, and I used to run downstairs, and if she were at home would stay with her for an hour and sometimes even longer.

"You must read Russian books, you must know all about Russian life."

She taught me, sticking hairpins into her fragrant hair with rosy fingers. And she enumerated the Russian authors, and added:

"Will you remember them?"

She often said thoughtfully and with an air of slight vexation:

"We must have you taught, and I am always forgetting! Ach, my God——"

After sitting with her I ran downstairs with a new book in my hands and feeling as if I had been washed inside.

I had already read Aksakov's "Family Chronicle"; the glorious Russian poem "In the Forests"; the amazing "Memoirs of a Hunter"; several volumes of Grebenkov and Solugub; the poetry of Venevitinov, Odoevski, Tutchet. These books laved my soul, washing away the husks of barren and bitter reality. I felt that these were good books, and realised that they were indispensable to me. One result of reading them was that I gained a firm conviction that I was not alone in the world, and the fact that I should not be lost, took root in my soul.

When grandmother came to see me I used to tell her

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joyfully about "Queen Margot," and she, taking a pinch of snuff with great enjoyment, said heartily :

"Well, well, that is very nice! You see, there are plenty of good people about; you only have to look for them and then you will find them!"

And one day she suggested :

"How would it be if I went to her and said thank you for what she does for you?"

"No, it is better not——"

"Well, if you don't want me to—— Lord, Lord! How good it all is! I would like to go on living for ever and ever!"

"Queen Margot" never carried out her project of having me taught, for an unpleasant affair happened on the Feast of the Holy Trinity and nearly ruined me.

Not long before the holiday my eyelids became terribly swollen and my eyes were quite closed up. My employers were afraid that I should go blind, and I was also afraid. They took me to the well-known doctor, Genrikh Rodzevich, who lanced my eyelids, and for days I lay with my eyes bandaged in tormenting black misery. The day before the Feast of the Trinity my bandages were taken off and I walked about once more, feeling as if I had come back from a grave in which I had been laid alive. Nothing can be more terrible than to lose one's sight; it is an unspeakable injury which takes a hundred worlds away from a man.

The joyful day of the Holy Trinity arrived, and, as an invalid, I was off duty from noon and went to the kitchen to pay a visit to the orderlies. All of them, even the strict Tuphyaev, were drunk, and towards evening Ermokhin struck Sidorov on the head with a block of wood. The latter fell senseless to the ground, and Ermokhin, terrified, ran out to the causeway.

An alarming rumour that Sidorov had been murdered was soon spread over the yard. People gathered on the steps and looked at the soldier stretched motionless across the threshold; there were whispers that the police ought to be sent for, but no one went to fetch them, and no one could be persuaded to touch the soldier.

Then the washerwoman, Natalia Kozlovski, in a new blue frock with a white neckerchief, appeared on the scene.

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She pushed the people aside angrily, went into the entrance passage, squatted down—said loudly :

“Fools! He is alive! Give me some water——”

They began to protest :

“Don’t meddle with what is not your business!”

“Water, I tell you!” she cried, as if there were a fire. She lifted her new frock over her knees in a businesslike manner, spread out her underskirt, and laid the soldier’s bleeding head on her knees.

The crowd dispersed, disapproving and fearful. In the dim light of the passage I could see the eyes of the washerwoman flashing angrily, full of tears, in her white, round face. I took her a pail of water, and she ordered me to throw it over the head and breast of Sidorov with the caution :

“Don’t spill it over me, I am going to pay a visit to some friends——”

The soldier came to himself, opened his dull eyes, moaned.

“Lift him up,” said Natalia, holding him under the armpits with her hands outstretched lest he should soil her frock. We carried the soldier into the kitchen and laid him on the bed; she wiped his face with a wet cloth, and went away saying :

“Soak the cloth in water and hold it to his head, and I will go and find that fool. Devils! I suppose they won’t be satisfied until they have drunk themselves into prison.”

She went out after slipping her soiled under-petticoat from her legs to the floor and flinging it into a corner, and carefully smoothing out her rustling, crumpled frock.

Sidorov stretched himself, hiccupped, sighed—warm drops of thick blood fell on my bare feet from his head. This was unpleasant, but I was too frightened to move my feet away from those drops.

It was bitter; the sun shone festively out in the yard; the steps of the houses and the gate were decorated with young birch; to each pedestal were tied freshly cut branches of maple and mountain ash; the whole street was gay with foliage; everything was so young, so new. Ever since the morning I had felt that the spring holiday had come to stay, and that it had made life cleaner, brighter, happier.

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The soldier was sick, the stifling odour of warm vodka and green onion filled the kitchen, against the window were pressed sort of dull, misty, broad faces, with flattened noses, and hands held against their cheeks, which made them look hideous.

The soldier muttered as he recollected himself :

"What happened to me? Did I fall, Ermokhin? Go—o—od comrade——" Then he began to cough, wept drunken tears, and groaned, "My little sister—my little sister——"

He stood up, tottering, wet, and stinking; he staggered and falling back heavily upon the bed said, rolling his eyes strangely :

"They have quite killed me——"

This struck me as being funny.

"What the devil are you laughing at?" he asked, looking at me dully. "What is there to laugh at. I am killed for ever——"

He began to hit out at me with both hands, muttering :

"The first time was that of Elias the prophet; the second time St. George on his steed; the third—— Don't come near me! Go away, wolf——"

"Don't be a fool!" I said.

He became absurdly angry, roared and stamped his feet.

"I am killed, and you——"

And with his heavy, slow, dirty hand he struck me in the eyes. I set up a howl and blindly made for the yard, where I ran into Natalia leading Ermokhin by the arm, crying :

"Come along, horse! What is the matter with you?" she asked, catching hold of me.

"He has come to himself——"

"Come to himself, eh?" she drawled in amazement. And drawing Ermokhin along she said :

"Well, were-wolf! You may thank your God for this!"

I washed my eyes with water, and looking through the door of the passage I saw the soldiers make their peace, embracing each other and crying. Then they both tried to embrace Natalia, but she hit out at them, crying :

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"Take your paws off me, curs! What do you take me for? One of your street-walkers? Make haste and get to sleep before your masters come home or there will be trouble for you!"

She made them lie down as if they were little children, the one on the floor, the other on the pallet-bed, and when they began to snore came out into the porch.

"I am in a mess—and I was dressed to go out visiting too! Did he hit you? What a fool! That's what it does—vodka! Don't drink, little fellow, never drink——"

Then I sat on the bench at the gate with her and asked how it was that she was not afraid of drunken people.

"I am not afraid of sober people either. If they come near me this is what they get!" She showed me her tightly clenched red fist. "My dead husband was also given to drink too much, and once when he was drunk I tied his hands and feet, and when he had slept it off I took down his trousers and gave him a birching for his health. 'Don't drink, don't get drunk when you are married,' I said; 'your wife should be your amusement, and not vodka!' Yes, I scolded him until I was tired, and after that he was like wax in my hands."

"You are strong," I said, remembering the woman, Eve, who deceived even God Himself.

Natalia replied with a sigh:

"A woman needs more strength than man, she has to have strength enough for two, and God has bestowed it upon her! Man is an unstable creature."

She spoke calmly, without malice, sitting with her arms folded over her large bosom, resting her back against the fence, her eyes fixed sadly on the dusty gutter full of rubbish. Listening to her clever talk I forgot all about the time, and suddenly I saw my master coming along arm in arm with the mistress. They were walking slowly, pompously, like a turkey-cock with his hen, and, looking at us attentively, said something to one another.

I ran to open the front door to them, and as she came up the steps the mistress said to me venomously:

"So you are courting the washerwoman? Are you learning to carry on with ladies of that low class?"

This was so stupid that it did not even annoy me, but I felt offended when the master said, laughing:

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"What do you expect? It is time!"

The next morning, when I went into the shed for the wood, I found in the square hole which was made for the hook of the door an empty purse, and as I had seen it many times in the hands of Sidorov I took it to him at once.

"Where is the money gone?" he asked, feeling the inside of the purse with his fingers. "Thirty roubles there were! Give them here!"

His head was enveloped in a turban formed of a towel; looking yellow and wasted he blinked at me angrily with his swollen eyes, and refused to believe that I had found the purse empty.

Ermokhin came in and backed him up, shaking his head at me:

"It is he who has stolen it! Take him to his master! Soldiers do not steal from soldiers."

These words made me think that he had stolen the money himself and had thrown the purse into my shed, and I called out to his face without hesitation:

"Liar! You stole it yourself!"

And I was convinced that I had guessed right when I saw his wooden face drawn crooked with fear and rage, as he writhed and cried shrilly:

"Prove it!"

How could I prove it? Ermokhin dragged me with a shout across the yard; Sidorov followed us, also shouting; several people put their heads out of the windows; the mother of "Queen Margot" looked on, smoking calmly. I realised that I had fallen in the esteem of my lady—and I went mad.

I remember the soldiers dragging me by the arms, and my employers standing before them sympathetically agreeing with them as they listened to the complaint, and the mistress saying:

"Of course he took it! He was courting the washerwoman at the gate last evening, and he must have had some money; no one gets anything from her without money——"

"That's true!" cried Ermokhin.

I was swept off my feet, consumed by a wild rage. I began to abuse the mistress, and was soundly beaten.

But it was not so much the beating which tortured me

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as the thought of what my "Queen Margot" was thinking of me now. How should I ever set myself right in her eyes? Bitter were my thoughts in that dreadful time. I only did not strangle myself because I had not the time to do so.

Fortunately for me the soldiers spread the story over the whole yard, the whole street, and in the evening as I lay in the attic I heard the loud voice of Natalia Kozlovski below:

"No, why should I hold my tongue? No, my dear fellow, get away, get along with you! Go away, I say! If you don't, I will go to your gentleman and he will give you something!"

I felt at once that this noise was about me. She was shouting near our steps, her voice rang out loudly and triumphantly.

"How much money did you show me yesterday? Where did you get it from? Tell us——"

Holding my breath with joy, I heard Sidorov drawl sadly:

"Aie—aie, Ermokhin——"

"And the boy has had the blame of it? He has been beaten for it, eh?"

I felt like running down to the yard and dancing there for joy and kissing the washerwoman out of gratitude, but at that moment, apparently from the window, my mistress cried:

"The boy was beaten because he was insolent, but no one believed that he was a thief except you, you slut!"

"Slut yourself, madam! You are nothing better than a cow, if you will permit me to say so."

I listened to this quarrel as if it were music; my heart burned with hot tears of self-pity and gratitude to Natalia; I held my breath in the effort to keep them back.

Then the master came slowly up to the attic, sat on a projecting beam near me, and said, smoothing his hair:

"Well, brother Pyeshkov, and so you had nothing to do with it?"

I turned my face away without speaking.

"All the same, your language was hideous," he went on; and I announced to him quietly:

"As soon as I can get up I shall leave you——"

(To be continued.)

The Reality of Peace (iii)

By D. H. Lawrence

We long most of all to belong to life. This primal desire, the desire to come into being, the desire to achieve a transcendent state of existence, is all we shall ever know of a *primum mobile*. But it is enough.

And corresponding with this desire for absolute life, immediately consequent is the desire for death. This we will never admit. We cannot admit the desire of death in ourselves even when it is single and dominant. We must still deceive ourselves with the name of life.

This is the root of all confusion, this inability for man to admit, "Now I am single in my desire for destructive death." When it is autumn in the world, the autumn of a human epoch, then the desire for death becomes single and dominant. I want to kill, I want violent sensationalism, I want to break down, I want to put asunder, I want anarchic revolution—it is all the same, the single desire for death.

We long most of all for life and creation. That is the final truth. But not all life belongs to life. Not all life is progressing to a state of transcendent being. For many who are born and live year after year there is no such thing as coming to blossom. Many are saprophyte, living on the dead body of the past. Many are parasite, living on the old and enfeebled body politic; and many, many more are mere impurities. Many, in these days, most human beings, having come into the world on the impulse of death, find that the impulse is not strong enough to carry them into absolution. They reach a maturity of physical life, and then the advance ends. They have not the strength for the further passage into darkness. They are born short, they wash on a slack tide; they will never be flung into the transcendence of the second death. They are spent before they arrive; their life is a slow lapsing out,

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a slow inward corruption. Their flood is the flood of decomposition and decay; in this they have their being. They are like the large green cabbages that cannot move on into flower. They attain a fatness and magnificence of leaves, then they rot inside. There is not sufficient creative impulse, they lapse into green corpulence. So with the sheep and the pigs of our domestic life. They frisk into life as if they would pass on to pure being. But the tide fails them. They grow fat; their only *raison d'être* is to provide food for a really living organism. They have only the moment of first youth, then they lapse gradually into nullity. It is given us to devour them.

So with very many human lives, especially in what is called the periods of decadence. They have mouths and stomachs, and an obscene *will* of their own. Yes, they have also prolific procreative wombs whence they bring forth increasing insufficiency. But the germ of intrinsic creation they have none, neither have they the courage of true death. They never live. They are like the sheep in the fields, that have their noses to the ground, and anticipate only the thrill of increase.

These will never understand, neither life nor death. But they will bleat mechanically about life and righteousness, since this is how they can save their appearances. And in their eyes is the furtive tyranny of nullity. They will understand no word of living death, since death encompasses them. If a man understands the living death, he is a man in the quick of creation.

The quick can encompass death, but the living dead are encompassed. Let the dead bury their dead. Let the living dead attend to the dead dead. What has creation to do with them?

The righteousness of the living dead is an abominable nullity. They, the sheep of the meadow, they eat and eat to swell out their living nullity. They are so many, their power is immense, and the negative power of their nullity bleeds us of life as if they were vampires. Thank God for the tigers and the butchers that will free us from the abominable tyranny of these greedy, negative sheep.

It is very natural that every word about death they will decry as evil. For if death be understood, they are found out. They are multitudes of slow, greedy-mouthed decay.

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There are the isolated heroes of passionate and beautiful death, Tristan, Achilles, Napoleon. These are the royal lions and tigers of our life. There are many wonderful initiators into the death for re-birth, like Christ and St. Paul and St. Francis. But there is a ghastly multitude of obscene nullity, flocks of hideous sheep with blind mouths and still blinder crying, and hideous cowards' eye of tyranny for the sake of their own bloated nothingness.

These are the enemy and the abomination. And they are so many we shall with difficulty save ourselves from them. Indeed, the word humanity has come to mean only this obscene flock of blind mouths and blinder bleating, and most hideous cowards' tyranny of negation. Save us, oh, holy death; carry us beyond them, oh, holy life of creation; for how shall we save ourselves against such ubiquitous multitudes of living dead? It needs a faith in that which has created all creation, and will therefore never fall before the blind mouth of nullity.

The sheep, the hideous myrmidons of sheep, all *will* and belly and prolific womb, they have their own absolution. They have the base absolution of the *I*. A vile entity detaches itself and shuts itself off immune from the flame of creation and from the stream of death likewise. They assert a free will. And this free will is a horny, glassy, insentient covering into which they creep, like some tough bugs, and therein remain active and secure from life and death. So they swarm in insulated completeness, obscene like bugs.

We are quite insulated from life. And we think ourselves quite immune from death. But death, beautiful death searches us out, even in our armour of insulated will. Death is within us, while we tighten our will to keep him out. Death, beautiful clean death, washes slowly within us and carries us away. We have never known life, save, perhaps, for a few moments during childhood. Well may heaven lie about us in our infancy, if our maturity is but the bug-like security of a vast and impervious envelope of insentience, the insentience of the human mass. Heaven lies about us in our consummation of manhood, if we are men. If we are men, we attain to heaven in our achieved manhood, our flowering maturity. But if we are like bugs, our first sight of this good earth may well seem

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heavenly. For we soon learn not to see. A bug, and a sheep, sees only with its fear and its belly. Its eyes look out in a coward's will not-to-see, a self-righteous vision.

It is not the will of the overweening individual we have to fear to-day, but the consenting together of a vast host of null ones. It is no Napoleon or Nero, but the innumerable myrmidons of nothingness. It is not the leopard or the hot tiger, but the masses of rank sheep. Shall I be pressed to death, shall I be suffocated under the slow and evil weight of countless long-faced sheep? This is a fate of ignominy indeed. Who compels us to-day? The malignant null sheep. Who overwhelms us? The persistent, purblind, bug-like sheep. It is a horrid death to be suffocated under these fat-smelling ones.

There is an egoism far more ghastly than that of the tyrannous individual. It is the egoism of the flock. What if a tiger pull me down? It is straight death. But what if the flock which counts me part of itself compress me and squeeze me with slow malice to death? It cannot be, it shall not be. I cry to the spirit of life, I cry to the spirit of death to save me. I *must* be saved from the vast and obscene self-conceit which is the ruling force of the world that envelops me.

The tiger is sufficient unto himself, a law unto himself. Even the grisly condor sits isolated on the peak. It is the will of the flock that is the obscenity of obscenities. Timeless and clinched in stone is the naked head of the vulture. Timeless as rock, the great condor sits inaccessible in the heights. It is the last brink of deathly life, just alive, just dying, not quite static. It has locked its unalterable will forever against life and death. It persists in the flux of unclean death. It leans forever motionless on death. The will is fixed, there shall be no yielding to life, no yielding to death. Yet death gradually steals over the huge obscene birds. Gradually the leaves fall from the rotten branch, the feathers leave naked the too-dead neck of the vulture.

But worse than the fixed and obscene will of the isolated individual is the will of the obscene herd. They cringe, the herd; they shrink their buttocks downward like the hyæna. They are one flock. They are a nauseous herd together, keeping up a steady heat in the whole. They have one temperature, one aim, one will, enveloping them into

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an obscene oneness, like a mass of insects or sheep or carrion-eaters. What do they want? They want to maintain themselves insulated from life and death. Their will has asserted its own absolution. They are the arrogant immitigable beings who have achieved a secure entity. They are *it*. Nothing can be added to them, nor detracted. Enclosed and complete, they have their completion in the whole herd, they have their wholeness in the whole flock, they have their oneness in their multiplicity. Such are the sheep, such is humanity, an obscene whole which is no whole, only a multiplied nullity. But in their multiplicity they are so strong that they can defy both life and death for a time, existing like weak insects, powerful and horrible because of their countless numbers.

It is in vain to appeal to these ghastly myrmidons. They understand neither the language of life nor the language of death. They are fat and prolific and all-powerful, innumerable. They are in truth nauseous slaves of decay. But now, alas! the slaves have got the upper hand. Nevertheless, it only needs that we go forth with whips, like the old chieftain. Swords will not frighten them, they are too many. At all costs the herd of nullity must be subdued. It is the worst coward. It has triumphed, this slave herd, and its tyranny is the tyranny of a pack of jackals. But it can be frightened back to its place. For its cowardice is as great as its arrogance.

Sweet, beautiful death, come to our help. Break in among the herd, make gaps in its insulated completion. Give us a chance, sweet death, to escape from this herd and gather together against it a few living beings. Purify us with death, O death, cleanse from us the rank stench of the mass, make us clean and single. Release us from the intolerable oneness with a negative humanity. Break for us this foul prison where we suffocate in the reek of the flock of the living dead. Smash, beautiful destructive death, smash the complete will of the hosts of man, the will of the self-absorbed bug. Smash the great obscene unison. Death, assert your strength now, for it is time. They have defied you so long. They have even, in their mad arrogance, begun to deal in death as if it also were subjugated. They thought to use death as they have used life this long

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time, for their own base end of nullification. Swift death was to serve their end of enclosed, arrogant, self-assertion. Death was to help them maintain themselves *in statu quo*, the benevolent and self-righteous bugs of humanity.

Let there be no humanity, let there be a few men. Sweet death, save us from humanity. Death, noble, unstainable death, smash the glassy rind of humanity, as one would smash the brittle hide of the insulated bug. Smash humanity, and make an end of it. Let there emerge a few pure and single men—men who give themselves to the unknown of life and death and are fulfilled. Make an end of our unholy oneness, O death, give us to our single being. Release me from the debased social body, O death, release me at last; let me be by myself, let me be myself. Let me know other men who are single and not contained by any multiple oneness. Let me find a few men who are distinct and at ease in themselves like stars. Let me derive no more from the body of mankind. Let me derive direct from life or direct from death, according to the impulse that is in me.

The Trench and the Pulpit

By Eden Phillpotts

FROM the beginning of the war to the present time the disparity of vision between pulpit and trench has occasioned many impartial onlookers profound interest. To win any sort of spiritual understanding a man must feel the truth. No amount of imagination will reach to it; no native piety and no consciousness of the rectitude of one's own cause will serve the purpose. We find on all sides among the belligerents exactly similar phenomena. The intelligent man in the trenches writes home his impressions, and often the storm and stress of his soul awaken into song. But the poetry and prose of the trenches are inspired by the same vision of reality, and half the war books now obtainable will be found full of quotations from Frenchmen, Englishmen, Germans, all saying the same thing in different words. They echo horror for humanity and like pity for the sufferings of their friends and enemies; they hope, and often pray, that this cup may soon pass from humanity's lips for ever. Face to face with the truth of war, the men in the trenches, who have intellectual power sufficient to weigh and measure what they see inflicted on flesh and blood, are at one in a wide, human compassion transcending nationality and any other cause smaller than the immortal cause of mankind. They do not dwell overmuch upon the reasons for it all, but they mourn the results, and, far from expressing any hatred of the enemy before them, recognise that he, like themselves, has been driven to do another will than his own, and to suffer for large abstractions and ambitions in which neither he nor any individual can claim more than a vague and misty part. He is sorry for his enemy, and either laments or despises the necessity which has called for this destruction. He fights indeed with the skill and judgment he was prepared to bring to greater affairs of life. He fights to conquer, and he wastes no false sentiment on the pressing need to kill his fellow-man; but he does it like a gentleman, and he recognises in the

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dead and wounded foe a being similar to himself, actuated by kindred hopes and ambitions and driven to destruction by the same necessities.

There is no hate in the trenches, save when the enemy's interpretation of the rules of the game is faulty and he commits crimes and offences for which war has no excuse. Even so, French and English understand that the German is less his own master than they are, and must often be called by his superior officers, fed upon "frightfulness," to do things unspeakable.

But from the pulpit another story emerges, and if Christian Germany permits her pastors more childish explosions of public hate than can be heard here, we, despite our more reserved temperament and restrained culture, commit errors as transparently foolish. Our pulpit criticism is no subtler. We loudly proclaim the Christianity of Germany to be a spurious article, and declare that the Fatherland is inhabited by atheists and savages who have forgotten God. The pulpit fulminations of Germany and our own lie on the same lowly intellectual plane; both spring from an identical spirit of blind antagonism without imagination; each takes its standpoint in the assumption that the enemy has thrown over the religion of Christ, with every sacred precept and injunction therein contained and enjoined. If both are right, there is no Christianity left in Christendom; but for each to claim the Light at the expense of the other is grotesque. Both stultify Christianity; the attitude of both displays a deliberate apostasy of the princes of the Church on either side.

For a live Christianity should always be too proud to fight save for its Founder. Those ministers and priests in both countries who had, above all things, the welfare of their religion at heart, who recognised in it a sacred treasure committed to their charge, must, if independent of temporal considerations, have thundered, not against an enemy nation, but against the infamy for which all who professed and called themselves Christians were responsible. Not for them to take sides, palter with politics, or pretend the enemy less Christian than themselves. Their part was to join hands for their Saviour and, in His Name and no other, protest before humanity at this outrage on the sacred

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professions of the fighting millions. Live Christianity had done that, and a living Church might have gone far in the name of righteousness to limit the war and lessen its evils, if powerless to win a complete victory for the Prince of Peace. But no such attempt was made; Christianity is found as backward in international ideals as Socialism itself. She lacks the universal spirit claimed for her, and proves less competent than Freemasonry to wake a common enthusiasm or summon mankind to the banners of a common cause. The understanding of the trenches is higher, more gracious, more humanist, and more acute than the comprehension of the pulpit. Those whose business it is to slay each other do not curse each other; those who should seek to link the nations with a golden chain of shared faith and understanding, tell each other that they are atheists and henceforth beyond the pale of man's recognition or God's forgiveness.

Two great opposite theories underlie practical politics to-day, and while our ideal tends towards democracy, freedom of thought and action, liberty of conscience and respect for the weak, Germany, long ruled and trained by her archaic war-caste, disavows these aspects of government, conceives of herself as God's viceroy in the comity of nations, and believes herself a supreme and chosen people, unto whom the earth and the fulness thereof is destined as a divine reward for her own virtues.

The Allied theory has grounds in ethics and philosophy, but that of the Fatherland is frankly based on religion.

To call Germany atheist is grossly to libel her, for abounding faith in God lies at the roots of her polity, and from the Kaiser through all ranks of society there obtains most active profession and practice of religious observations.

As to the question of this gulf between the soul of trench and pulpit, the reason seems direct enough. The man in the trench is free, the man in the pulpit bound hand and foot. While religion continues to be a creature of the State, and ethics and philosophy are unfettered and innocent of any such union; while fighting men may think and feel what they like about the foe, but preaching men only say what their masters would approve, it follows that the true opinion and aspiration of humanity shall be sought from the soldier rather than the priest.

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There is nothing to choose between the Churches of the belligerents. Given the temperamental differences, the results are practically identical. Both Churches lie under the heel of the State, and while to our Established Church belongs a larger liberty than the German Lutherans can boast, the difference is only of degree. Neither tells the truth of its faith before this war, nor scourges its own nation for such complete unfaithfulness to Christian precept. Neither even dares to criticise its nation's conduct of war, or to protest in the name of Christ against the thousand and one hideous and reactionary measures the war has demanded from all sides. Rome was similarly dumb before Austria's devilries in Serbia, since Austria is vital to the Vatican. Not a Church on earth can afford to speak the truth that it professes.

From which concatenation one supposes that those who still desire to see the Christian religion a quick institution, would pray for it that it may yet find means to become master in its own house, and, cleansed of this noxious conjunction with temporal power, stand forth in the eyes of all men and show the world whether or no it can stand alone.

If the war disestablishes the Church of England and thus shows its real strength or weakness, one measure of valuable ethical progress at least may be recorded; for until such divorce we are unable to judge the validity of its claims or the vitality of its organism. We only recognise that through the war it has spoken with contradictory voices, uttered a bewildering flood of fatuity—futile on any scale of values, but doubly impotent contrasted with the speech of mankind at the front. The war has rent the veil of the Temple in twain and revealed nothing of the least consequence behind it. That could not be otherwise while the Temple remained a side chapel to Parliament and its ministers lay under the dominion of those who neither respected their achievements nor acknowledged their supernatural authority. Let the Church of England free herself if she would endure; and so win liberty of conscience to pursue her own spiritual ideals unfettered and utter her true inspirations without fear. Then at least she will preach and teach as honestly, if not as worthily, as the man in the trenches, and perhaps recover a measure of that respect and attention reserved to-day for him.

Musical Notes

By Edwin Evans

As Drury Lane has a historical claim to be considered our national stage, there is a kind of symbolical significance in Sir Thomas Beecham's removal thither from his Aldwych retreat. His organisation for giving opera in English is, in fact, assuming the dignity and proportions of a national institution. The question whether the time is not at hand for the still more decisive step from opera in English to English opera is, of course, one for him to decide in conjunction with his business advisers. From an outsider's point of view, he would seem to be in some danger of letting the psychological moment go by. It is true that the risk of plunging is very great under present conditions, and no one could reproach him were he to hesitate. But the distinction to be achieved is all the greater. When this war is over there is going to be a spurt of great activity in all national undertakings. At present Sir Thomas Beecham stands alone. The end of the war may bring competitors, and he runs the risk of being forestalled. On the other hand, he is certainly taking the necessary steps for meeting competition. It is not only the giving of opera in English at Drury Lane that gives his organisation its national character. It is not limited to the metropolis or to opera. It is powerful in all the big provincial centres. It permeates all the leading orchestral institutions, and offers careers to all rising vocal and orchestral talents. It is not far short of doing all that the subsidised organisations can do in countries more fortunate than our own.

From the point of view of those who concern themselves mainly with the future of music in this country, the most important feature is Sir Thomas's knack of surrounding himself with brilliant young men who are likely to have a hand in moulding that future. His musical staff includes many such behind and before the footlights. One of his

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conductors is Mr. Eugene Goossens, junior, who is at the same time one of the most promising of our composers—so promising that Sir Thomas has earned our gratitude by keeping him very busy with the baton, and thus preserving him from the danger that besets so many men of his stamp, that of overwriting themselves to the point where facility becomes habit. His first important work dates from five years ago, and it is only since the outbreak of war that he has become known to the public, in the first instance by two Trios performed at the Steinway Hall, one for flute, violin, and harp, and the other for flute, 'cello, and piano. His compositions now run to eighteen opus numbers, including "Two Persian Idylls," which are not yet published, and a set of piano pieces at present incomplete. Among those available in print are, besides the two Trios mentioned above, a Concert Study for piano, a Phantasy and Two Sketches for string quartet, a Rhapsody for 'cello and piano, and "Deux Proses Lyriques" for voice and piano. The Two Sketches are now firmly established in the modern repertoire of the string quartet, and perhaps his best-known composition. His music, especially the last three or four works, is of intense interest to the critic, for he presents the most striking example of a composer in whom the welter of cross-currents that followed upon the decay of the German idiom has produced an outlook more truly international than has been common in Europe since the days of Mozart. After the era of French, Russian, British, and other composers, who were national in order not to be German, there was bound to come a time when a composer could with safety allow himself to be merely European, and I look upon Goossens, who has learned all that modern music can teach him, as a very significant example of the European composer of the future. That will, however, not hinder him from doing service to English music, which must eventually follow the same path after it has purged itself of the delusion that all good music must have something of "Die Loreley" about it.

Another composer, this time outside the Beecham orbit, who has come into his kingdom since the last instalment of these notes is Mr. John Ireland, whose story is, however, a very different one. So far from his ever being endangered by his own facility, he has evolved slowly and, to

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judge by internal evidence in his compositions themselves, with considerable heart-searching. One might even say that only in his last three works—the second violin Sonata, the Rhapsody for piano, and his new Trio—has he really succeeded in finding himself. In all the earlier works one feels a curious kind of duality—as it were, an antithesis between emotions which an Englishman is often tempted to express in trite phrases, and an intelligence in rebellion against the phrases, demanding more truth. Even the three brilliant works that have brought him to a position for which he was amply equipped ten years ago still contain traces of this duality, but it takes a heartless vivisector like myself to find them, and his sincerity is such that I prefer not to let myself be aware of them. In fact, I should say that the absolute sincerity of John Ireland's music is the quality from which it derives the greater part of its value. Precisely because it has not been easy for him to acquire the art of self-expression, the emotions he now expresses in his music have, besides their maturity, a convincing air of honesty about them that enhances their appeal in these days when tawdriness is so often regarded as brilliant. These were the thoughts that came to me in listening to a concert of his compositions given this month, the programme of which contained, as if for purposes of comparison, portions of his first violin Sonata written some ten years ago. All these works are either published or in the press, so that he who plays may read for himself what I am trying to put into words.

The same programme contained a couple of war-songs to poems by Eric Cooper, which came very opportunely to supersede the impression I had received the day before from Sir Edward Elgar's settings of Kipling's "Fringes of the Fleet," which were performed under the composer's direction at the Coliseum. In the first place, these poems have none of that quality which is enhanced by music—their merit lies in another direction altogether. Furthermore, their stage setting was bad. Finally, I seemed to hear a faint echo of the humble heroes concerned saying, "Don't make a song about it, guv'nor."

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

The Way to Peace

The Maximum Conception

By 1901

Not only the Allied world, but a great number of men and women in enemy countries are never free from anxious and tragic speculation as to the thoughts which now direct the minds of Monsieur Ribot, President Wilson, and Mr. Lloyd George.

It is clear that if these three men, who not only represent, but inspire and carry with them, a vast and overwhelming majority of their countrymen, could now arrive at a definite, detailed, and final agreement as to the objective of the war and the methods to be pursued in conducting it, their complete unity of purpose would hasten the end, and produce in the hearts and minds of our adversaries such a sense of inevitability of ultimate failure as to strike at the roots of enterprise within them.

As an army places its faith in its commander-in-chief, a nation in time of war gives an unmeasured and unqualified support to its leader. An unchallengable and indisputable unity in Allied thought and action is now so obviously an urgent and imperative necessity that any delay on the part of the Allied leaders in securing instantly in their favour the immense force and influence which a joint declaration of their objective and methods would at once confer, seems inexplicable.

Daily and, if necessary, hourly telegraphic conversations should now take place between these three men, in whose hands Fate has placed the destinies of untold numbers, and in the name of the cause which they hold sacred, and for the sake of a world in agony, they must

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break through all the barriers imposed by precedent and all that has gone before, and make a declaration to the world upon which they will stand or fall. When this be done, and every hour's delay will be measured unquestionably in the terms of DEATH AND PAIN, the resources of the Allies must be mobilised by the guiding intelligence of a maximum conception. In war, *the maximum conception leads to minimum loss*. If the German Government is not disposed to yield to a solemn declaration of Allied purpose, men, minds, money, and materials must be flung into the scale, and the Allies must be prepared, if necessary, to go out of business until the cause is won.

The United States, without reducing the practical measure of their support in men, could give us two thousand millions sterling, and thus enable us to concentrate entirely upon war. We, the nation of shopkeepers, will then put up the shutters until peace is signed.

Prussian militarism is a spirit, and it has flung an insolent challenge of defiance across the Atlantic. But in America there is a mighty spirit of incomparable daring. Even in their wealth and their capitalism there is a courage and adventure which in some subtle sense reconciles labour and gives to Socialism a sickly flavour. The United States is in its very essence the land where the spirit of immense conception dwells. The spirit that has guided them in peace will not forsake them in the time of war. There will be an added fury and impetus behind it, so that every minute of the day shall carry to Berlin a message of impending doom. The maximum conception is no stranger to America. It will animate and direct them now.

The force of the American spirit and its glory reside in the fact that they are seeking no material gain, and if Russia or any other part of the world thinks that we in England are fighting not in the cause of the liberties of peoples but for Imperial aggrandisement, let it be at once said that the German colonies which we have conquered shall be handed over in pledge to the United States as the custodians of the civilisation of the world.

The British Empire must be ready to respond, ready to think alike, ready to work as a component part in one great Allied engine of will-power.

In order to give a matchless force to the definition of

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the Allied war purpose, the English Government must show clearly to the world that they are prepared to apply to themselves the principle for which we are fighting. Its application is Ireland.

The Government must place an interpretation upon the principle of self-government as, in their judgment, it applies to Ireland. They will say that government by majorities cannot be held to mean at all times and in all circumstances a submissioin to an arithmetical formula. They will say that humanity does impose exceptions to this rule. They will say that Ulster, with its differentials of temperament, outlook, religion, and activity, presents a distinction which is the clear equivalent of a racial distinction. They will say that Ulster, therefore, is entitled to its own self-government, or to be treated as an English county. They will say that Nationalist Ireland is entitled to self-government, and that if three-fourths of the adult population of Nationalist Ireland seeks to separate itself from the British Empire, that their demand shall be granted. Only in this way can we give a moral sanction to the principle of self-government for which we claim to be struggling.

A grave duty must be discharged by the English Government—the duty to make abundantly clear to every Irish voter what the inevitable consequence must be if complete political separation is, in fact, the desire of the great majority of the people of Nationalist Ireland. They must be reminded that the general intentions of the English Government in regard to its future fiscal policy have been very recently affirmed, and that that policy embraces :

- (i) Encouragement of Empire trading.
- (ii) Encouragement of trade with our Allies.
- (iii) Encouragement of trade with the rest of the world.

If Nationalist Ireland goes into Class (iii) of her own free will and volition—and this is her unquestionable right—there can be no conceivable doubt as to the consequences that must follow. The question is one for Nationalist Ireland to settle. Is it seriously put forward as a practical question?

The economic partnership between Ireland and England rests upon a true and fundamental basis, the basis

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of an interchange of commodities between agricultural and manufacturing communities living in close contiguity.

The analogy between Ireland and our self-governing Colonies is a false one. Ireland is not economically independent. Our self-governing Colonies are. If Ireland seeks to terminate this basic partnership between agricultural and manufacturing interests, she will do so at her own peril. There is no question of intimidation here. Ireland cannot at one and the same time lie within and without the orbit of our IMPERIAL FISCAL SYSTEM. The supreme significance of the present hour is that Nationalist Ireland shall be given her choice, and if the Convention which is now about to meet gives to the world the smallest suspicion that this choice is being withheld, our loss in world force will greatly exceed all that will have been gained.

Now, let it be granted that the Allied war policy is conceived in maximum terms. How can we proceed to put our own house in order? There is much to be done, and our failures are paid for upon the stricken field of battle.

The War Cabinet needs immediate reinforcement by a Headquarters Thinking Staff of ten or twenty men, some of the finest brains in the country, who will have nothing whatever to do but to make a continuous and uninterrupted effort to see things as they are, to fix the perspective of the whole war. They will be told everything. They will be entitled to ask anything. They will have time to think. They will encourage the heads of all Government Departments to anticipate difficulties. They will constantly sum up the meaning of it all. The Admiralty will explain to them the unknown quantity in the submarine menace. They will wrestle with it. They will seek by advice and counsel to co-ordinate the minds of all the heads of Government Departments, and to sharpen the spear of Government. They will get into the mind of the Treasury, and see how far we are anticipating the financial difficulties which may present themselves as the war continues. If they are not entirely satisfied as to the precautions being taken in this regard, they will urge the Prime Minister to at once summon into being a powerful Council of some of our ablest bankers, engaged in positions of high executive responsibility, providing for a representation upon that Council

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of all the banking interests in the country. When you are spending eight millions a day, there is little time to hesitate in such a very elementary matter.

The necessity of home agriculture in relation to the submarine menace would come up for constant probing, and the War Office would commence to take the Government perspective, and not their own office perspective. The War Office would no longer have occasion to split hairs with the Government if it were engaged upon war upon the scale of a maximum conception. This would mean music in their ears. May it help them to develop a quality of thinking that has not yet been reached.

The Inventions Board would constantly report their progress to this Headquarters Thinking Staff, and if the results, the only final test of efficiency in war, were inadequate, they would at once proceed to make recommendations for the reorganisation of our system of dealing with inventions. It might well be that they would suggest that there should be three Inventions Boards, all equal in authority, acting independently of each other in a spirit of the keenest rivalry. Inventions could be placed rapidly into one of four classes :—

- (a) For immediate and instant development.
- (b) For immediate consideration.
- (c) For further consideration.
- (d) Rejection.

Any inventor having been rejected, or not having been put in Class (a), could be given the right to have his invention considered by the second Board, and failing success there the third Board could give the matter immediate consideration. These three Boards, working against each other, would scarcely be likely to reject any suggestion of intrinsic value or unduly to postpone dealing with it. It is notorious that under the existing organisations this is constantly taking place.

The Food Controller's Department, so deeply concerned with the feeding of the poorer people, would be in constant touch with this Headquarters Thinking Staff, because the problems here are of very exceptional difficulty. Many of them will disappear if the United States and her Allies decide from to-morrow to enter upon the war

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dominated by the spirit of *maximum conception*. The United States and her Allies can fix producers' selling prices, can determine intermediate profits, can insist upon rationing, and daylight will then begin to dawn. It is axiomatic that the fixing of reasonably low prices must be accompanied by rationing, as otherwise the lower level of price will stimulate consumption, prevent the creation of reserves, and ultimately defeat its own ends. The Labour Party would be invited to give great help here. It is unfortunately true that many of the Labour Party leaders who now hold Government appointments appear to have lost the confidence of their supporters, but a group of labour leaders, holding no Government office, elected *ad hoc* and acting voluntarily, could be deputed to issue weekly a certificate of the prices of the first necessities of the poor. This would show the purchasing power of their wages, and it would be a certificate of the barometer reading for the week. To think that there is anything to be gained by secrecy in these matters is undiluted folly. Under the Defence of the Realm Act, the Government could issue an order that no paper should be published in the United Kingdom which did not contain in a prominent form this weekly certificate, as and when issued. This Labour Party Committee could add to their certificate an expression of opinion as to whether profiteering had entered into any of the prices they had examined. If it were found that the immense sums of money now being obtained by the Excess Profits Tax were in any appreciable sense traceable to the prices being paid by the poor for the first necessities of life, an adjustment would appear to be immediately necessary. The Labour Party organisations throughout the country could voluntarily give most useful help in all these matters by advising as to the facts and circumstances in their particular locality. In dealing with difficulties, it is always wise to act immediately upon any simple system if that system covers 70 per cent. to 80 per cent. of the whole difficulty and as it is clear that rationing through shops without tickets but using the shopkeepers as Government agents when they are disposing of first necessities, is practicable, this could be done at once.

In the matter of publicity, the Press Bureau would also keep in constant touch with the Headquarters Thinking

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Staff, and here the Prime Minister would be likely to receive some valuable advice. An order could be issued, certainly in this country, and the example would probably be followed in all the Allied countries, making it illegal for any issue of any paper to be made which did not contain in prominent form the Allies' declaration of war purpose.

Do not let us deceive ourselves. If the uncertainty of to-day gives place to the settled and unalterable conviction of to-morrow, we shall have made a rapid advance upon the road to peace. The accumulated force, and the increasing force, of this reiterated declaration appearing in every edition of every paper published in the Allied world, would produce an automatic result. Automatic results are the good harvest of broad conception, sound construction, and fixity of purpose.

Moving upon the lines of maximum conception, Monsieur Ribot, President Wilson, and Mr. Lloyd George could now direct such a mobilisation of force in men and materials as will make puny by comparison all that has hitherto been done. The manufacture of guns and aeroplanes can proceed in a manner hitherto undreamt of, and improved system of administration can be improvised so as largely to exclude all the deadening effects of inefficiency and vested interest, protected by an armoured belt of red tape, of which recurring evidence is provided.

All this can be done if men will think in terms of Death and Pain, which are the direct result of anything in quantity or quality which is below the level of maximum effort.

There must be a new declaration of war against the spirit of Prussian militarism, and a detailed definition of our war-aims must slur nothing, cover up nothing, conceal nothing. Risks must be taken. Even if thereby difficulties are created, they must be faced. The resulting unity will constitute a matchless force. This is the master key. Now how can you go to war upon the scale of a maximum conception if your *objective is in dispute*? Adversaries are always fighting for their skins. That is a commonplace. But half the world professes to be now engaged in destroying and crushing out the spirit which informs and animates Prussian militarism. During the last forty years that spirit

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has imposed itself upon Alsace and Lorraine. German militarism was born there. It will only die there. Are you going to leave it there, to mock and taunt you when the war has become a memory, and the blind and the maimed of gallant France and of her Allies spend the rest of their lives in a hideous nightmare, realising that it was all for nothing? Is this the way an Allied world fighting for sacred principles spells the word Justice?

As it is imperative that the English Government should at once announce its interpretation of the principle of self-government in its application to Ireland, so also must the Allied Powers announce their intention in relation to Alsace and Lorraine.

The world is now looking straight into the eyes of Monsieur Ribot, President Wilson, and Mr. Lloyd George, and it says:

"You are not acting as representatives of your respective countries. A more exalted function is yours. You represent the civilisation of the white world. You must judge. In every syllable of your judgment you must give articulate expression to the conscience of mankind, from which justice springs. If you want help, let the universities of the United States, France, and England lend you their aid. But out of your compassion for the mothers of men, you will not delay.

"In this solemn hour, as, in your imagination, through the mists of your tears, you watch the fine flower of the world's young manhood being lowered into a premature grave, as you watch Mother Earth press the poor, cold, withered petals to her bosom in the convulsive agony of her sacrifice, and as you watch the heavenly dews descending to bless, to purify, and to uplift, you will fling from your minds all *thoughts of expediency and diplomacy*. You will not allow such thoughts to defile the temple of Justice. *In the name of Justice, and in her name alone, you will deliver your judgment*, and as the measured accents of that judgment travel along the corridors of Time, no sound of discord shall be heard. The voice of Justice shall ring true."

To sum up, the position is as clear as noonday. There must be no wavering. There is not occasion for doubt. Monsieur Ribot, President Wilson, and Mr. Lloyd George

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must announce to the world their joint declaration of the ALLIED WAR PURPOSE.

If the Imperial German Government, with this solemn declaration before their eyes, determine to continue the fight, there must not be a moment's hesitation. The Allied Powers must at once decide to go to war, guided by the spirit of maximum conception. The incomparable daring of America will inspire and lead. Only in this way can you hope to impose your will upon the enemy and hasten the termination of the struggle. Fail to do this, and your failure, with its tragic consequences, will carry with it the curses of the human race.

It was the evening hour of relaxation, and the sound of a concertina mingled with the jingling words of a soldier's song, "Sur l'Yser pendant la Guerre." And there was a little French Territorial, over forty, married, and with three children, and he kept a little hotel near Boulogne. He had had months of the trenches, two days in and three days out, and the red wine pushed an epigram through his lips, an epigram which is now upon the lips of the world. He said:

"I don't mind being alive. And I don't mind being dead. But I don't want any more of this."

The New Elements of Sea-Power

By "Quidnunc"

THE key to our attitude towards the under-surface weapon or submarine goes back to the now historic pronouncement of Admiral Sir Percy Scott in *The Times* of June, 1914, wherein he accurately foreshadowed the position we find ourselves in to-day. In that statement he maintained that submarines had "revolutionised naval warfare," virtually "driving the battleship from the sea"; and further that in a war the enemy submarines "will come over and destroy anything and everything that they can get at." What happened?

He was snubbed and denounced largely by his own colleagues in the Service. In a *précis* answering the many objections raised, Admiral Scott replied briefly (July 10th, 1914) thus with regard to submarine warfare on commerce: "All war is barbarous, but in war the purpose of the enemy is to crush his foe; to arrive at this he will attack where his foe is most vulnerable. Our most vulnerable point is our food and oil supply. Will feelings of humanity restrain our enemy from using" the new method?

As we now know, Sir Percy Scott was right and the official attitude was wrong.* To-day it is generally realised that such has been our weakness since the war started. We have never got away from the battleship or surface idea, and perhaps the greatest surprise of the war has been the negative or defensive activity of the Fleets, contrary to 99 per cent. of the world's anticipations whether lay or professional. The position is the paradox that the two most powerful Navies in the world are "not at sea" in

* In *The New Republic* of May 12th, a paper reputed to be in personal touch with Mr. Wilson, it was frankly admitted that "any nation, including the United States, which was being blockaded by a superior fleet and was in danger of being crushed" would use the submarine.

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war, though the whole training of those Navies consisted in preparation for action at sea—in a word, Admiral Scott's prognostications have proved correct, even as regards naval scouting. He wrote: "It *was* the seaman's business to find the enemy; now it is the airman's business. The seaman's difficulty will be to destroy the submarine."

A year ago Lord Selborne announced officially that "we had the submarines in hand," from which hour we regarded the under-surface weapon as negligible. But that was not the case. The decrease in German submarine activity from the spring of last year to the late summer was due to fear of American intervention; its incidence increased rapidly from the hour that Germany decided to brave America and embark on ruthless submarine warfare; and then, but not till then, did we begin again seriously to consider the question. In fact, we made the same mistake about submarines as we did about the war generally in 1914 and 1915, when we counted chiefly on the "steam-roller" and the latent forces of war such as starvation and the financial and moral collapse of the enemy.

Now what we, as an island people, are to-day faced with is the introduction of a new element, or rather two new elements, in naval warfare, and so a totally new condition which must modify, if not radically alter, the whole conception of sea-power and the methods and weapons which govern it. The new military factor is the relative unsuitability of the capital surface ship in view of the under-surface boat now carrying a 5'7 inch gun and a periscope which no longer protrudes above the water like the mast of a sunken ship. In addition, we have the mine and the new vehicles of under-water mine-laying; also the air, in which the possibilities seem even greater. As we have seen, the results are the partial paralysis of the fighting fleets both on our side and on that of the enemy; to the world's great surprise, the mosquito craft is the instrument and hero of naval war, the antidote to under-surface activity and the protector of commerce. Moreover, we have this strange condition, that even if the British and German fighting fleets were numerically equal there would still be no *necessity* for a battle, for the simple reason that Germany would be practically, if not actually, just as blockaded if victorious as she is to-day, and, in the event of our

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victory, our commerce would be just as jeopardised from under-water craft as it is at this moment, with our Grand Fleet victoriously waiting for an opportunity which in nearly three years of war has not presented itself, and in existing conditions is hardly likely to present itself, seeing that the "freedom of the seas" is no longer conditioned by surface ships, and consequently no longer *demand*s a surface decision. In short, nothing but desperation or folly can tempt the German Fleet to stand and give battle to ours; and, that being so, our Grand Fleet is inversely doomed to inactivity.

The question therefore is whether the development of the submarine is not rendering obsolescent the big ship and even the idea of surface ships as the paramount fighting weapon. Let us test this and assume that the whole German High Seas Fleet has been sunk in a naval battle. Should we be nearer to our aim—the destruction of submarines and their bases, since that it is which matters to-day? No, for big ships cannot fight land guns, and the danger of being at sea would be as real as before; nor would the loss of the German Navy to-day stop the submarine warfare on commerce, proof of which lies in the paralysis of the German Navy to-day.

Consider the matter inversely. Let us suppose that our Grand Fleet has been sunk. Could the Germans land? Certainly not, so long as we possessed good shore guns. Could the German ships patrol the seas with impunity and hold up our shipping? Not if *our* submarines had the good target, for the Germans would find themselves in precisely the same difficulty as we do, and their surface ships would go down by the dozens, their sea-borne trade would suffer precisely as ours has suffered. And this paradox leads to the question whether it would matter *nationally* if our super-Dreadnought Fleet was lost, for certainly it would no longer constitute a decision in sea-power, provided we had (which we may assume) good secondary ships, submarines, and shore guns; and this is fairly obvious when we consider the destruction we would inflict on German commercial shipping if in such circumstances it attempted to appear on the seas, through the Channel or *via* the north. The submarine is still blind, but it has blinded the surface boat, commercial and naval, and the likelihood is that, as

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the technical range, power, speed, and invisibility of the submarine develops, *as it is bound to develop*, the seas will constitute a sort of No Man's Land in war, the fighting in the future being carried on in the element above and in the element below the surface—which is the condition to which we are partly tending to-day.

Of course, I refer to the capital ship only, which to-day, we can see, is not the first-line defence of our commerce either theoretically or practically, though it still is the protection negatively so far as the enemy capital ships are concerned. Without a British super-Dreadnought in being, it may be questioned whether the German Navy could venture out much beyond home cruises; as for German commercial shipping, it would soon find the risk out of all proportion to the gain, and surface warfare would constitute itself into a struggle between cruisers, light craft, torpedo-destroyers, and under-surface boats as at present, with all the advantages in the absence of German coaling stations, against Germany in the extremely disadvantageous geographical position in which she is situated, for all the irradiating inner lines would be ours. Another proof lies in the fact that we can only hit Germany in the Baltic through sub-surface boats, as is the case with her in the Mediterranean. Risking a generalisation, we may submit that the naval battle has become an anachronism, because the battleship is no longer the decisive factor in sea war now conducted and conditioned by activity in three elements.

Now if the German and British Fleets were both sunk, neither side would be nearer to its goal; in other words, the capital surface ship is no longer the decisive military or the protecting commercial arm which hitherto has been the justification of the battleship. Without a single surface ship left, the Germans with their submarines could still continue to sink our ships precisely as at present. Thus we have the negative nature of surface sea war, for surface supremacy is no longer a positive condition. We find the basic conditions of sea-power revolutionised. Now if the conditions of sea fighting are altered, so must the methods be altered, and all ideas and principles which governed surface sea war both as regards strategy and construction. Assuredly the new element has come to stay. If it can acquire an eye, all surface boats become obsolete. It has

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not got that yet, but it probably will some day. One thousand fast sub-surface boats with sight would eliminate the big ship as a fighting value. All the indices point to sea-power as in the future conditioned by three elements in the place of the single-surface one.

That is a vital problem to us as an Island Empire. The Blockader, for one thing, becomes the Blockaded, thus leading to anarchy on the seas and warfare against all neutral bottoms, and in the meanwhile the belligerent capital ships virtually take no part in war at all.

In the air, the possibilities seem to be greater than under the surface. Thus, if the tendency for surface ships is towards the submersible or natural development of the mosquito submarine into the cruiser type, the air promises to be the antidote for that evolution not only as regards scouting and "spotting," but in the direction of the flying-boat and ancillary aircraft as the protector of commerce. And probably the time is not far distant when ships will be flying-diving instruments, at least rendering a surface Blockade, to any Power adequately prepared, a nugatory imposition both as regards Law and War.

Already one supreme lesson emerges from the new element of sea-power. It is that we can never again afford to grow less food than we consume; in plain language we shall henceforth be forced to become an agricultural State, no doubt considerably at the expense of industrial production. That is a certainty, even in the event of a Channel Tunnel, which quite possibly could be flooded by an enemy. We can never again rely on food imports. We shall have to go back to the land, even as the seaman may have to shift his mind from the quarterdeck of the float and become a cormorant.

The Education Question (iii)

By the Master of Balliol

NATURAL SCIENCE IN EDUCATION

IF there is one lesson more than another which the war is going to teach us, it will be the lesson as to the future place of Natural Science in our education. It is true that there are still military authorities coming forward to say that we do not want science in the education of officers. But the military authorities have exhausted their power of surprising us; and, after all, there are beginning to be heard even in military circles some rational voices. Science is coming to be recognised as part of the necessary equipment for modern life. The world is more and more coming to turn on exact knowledge, and science is simply exact knowledge applied to concrete things. As Bacon said, we can only command Nature by obeying her laws. These laws are the rules of the universe in which we live. A training in science means not only the apprehension of one or other branches of these rules, but an attitude of mind which believes there are such rules and which faces new facts in this light. No subject gives just this kind of training so well as science gives it; no other subject punishes so immediately any lack in intellectual truthfulness. It is, of course, a truism to say that every subject can be taught scientifically, but no other subject rests so absolutely on the one sole method of cogent proof, the experimental method. This is how one experiment in chemistry is conclusive for all identical cases; if water can once be analysed into oxygen and hydrogen and these once re-combined into water, the one analysis and one synthesis are cogent and final. Thus when a Cabinet Minister suggests that it was no use stopping the import of cotton for explosives because wool could be substituted for cotton, he simply labels himself as ignorant of the very meaning of scientific evidence; nor is the case bettered when a colleague pleads that he did not know that glycerine could be got from lard, or that all and any steel was not equally good for bullet-proof helmets. It is not mere

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ignorance but that deeper ignorance which does not know when it is ignorant—what Plato calls “the lie in the soul.” The first educational result of science is to create a sense of what science is, what the laws of the universe mean, and how powerless against them is even the best Parliamentary debating. A second educational value of science is the new meaning and interest it gives to everything about us, from the processes of industry to the aspects of Nature in a country walk. Under the guidance of a chemist and physicist, the working of a cotton mill or of an electrical furnace becomes fascinating; in the company of a geologist or a biologist, a landscape or a field becomes a revelation. We realise the complexity of things and the mystery of life; the problems of health in the individual or in the social organism challenge us. We can never again feel irresponsible for our own bodies, or for the well-being of children; or be callous to all that is implied in the death of 100,000 infants in their first year, or the toll of life taken by preventable diseases. I have seen an audience of New York business men attending spellbound to the drama of sleeping sickness, the struggle between the phagocytes and the invading microbes, as depicted in a series of moving pictures on the cinema film.

Then there is the further and deeper influence which can only be justly expressed by the term spiritual; that effect of mingled awe and exultation which is produced when science opens out to us some profound vista of the universe, such as when we first look through a big telescope and Saturn amid his rings swims into our sight, or when first we look through the spectroscope with some dawning sense of what message from infinite space those bright colours and dark lines are sending to us, or the view the microscope affords of the tumult of hurrying life in the blood corpuscles of a living creature. The bare demonstration of the activity of radium, the sight of that streaming rush of particles with its revelation of the infinite sub-division of matter and its suggestion of a whole new horizon of physical research, a stupendous new field of science, may be so made as to awaken as by an electric shock the faculties of wonder and reverence. It is in such moments of insight that the minds of the young, their very

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souls, make an upward leap, and such moments can be produced in every mind, however technically unequipped.

Then there is another aspect of science in education that will be admitted by everyone, and that is the treatment of some great discovery on its biographical side, utilising the life-story of great men such as Dalton, Davy, Faraday. The work of Pasteur of itself falls into a dramatic form of surpassing interest, and that, too, an intensely human interest. Or the whole of the successive discoveries on which modern electric theory is built may be themselves shown in a narrative form which has all the attraction of following up a problem from its simplest to its advanced stage, while attaching to each step the human personality of its discoverer, and showing the unity and continuity of the effort of mankind, the debt of the present to the past.

All these methods imply good teachers. But already there are such teachers working on such methods with notable success; and the rank and file of teachers have only to adopt them. This fact answers the difficulty about time, and the overloading of the curriculum. In the hands of a good teacher each one of these educational effects of science may be set going in a very brief time. It does not take much time to see an electric furnace tapped or to hear dynamite exploded, but the mental effect is as vivid as it is instantaneous, and can be made ineffaceable by being explained; following up the fact with the how and the why. It is the new mental attitude created that is the all-important thing. Indeed, if it were not so, the demands of some of the scientific reformers would be absurd, as when they propose to add to the ordinary curriculum "a knowledge of the ascertained facts and principles of mechanics, chemistry, physics, biology, geography, and geology." As a matter of fact, such knowledge in a sufficient outline can by proper methods of teaching be got into the ordinary school course of ordinary boys and girls in four years of a methodical programme, say from thirteen years to seventeen. In the judgment of well-known practical teachers such a programme could be carried out in a four years' allowance of four hours a week. If this means some lightening of the present overloaded curriculum, so much the better; for the best classical teachers are agreed that there has been a great deal of undue specialisation and

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wasted drill in grammar and composition. There is certainly something the matter when Homer or Virgil are made loathsome memories to boys, just as there was in an old edition of Shakespeare which reduced even *Macbeth* and the *Tempest* to pedantic sawdust. Preparation for such a programme can be begun even earlier than thirteen in the primary schools by the various forms of "nature study," which children love and which suit so well their instincts of curiosity, of outdoor activity, and the keeping of "pets" and collections. In this stage, too, can be trained and developed what is somewhat grandiosely called the "heuristic" method, the method of self-teaching by successive trials and failures, the method which appends to every piece of theory its appropriate result. "Practical work" is nowadays recognised as essential. As human intercourse has to be carried on by speech and writing, these must be part of the training from the first. On the other hand, "there exists a certain body of scientific knowledge or ideas with which a man or woman must be to some extent familiar, if he or she is to be regarded as educated." There are some elementary facts so closely bound up with our daily life that all must know them. There are some ideas such as the conservation of energy which are the very foundation of the material world, and which by concrete examples can be made familiar from even early years. There are also methods by which the quantitative basis of things and the conception of cause and effect can be made clear. All this can be done by selection from the great feast which lies before us for choice. Thus in chemistry, instead of trying to cover all the elements, a study may be made (say) of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen. In physics, a study of some characteristic solids, liquids, and gases. In botany, the seed, the leaf, the root of particular plants. All this in the first year. In the second year the pupil can be introduced to the subjects of heat, electricity, zoology. In the third year, organic chemistry, physiology, advanced botany. Who will say that each of these subjects is not educational, and cannot each of them be made profoundly interesting in the hands of a good teacher? This would do much to cure what is one of the great defects in English training, namely, the lack of respect for knowledge as such; a defect responsible for our English contempt of "experts," our impatience of "theory," and

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ignorant contrast of it with "practice," and our resultant habit of expecting to "muddle through somehow," a habit which this war should surely do something to cure when we count up the lives it has cost us. Nor can any educationist fail to be conscious of the unduly bookish character of our education, which requires to be balanced by much more direct contact with material things and the use of observation and imagination as against reading and memorising. This memory work and the absence of independent effort by the pupil, along with the mechanical methods of the teaching, were what vitiated the former attempts to introduce science into the schools. All boys are full of natural curiosity; they all want to know how the machine works, what made the explosion, why two liquids turn into a solid, and so on. To kill this healthy appetite requires quite a long course of feeding on husks; but this has too often been the course adopted on the "science side" in Public Schools. Among these there were some where the science was allotted one hour a week, with no practical work; many where the science work did not count towards determining the order in the class; others where on the whole "modern side" there was no science work at all. All promising boys were earmarked as classical specialists; what wonder when there were in a recent year at Oxford 103 scholarships given for classics, and only 27 for all the branches of natural science? The Universities would say, What is the good of offering more scholarships for science, when it is badly taught at the schools, and when trained graduates in science find no posts open to them in England, and have to go to America and the Colonies? It is all a vicious circle, depending on the ignorance and apathy of public opinion in the matter; an illustration of which is the fact that in one great University half the "pass" students in the Faculty of Arts omit mathematics and science altogether. We may perhaps lay down that we ought to add some science to the existing language, literature, and mathematics required in every university entrance examination. This would be equivalent to saying that an educated man must have had some linguistic training, some training of the imagination by the literature or history of his own country, some training in the ideas and methods of science, besides some practical drill in arithmetic and geometry as the universal instru-

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ments of exact thinking. None of these need mean "smattering"; that danger can be avoided by the rule, "know a little, but know it well." In fact, good grounding is the very opposite to superficiality and dispersion.

But University entrance examinations will not achieve much; the minimum demanded is apt to be treated as a maximum, and it gives no guarantee that the student will be introduced to those other subjects which are needed as well as science, such as the elements of citizenship, the recent history of his own country and its political institutions, the economic and social conditions and problems of the time. Moreover, the University students will always be only a fraction of the whole population. What we have to do is (1) to elevate the standard of the teachers, enlarge their outfit, and improve their methods; and (2), above all, to educate the public into a new attitude of what education means, what it must contain, and how it is vital to the community. It all comes back to this, the education of the public on the subject of education; hence the need of a new national appeal; nothing less than a veritable crusade will achieve this, to use aright the new lessons taught us by this war—if we are ever going to be taught by experience—and to use aright the new spirit generated by the war, a spirit of national self-criticism and of determination to enter on a real reconstruction. Putting it on the lowest ground, there is no way to pay for the war but by having a more efficient people; that is, a people more instructed and educated. The whole capital sum required for this would amount to a few days' cost of war. It is little use tinkering, and no use at all to go on the old scale of doling out patchwork reforms. Here lies the chief immediate danger.

SCIENCE AND THE HUMANITIES

In the supposed discordance between Science and the Humanities there have been exhibited some strange examples of the scientific "temper," of scientific "judgment," and even of scientific "accuracy" of statement. But we must not allow ourselves to be repelled into reaction by a few hot-headed champions. Nor must we yield too much to the claim of an inherent opposition between the two types of mind, the scientific and the literary. It is true that real scientific genius, like that of a Newton, a

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Faraday, or a Darwin, is as priceless in value as it is rare; but such genius will emerge if we only get rid of our stupid social barriers and get somewhat nearer to the ideal of "an open career for talent." Again, we must not let it all turn on the marks allotted to different subjects in the Civil Service examinations, or the balance between different subjects in University scholarships and entrance examinations. No, what we need is more than that, it is a profound change in the national attitude of mind. We need a general recognition that the Humanities can be made a truly scientific training, and Natural Science be taught in a "humane" way, and that each is as necessary a part of complete education as the other. This reconciliation between the two is the recent tendency in Germany itself; and no one who knows will say we have nothing to learn from German methods. We might as well say we had nothing to learn from German artillery. It is the end to which and the spirit in which those methods have been applied that we feel to be detestable.

SCIENCE IN INDUSTRY

The Germans have boasted of their superior application of science to industry. Men well qualified to judge say this is another piece of German bluster, and that there is more original first-class scientific invention in England, but that, owing partly to their huge syndicated industries and partly to our manufacturers' easy-going or even ignorant ways, the world has taken the Germans at their own valuation. Certainly our manufacturers will have to wake up to the place of science in modern industries, and not "pooh-pooh" an investigation into the constitution of rubber as "academic," or avow that they do not believe in research which does not "produce its results within a year." They will have to combine among themselves to provide research on an ample scale, as has been already agreed upon in the Potteries. The State has also already, through the Committee for Scientific and Industrial Research, given a lead towards the formation of Institutions for Research in the different localities, such institutions to be supported both from State funds and from associations of manufacturers, and to deal with all the chief national industries, glass, pottery, metals, engineering, mining, textiles, rubber,

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etc. This excellent scheme requires to be backed up by a system of research scholarships and research fellowships to provide the students, and by statutory powers which will bring all firms into line, so as to enable an advance on the whole front at once. Here again all depends on an instructed and convinced public opinion to provide the money, to authorise the powers, and to create the necessary atmosphere.

EDUCATION IN MODERN LANGUAGES

According to Disraeli, the modern Englishman comes nearest among all nationalities to the ancient Greek, for he lives most of his time in the open air and speaks no language but his own. This ignorance of modern languages has certainly been one of the greatest gaps in English education. It is the result of a combination of causes, the insularity of our geographical position, our past history and our unique institutions, the national shyness and self-consciousness backed up by a deep national self-sufficiency, and even arrogance; the ingrained belief that foreigners are at best comic characters who gesticulate, embrace, shed tears, and don't wash. Yet there are Public Schools in which a capable French master, aided by good "Pathéphone" records, has succeeded in making the boys take a pride in acquiring a correct French accent and enjoying a scene from Molière in the exquisite rendering of the *Comédie Française*. Where this can be backed up by a few weeks' visit to France, the results are marvellously good. Can this experience be extended to the ordinary schools of the people? The answer is, Why not? It is so in other countries such as Germany, and even Egypt, where practically all the scholars learn to speak English quite passably. We know also from Wales and the Highlands how great is the value of a bilingual training; and this is almost effortless in childhood, when the brain is as pliant as the tongue to new words and sounds. To be introduced to the foreign point of view would be invaluable in shaking some of our most bigoted English prejudices. It would make possible that personal intercommunion between ourselves and our Continental neighbours which has hitherto been the monopoly of the well-to-do classes, but which is going to be a common privilege of groups of working-class students after the war, and to act in a quiet but effective

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way to build up a basis for international understanding; for the future peace of the world, while it certainly depends on our being ready to fight in its defence, also depends among democratic communities upon the amount of active international sympathy and the appreciation by each people of the other's inherent will for peace. Even as to the Germans, let us be bold enough to face the facts; the whole nation has sold its soul to the Prussians, "the invincible swine" as they called them; they have to be shown that this chosen tribe was very far from being invincible; they have to pay, and to pay heavily, for choosing such material ends and such base means. But when all is said and done, we have to live in a world that will contain in all nearly 100,000,000 Germans, of whom only one-third are strictly Prussians. We cannot afford to neglect German learning and German science, any more than German war-craft or German commerce and industry. All these German things have been overpraised, but we need not therefore refuse to make use of them. That would be a folly, and a folly of which they, on their part, will not be guilty. Therefore after the war we must look to a great increase of international intercourse, including in course of time intercourse with Germans. The French and German languages, and also Italian and Spanish, must become much more familiar subjects of study in England. To effect this, it is not enough to offer modern language scholarships; for these will be won by aliens or by English boys whose parents happened to live abroad. The better way is to make one modern language as requisite a part of every University course as is already one ancient language; but, above all, to introduce it as a spoken language in all the schools. For it is only thus that we can build up a public opinion on the matter; and without such a public opinion the most urgent reforms remain on paper. There has been much improvement of late; educationists, manufacturers, statesmen, have long concurred in the demand; the war has given a great impetus to it. Every year the need becomes greater for a student, whether of science or history, philosophy or theology, to read French or German or Italian, and every such student ought to add oral speech in those languages to his book knowledge of them, and then impress his convictions on those about him, and so help to drive conviction into the single-speech British public.

A British Commonwealth Party

A Beginning

By A. Randall Wells

It would be wasting useful energy to try to persuade the country that nowadays "Liberalism" stands for progress. It is a word to jettison. So much that is undesirable has been labelled with it. It is in an almost forgotten sense that Sir Harry Johnston uses it in an article in the March issue of the *ENGLISH REVIEW*, but he explains his meaning when he says "best of all" we need "a great progressive party." Omitting the "best of all," which implies a less good alternative where there can be no alternative, he has the intelligent of the country with him individually; when they have combined we shall go forward.

There have been various conjectures as to the future parties in the House; some have prophesied groups, some that it will be Labour *versus* the rest. The truth is, and must be, that, as suffrage extends, and as eyes open and heads grow clearer, there can be, *eventually*, only two great parties, the Progressives and the Anties. The sooner the former party can be organised and placed in power, the sooner shall we be making steady headway and gradually eliminating unnecessary waste, unnecessary suffering, and unnecessary discomfort.

This new party must bear a name that is descriptive of its purpose and is free from the feelings of prejudice and from the misunderstandings that surround the names of all the existing political parties. Good Conservatives, good Liberals, Socialists, Labour, Freetraders, and Unionists will all claim that they stand for the same things that such a name will indicate, and many of them with the sincerity of simple faith; but they have not proved it, and the country knows it. We all know in our hearts that no Government as yet has made the best use, or nearly the best use, of the materials, of the knowledge, of the position, of the men, and of the women, that this Empire offers; we also

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know that Parliament has not, and does not, represent the best of the nation, and that the new party must be no rearrangement of fragments of the old ones, but must be formed from the productive strength of the country, from those who are capable of earning their living by producing or helping to produce anything, a sonnet, a match-box, a prize beast, a revue, a turbine, a picture, a field of clover, a palace, or a pair of boxing gloves. The new party must stand for the individual good of every man, woman, and child belonging to the great community that was described aptly by General Smuts as the British Commonwealth of Nations; and in that it will be striving for the common good irrespective of class, sex, or riches, it could have no better name than the "British Commonwealth Party," or more shortly the "Commonweal Party."

Sir Harry Johnston, in the article referred to, outlined a programme, dealing perhaps rather with detail than principle, with effects rather than cause, but a forward programme; and daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly articles and letters appear bubbling with common-sense suggestions for advance and reform. The air is indeed full of a craving for some intelligence in State management and a move forward. Were there ever more materials to hand out of which to build a great new party?

There could be no sounder or more effective step towards its foundation than an alliance between all these sympathetic publications. With their contributors and subscribers they would form a very weighty confederation of intelligence. It is not to be expected that they would agree as to details; but where the desire for progress is sincere, and where the absolute necessity is realised of a combination of intelligence before there can be any substantial or permanent advance, there can be no insuperable obstacle to an agreement as to the fundamental principles that should form a basis for common action. Where there is clear understanding and an adhesion to the same principle, difference of detail may cause delay, but not retrogression. However much superficially details may appear to differ, if they are honestly designed in sympathy with the same principle they must tend in the same direction.

But there are other steps. The Press is already articulate. To complete such a confederation, the professional,

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commercial, and trade associations, unions, and institutions, politically silent hitherto, must be represented. These have worked for the prosperity of their members and the dignity of their trade or profession. Now they must see that the time has come when it is necessary for them to take a wider action; that in fact to achieve their own ends—the best for themselves—they must help towards the best for the nation. Associations of doctors, of schoolmasters, of authors, of painters, the stage, institutes of engineers, of architects, of steelfounders, unions of bricklayers, of shipwrights, of smelters, of weavers, of spinners, that is, all bodies of men and women associated in connection with creative and productive work, must bestir themselves, to express through their committees what they are thinking and freely saying individually, and give effect to their opinion by throwing the weight of their organisations into a combination for their own and the common good.

There is always the difficulty with intelligence that from its very nature it is individual, and reluctant to surrender its own intimate pattern and subtle colouring for the sober uniformity of associated effort. But intelligence that cannot see the need and advantage of such effort at the present crisis is hardly worthy of the name.

This is the moment, and one cannot repeat it too often. The Navy, the Army, and the workers, both men and women, are not only ready to support, but hunger for a sincere common-sense party of progress.

The following is a sketch of the principles that should bind such a party :

1. That the first duty of the State is to provide the best obtainable education for the new generation, and that by education is meant arousing and cultivating the *desire* for truth, justice, courage, gentleness, order, beauty, efficiency, and knowledge.

Note. "Best," worldly experience has taught us, means, roughly, the most expensive; therefore the teaching profession must be the highest paid, and thence, naturally, in public esteem—which is important—the most honourable.

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The mechanical memorising of facts or the drilling in superficial habits of efficiency *for the sake of* obtaining remunerative posts, commercial success, or victory in war is the antithesis of education. It could only produce citizens with the capacity for living crippled, and who mentally always at a loose end, would constitute an irritation to any State that might easily become a danger.

For freemen neither efficiency nor success upon any substantial foundation can be attained save through desire.

Education must indicate the possibilities of life, historically, materially, imaginatively, *by example, and by the environment in which it practises*, to arouse desire; desire for living, desire for the ability and capacity to share such possibilities. Education must point out the paths, and prove the wonderful response of the human creature to cumulative effort, and the consequent reason and worth-while-ness of discipline and patience; and leave achievement to the voluntary, almost automatic, energy of inspired *desire* and informed ambition.

2. That it is the essence of good statesmanship to reduce necessary non-productive tasks to a minimum, and to employ upon them the least amount of labour (mental or physical) and capital.

Note. The neglect of this, both in peace and war, has been one of the chief causes of failure of recent Governments.

Its adoption will have such far-reaching results and lead to such numerous reorganisations of State machinery that only one or two of the most important ones can be indicated now. An examination of the history and present cost of the House of Lords, by the light of this principle, will inevitably lead to its abolition. It is doubtful whether any Second House could justify its existence in an intelligent State.

The more active peers would hardly regret the loss of the Second House, as it would free them for election in the first.

Of the causes that have led to the waste of potentially productive labour the Law is among the more guilty. It is not only non-productive in itself, but is continually leading to non-productive work in others. It has, especially of

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late years, through grave faults in our legal system, become swollen out of all proportion, and has attracted to its ranks an army of clever men who, reasonably employed, would have been a gain instead of being a loss to the country. The rise to the first rank of the teaching profession under a Commonwealth Party's government would, to some extent, remedy this, by drawing to that profession the best men. But, apart from this indirect effect, direct reform is necessary and not difficult. The fees of solicitors should be strictly scheduled, and the amount of clerical labour they are allowed to employ limited. It should be difficult for a solicitor and illegal for a barrister to earn more than £2,000 a year. Neither class should be allowed to sit in Parliament for an ordinary constituency, but only when directly representing a limited number of approved legal societies or associations.

The fees of judges and magistrates should not be reduced, but it should be possible to qualify for any position in which justice is to be dispensed without having qualified or practised as a barrister or even solicitor.

An examination of the present system of taxation with a view to economy in potentially productive labour will lead to an abolition of all indirect taxation.

3. That justice can exist in name only where it is not absolutely free and where it is a disadvantage to the individual to plead his own cause; and that the codification of the law is a pressing necessity of the State, and should be begun forthwith.

4. That the State should recognise the right of every man and woman to share in the government of the country, and should adopt the principle of adult suffrage and simultaneously abolish all the political disabilities of women.

5. That the State should recognise that it is its duty to set a minimum standard of life by the adoption of a minimum wage, and to provide work for every man and woman needing it; and that the State should take responsibility for

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arranging that there is adequate housing for all, at a rent in reasonable relationship to income.

Note. From suggestions made by the present Labour Ministry to pay unemployment insurance it might be thought that there was a shortage of work in the United Kingdom, whereas, on the contrary, there is so much to be done to give England even the appearance of a civilised and educated country that it is not possible to estimate the number of years it would take or the millions of men required.

No standard of housing can be considered adequate that does not include a w.c. and a bath with hot and cold water, both upon the bedroom floor level.

6. That the State should own and control all trades whose practice may be directly or indirectly a danger to the State.

Note. The chief of these are the drink trade, the manufacture and sale of armaments and munitions of war, and the legal professions.

7. That all existing legislation should be modified, and all new legislation designed, to encourage individual responsibility and individuality of effort and of character, and that with this in view State payments for all work should be by result, and that the State should give every encouragement to employers to offer, and employees to require, payment in this manner.

8. That as soon as they are themselves prepared to exercise it, the right to self-government should be extended to all those nations forming part of the community of nations known as the British Empire, that at present are not autonomous; and that a Council or Senate representative of the whole of these nations should be established and meet regularly to discuss and settle all questions of collective interest.

9. That the question of Ireland should be settled democratically in accordance with the wishes of the majority of Irishmen.

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Note. A clear-headed statement of the details of a settlement on these lines was contributed to the *Sunday Times* by Lord MacDonnell on April 15th.

10. And finally, that the new party should in all its organisations and actions be candid, that it should have no secret fund, abhor intrigue, and endeavour to use only clean tools.

Note. It is not only not denied that "self-seeking," either through direct or indirect forms, is a powerful force that moves most of us, but it is believed to be the motive power of every advance. Adhesion to common principles for the sake of progress is only a very sensible form of collective "self-seeking," and in the long run the most effective measure for satisfying individual desires. It is hoped that by complete publicity and openness the lower forms of self-seeking will be avoided, that intrigue will be rendered difficult, and the shortsightedly mean and greedy will be shamed into reasonable honesty of action.

These are in the main the principles which should unite a great new party, but the touchstone for testing and planning ways and means, for solving problems and deciding questions of detail, must be intelligence, common sense, and mother-wit.

The attitude of the new party towards future war would be that the country should be adequately prepared to resist bullying and to fight for its freedom to go forward, and that inasmuch as the world more and more tends to become one community, so that injury to a part means injury to the whole and consequently injury to us, we should be ready to help weaker nations, by force when necessary, to obtain the same immunity from interference with their progress that we are determined ourselves to enjoy. And this not by secret treaty, but as part of a publicly announced and thoroughly understood policy.

In its preparations for war it would be intelligent and reasonable, and not wasteful and antiquated. It would have no use for the present official type of mind that takes some years to adjust itself to changed circumstances and the possibilities of new methods and new weapons.

The new party, being essentially reasonable and sane

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and having a clear-headed understanding of the tremendous wastefulness of war preparations, would aim at eventual disarmament by the mutual consent of the world, and, in the meantime, would continually endeavour to arrive at an agreement with other Powers to limit armament and programme to an agreed scale based upon relative areas, seaboard, populations, imports, exports, and incomes: good faith being established by allowing open and free access, by resident inspectors representing the different countries concerned, to all workshops, factories, and shipyards during working hours, whether by day or night. Such an agreement and scale ought to form one of the terms of the peace that will conclude this war.

The attitude towards protective tariffs would be that mutual free trade upon a basis of equivalent minimum wages was simpler, encouraged steady trade and friendly relationships, and was more economical of potential productive labour; but that until such an agreement was reached, this country would use protective tariffs where she considered them beneficial—in its widest sense—to the people and trade of this country, endeavouring always to free trade rather than to restrain it.

The Commonwealth Party would aim always at encouraging individual effort so long as it was not harmful to the community, but it would treat lying advertisements and trade misrepresentations as attempts to cheat and legally punishable, and offences to the eye as public nuisances to be suppressed.

It seems astonishing that there should be any opposition to progress as progress, or to efforts to save waste, educate the people, tidy the countryside, clean the towns, improve our relationship with the world, organise trade, abolish unemployment, provide decent housing, and so on; but there is and will be.

When the British Commonwealth Party has been organised upon the broad lines suggested, it will be found that the force arrayed against it—the “Anties”—will consist of those who would always rather move “to-morrow” than to-day; of those rather pathetic people, habitually too preoccupied to discover whither any road leads, who either cling, for safety, to something which they believe by an inversion of every known law to be stationary, or,

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seized by panic, endeavour to travel both ways at once; of those whom a traditional education has neither encouraged to much or clear thinking, nor has fitted for dealing with realities or affairs outside well-worn and circular tracks; and of those who are shortsightedly selfish and perhaps unscrupulously ambitious, who for various reasons favour backward rather than forward movements. The great weapon of this party will be misrepresentation wielded by the last two classes and their followers.

The strength of the new Party will be the intelligent of every class. All those who realise that progress means greater opportunity for the satisfaction of human desires, in love of power, of possessions, of comfort, of luxury, of family, of self, of order, of beauty, of security; those who understand that with foresight and intelligent management of the State everyone must be "better off." The wealthy, if less wealthy, will no longer be offended and distressed by ugliness and the knowledge that preventable misery exists, the workers will no longer work in insecurity, the sick be no more destitute.

This is no cry for Utopia and no demand for the unattainable, but a reasonable desire that the country should be governed by a party representative of the general good sense and aspirations of the nation—a government that would have the eye of a Scots housekeeper for waste, the instinct of an English sailor for cleanliness and order, the sympathy of an Irishman, a Welshman's perseverance, and the energy of our relatives overseas.

P.S.—Since this was written the Minister of Education has made public his programme. He does not seem to grasp our needs. It is not any question of whether forty or fifty thousand men and women get £100 or £150 a year.

Minute increases in salaries will do nothing towards education; they will only slightly improve the comfort of the present staffs of our schools. It is revolution in the standard that we need, and when we have a Minister of Education who speaks to us of thousands of masters and mistresses earning not less than £1,000 a year, and tens of thousands £500, we shall know that the importance of education has at last been realised.

A New Language

By Austin Harrison

A NEW thing has emerged from the Russian Revolution—class Internationalism or the Social Democratic State; both militarily and economically it is the overwhelming issue of the hour. When the Tsar was overturned, we thought that what had happened was merely a *coup d'état* carried out for a military purpose, and that Russia under a Bourgeois or Capitalistic *régime* would become a far stronger Ally in the field and would fight with renewed intensity. It ought to be insisted upon that this was nothing more than the opinion of ignorance, and that only people who were ignorant of Russian conditions and of the Russians could have so miscalculated; and it is very important that we should realise how calamitously ill-informed the gentlemen are who lead us, if, that is, we are to avoid falling into greater mistakes which may prove decisive not only as regards the war but as regards the future.

The military default of Russia this spring has affected all our operations. If it continues for another month or so, we shall be faced with an entirely new situation which it is imperative for us to consider in all its physical and political aspects, in all the immense potentialities it suggests. For what we find is at once a new European statement and a new language. From the diplomacy of Courts, Russia has passed overnight to the phraseology of Marx, skipping the intervening language of the Bourgeoisie, and we do not understand. In England we abominate theory; Socialism has never obtained any constructive acceptance; many of us here simply do not understand the words of the Russian Soldiers' and Workers' Committee speaking as the actual Government of Russia in the name of International Socialism. Our delegates find it difficult to effect contact with these men whom we style "visionaries, dreamers, ideologists, or anarchists," because to us Capital

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seems the basis of society, and those who do not worship at its shrine must indeed be stricken with the madness of the moon.

This want of imagination constitutes at this hour a grave danger. It is precisely our attitude towards Ireland, where also we utterly fail to see that Home Rule is an Irish sentiment for which a Celt will lay down his life, and that no matter how prosperous Belfast may be or how poor the bog of Ireland. But the Russian problem is not one we can afford to be ignorant about; it is the problem of the war; it may become the problem of Europe after the war.

That problem is the first realisation in history of the Social Democratic State, which has called upon the masses of Europe to rally to the call of Internationalism. It is no good burking this thing: it exists. To attempt coercion, to attempt interference in Russia, would be a hideous mistake, and might lead to much bloodshed and disaster. The truth, so far as we can know it, is simply this. The Soldiers and Workers are the *de facto* power in Russia, and so long as that condition obtains Russia must be left to work out her own salvation. No man would attempt to prophesy at this juncture. The strangest events may happen. There may be a Bourgeois-Capitalist counter-revolution; the Provisional Government may be able to persuade the workers and soldiers to renew the battle, or anarchy may result; Russia may be in for a series of inner revolutions, for a great struggle for power between Labour and Capital; finally, Russia may go out of the war. It would be idle to attempt a forecast. All that we can say is that at this vitally important moment in the military situation Russia has been absorbed with her own inner fire, and that the prospects of a Russian strategic or intense offensive* this summer may be regarded as highly problematic. The disorganisation has entered deep. The Army itself is in power and the Army is Socialist. That is the outstanding factor. What these men are thinking of can be clearly seen from the Note addressed by

* Until the Army (1) is reorganised, and (2) unless we accept the Russian formula of "no annexations and no indemnities."

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the Executive Committee of Soldiers' and Workers' Delegates of Petrograd in reply to the joint letter of Mr. Henderson, M. Thomas, and M. Vandervelde.

"The Russian Revolution has placed before all countries with extraordinary acuteness the urgent need of concluding peace. The Russian Revolution has indicated to nations the way of realising this problem, notably the union of all the working classes to combat all the attempts of Imperialism to prolong the war in the interest of the well-to-do classes. The working classes of all countries can easily come to a speedy and solid agreement, but only if they are inspired with their own interests and remove the aspirations of Imperialists and militarists.

"Having recognised the right of nations to dispose of their destiny, the members of the Conference will come to an understanding without difficulty regarding the future of Alsace-Lorraine. Moreover, the working classes, relieved of the mutual distrust which Imperialists envenom, will agree as to the means of granting compensation, and the amount of such compensation, to the countries devastated by the war, like Belgium, Poland, Galicia, and Serbia, but it goes without saying that such compensation must have nothing in common with the contribution which is imposed on a conquered country.

"As for your statement that it is impossible for you to break the sacred union, this statement is evidently based on a misunderstanding, for the Council of Soldiers' and Workers' Delegates claims from no party as a preliminary condition the renunciation of the policy already pursued by it. The Council of Soldiers' and Workers' Delegates expects of the Conference of Socialists of belligerent and neutral countries the creation of an Internationale which would permit all the working classes of the whole world to struggle in concert for the general peace and to break the bonds which unite them by force to Governments and classes imbued with Imperialist tendencies, which prevent peace.

"The Council of Soldiers' and Workers' Delegates also considers it futile for parties to make it an absolute condition of their taking part in the Conference that the preliminary consent of other parties shall be obtained to any obligatory decisions, for that would give rise in the imagina-

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tion to irreconcilable contradictions on questions the amicable discussion of which might lead to a solution acceptable by both parties.

"As for your desire to obtain previous complete agreement between the Allied Socialists, the way in which we put the problem renders futile any such understanding. We consider that the Conference can only succeed if Socialists consider themselves, not representatives of the two belligerent parties, but representatives of a single movement of the working classes towards the common aim of general peace."

That is a new language in diplomacy. The Council speaks in the name of Socialists to Socialists and repudiates Imperialist or Capitalist interests. Notable is its premiss that the working classes of all countries could "easily come to a speedy and solid agreement, but only if they are inspired with their own interests and remove the aspirations of Imperialists and militarists." This is logical. It is a new attestation of reason of State. It may yet be the coping-stone of a New Europe.

I think we shall make a terrible mistake—perhaps the determinative mistake of the war—if we affect to ignore this Socialist statement of New Russia, or seek, through ignorance, to force an issue. With few exceptions our Press has entirely misread the Russian Revolution and misrepresented it. From our public men one no longer expects light or leading, but certainly Lord Milner knew nothing about its meaning and potentialities when he left Russia and is the last man to be entrusted with negotiations with Socialists. But the awakening sense of Democracy has the right to know these things, and what it must now come to a decision about is the situation caused by a Socialist Ally condemning Capitalism in the name of Internationalism, itself appealing to the Socialist conscience of fighting and neutral Europe.

On May 19th there was an interesting article in the *New Republic* which showed pretty clearly that America was alive to the new situation; it is worth our attention. It warned the Allies against flouting Russian policy; it

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stated unreservedly that unless Russia was prevented from "drifting out," a military decision "becomes impossible except on one condition." Needless to say this condition is America. But without Russia the Allies could not count on a decision next year, even with a million American troops; four millions would have to be raised, and this would hardly be possible before the summer of 1919. A war of that nature would involve America in revolution. The hope therefore lay with Mr. Wilson. He was now the determinant, he must henceforth be the constructor.

Now what we find in all this is a new expression of national and international values, crystallising into that much-abused term, Democracy. If the war may be said to have reached its penultimate stage, it has also assumed a new characteristic which may well bring this struggle to a conclusion. That motive force is Socialism and the effects of the Socialist Russian Revolution upon all the peoples engaged. It may be described as a great hope or a great danger, according to opinion. If any such ideal condition as a League of Peace founded on the consent of international brotherhood is to be established—and such would seem to be the avowed aim of Mr. Wilson—it is clear to all thinking people that a common Democracy can alone bring such a consummation to pass, a European Democracy which was in possession of power, and thought internationally. For the other way of arriving at the millennium through a European Court of Control to-day seems more and more difficult. It postulates a community of interest which at this hour of madness and hate appears almost chimeric, and certainly if Alsace-Lorraine is restored to France by force, all idea of such a Court vanishes from the outset, for Germany would never enter it. So much may be assumed. A League of Nations which left Germany with an open sore would have to be an anti-German Alliance armed to the teeth, as before the war; and if Socialist Russia, no longer in sympathy with Imperialism, denounced her Treaties and declined further military responsibility with her former Western Ally, any League founded to prevent Germany from striving to recover the lost provinces would have to be enormously strong, always ready to go to war at a moment's notice. All this is

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obvious. The Democratic way is much the most logical, but it is also infinitely the most subversive of the old order of things.

To pretend that these matters cannot be discussed is sheer idiocy: they must be discussed, for the realities which confront us to-day require the highest form of statesmanship; moreover, we are all jointly responsible. I do not see myself how any League of Nations can hope to eliminate war so long as nations recognise nationality, which is not a fixed conception but extremely elastic both as regards expansion and declension, and we are educated to follow the national flag in the wake of the secret diplomacy of kings and politicians. There can be no permanent arrangement of Europe, any more than there can be any permanent parity of wealth or value. But if the peoples of Europe seized the power in their hands, abolished boundaries as a national symbol, abolished all secret diplomacy, all Treaties of power for power, controlled all the sources of armaments and met in international Council once a year to revalue and readjust the place and positions of nations, there might conceivably be some security of peace, and in time peoples might learn to think in international dimensions, which is the only way to eliminate war on national and Imperialist grounds.

Now what we see is this actual condition focussed and appealed upon by the Russian Socialists addressing themselves, not to Governments, but to the proletarian masses of the acclaimed concordat. When we called this war the struggle between Autocracy and Democracy, we implied a Capitalist Democracy. We did not think of Demos as the people, but the capitalist powers which control the people. Russia has given Demos a class valuation. She talks for a class to a class, to the whole class of workers in all countries. In her attestation she is just as opposed to Democratic Imperialism as she is to Autocratic Imperialism. She has taken our phrase at its root value and proclaimed its root principle.

Had this taken place in the State of Denmark, we could have called it "rotten" and passed on, but in the

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case of Russia, who holds the scales of war in her hands for this year at any rate, the controllers of our destinies must be mad indeed if they fail to measure its significance. Since the events in Russia a profound change has come over the war, of an elemental potentiality. It is no longer possible to silence opinion, to suppress thought, to rule by censorship. All over Europe Socialism, which threw up its quintessential principle for nationalism in 1914, is to-day recovering its conscience, is moving back to the old international idea, knitted constructively together, as it were, through the tragedy of Armageddon. Such is, in fact, the symptom of the Russian repercussion. The war has gone on too long for peoples to remain thoughtless and inarticulate. To-day they are thinking hard, in our midst, too. We may sneer at the representation of the Leeds Conference, but the fact cannot be denied that such a Conference would have been unthinkable six months ago. If as nothing more than the statement of a new Labour Party, it unquestionably demonstrated that conviction, for I would advise men not to attribute too much importance to the "rag" of Captain Tupper, chiefly significant through its exposure of the lack of government thus defied officially by a Union. And that is anarchy. It might be answered by anarchy. It is not exactly a thing to laugh about at this hour of crisis. What one Union can do, another might attempt. In Russia the incident will not be viewed as a joke, nor will it add to that re-establishment of contact which is of such grave importance, or to that understanding of language without which there can be no community of interest and activity.

Crowned heads sleep uneasily to-day. An atmosphere of Republicanism, of unformulated Socialism, obtains and spreads, and without a doubt will continue to spread and gain in intensity month by month the longer the war is protracted; and if the war is carried over 1918 the likelihood of a general European Socialist uprising must be reckoned with. Already the tendency grows to regard the war as a struggle between Labour and Capital. Much, if not all, will depend on the military situation, for in war nothing succeeds like success. Yet it is precisely here that, failing Russian aid, we find the unknown quantity.

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Despite the Press, the people know a great deal about the war to-day; they have largely become their own "experts." They no longer trust the politicians. They no longer trust the official Labour leaders. True, theoretical Socialism plays a comparatively small part with them, but we must never forget that we are not the controlling agent now that America has come in as the determinant, both military and moral, and that, in default of Russia, final responsibility passes irrevocably to Mr. Wilson. If the "steamroller" does not roll, the balance of power rests with America, who declares that she has entered the war to bring about a constructive peace—"without victory." That again is the unknown quantity. Uncertainties do not form a good objective, because they lead to further uncertainties. As it is, the formula "no annexations and no indemnities" is interpreted differently by nearly all the countries concerned, nor do we exactly know whether the Russians denounce annexation with regard to Alsace-Lorraine, for instance; and the same may be said as regards American generalisations.

We are not talking the same language. The question of national rights, if pursued logically, might easily lead to absurdity; we might hear that England is a Norman colony, just as America might ethnographically be said to belong to the Red Indians. It is not a question that can be played with, and vague definitions do not help; on the contrary, they obscure the issue the moment we touch on the national rights of the Jews, for example, or the Arabs, or the Germans themselves, for the whole fabric of Pan-Germanism was built up on the racial idea of Germanism, and aimed at the reconsolidation and reclamation of all the Germans as an ethnological and military whole. As yet all these claims and counter-claims represent chaotic aspirations rather than realisable truths, and are in many cases dangerous ground for debate. All that we can see positively is the idealist example of New Russia who has renounced her former Imperialist dream of a Russian Constantinople and professes, so far as we are aware, not to be imperially concerned with the establishment of a Jugo-Slav Empire. And here, of course, the question arises: How long will Russia persist in this vanity of re-

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nunciation? It probably does not reflect the wishes of the Duma or of the capitalist classes of Russia, so that once more we are thrown back on the new language of Socialism as it flows from the Neva with all the fervour of a liberated people for the first time voicing the vision of Internationalism.

When we talk of "war to end war" or the war which shall put an end to militarism, it may be just as well to try to understand the language in which we speak, particularly if we are to end up with a League of Nations other than that implied by a police combination ranged against Germany, which would not end militarism at all. And if the end is to be produced by force, as would appear the only policy aimed at by those in authority, it is equally obvious that such an end must be absolute, so absolute as to involve the break-up of the German Empire, and certainly the Austrian Empire, as otherwise the German races would in a decade recover their strength, and not improbably their aspirations, to renew the trial of strength with those who had subdued them. The purely physical view of the war must therefore be complete, or it will leave a military situation as grave and infinitely more costly than that which led to war in 1914, for nothing less than the full crushing of Germany physically, economically, and imperially can lead to any condition of peace in the case of a people whose population in thirty years' time, as estimated at the present rate of increase, is calculated to reach 120,000,000. The German peoples have known war more than any other people in Europe; defeat is no novelty to them; if crushed, broken, and humiliated, the Germans are the last people in the world who are likely to change their skins and accept a finality. Now if this is to be the end of the war, then there will be little question of general disarmament after the war and small prospect of any diminution of military preparedness for the next generation.

But if we are to strive, as Mr. Wilson seems to suggest, for a constructive peace based upon the fellowship of a League of Nations, then the purely physical end is not desirable, and the point to be fought for is correction, but here the supposition is that Europe is still run after the

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war by Bourgeois Governments and not by the People, whose language of Socialism they neither understand nor sympathise with. Yet already we find one established Socialist State, and already we find another view of the millennium or era of permanent peace conceived in the terms of Internationalism rooted in the principles of Socialism. At this moment, then, we find three proclaimed objectives, widely differentiated, in fact incompatible the one with the other, each one containing the germs of inner antagonism and mutual self-annihilation. They are: (1) the constructive Imperialist peace for which purpose Mr. Wilson apparently entered the war; (2) the physical or knock-out peace which precludes the possibility of a European League of Nations, and *depends now absolutely on America*; (3) the Socialists' peace based upon the non-Imperialist lines of Internationalism.

Of these, the Russian declaration is by far the most concrete, even if it appears to many men fantastic. It is a curious and intensely interesting situation fraught with infinite possibilities, the final issue of which may be fought out after the war; may, if the war is indefinitely protracted, even end the war in general and subversive democratisation.

The essential need of the moment is thus obviously for the Allies to try to speak the same language; to come to some definite agreement as to the objective; to acquire identity of speech and values. That is not the case to-day. The definitions are as nebulous as their interpretations. A new Estate has arisen with, as yet, unaccepted and unregistrable credentials. It is the new phase in the war, leading no man knows whither. All the same it is very desirable that we should understand this new language with its new definitions and gestures, which as it dominates the military position to-day may to-morrow determine the psychology of the war and even lead to a secondary war in some respects more cataclysmic than the one we are all engaged upon.*

* The economic situation in Russia is serious, far more so than is, or has ever been, the case in Germany. As to the question of power, the fact that M. Kerensky failed to get elected as President of the Soldiers' and Workers' Committee, though he is the head of the Provisional Government, is at once significant and symptomatic.

God Save Ireland !

“ Experto Crede ”

By Major Stuart-Stephens

SOMEWHERE down the broad white road that links up Queenstown with Cork City I heard a cry ring out : “ ’Tis the Dubs ! ” In an instant the highway was overflowing with the peasantry from a roadside hamlet, swarming forward in the dust-clouds raised by the passage of one of the new battalions of my old regiment, the Royal Dublin Fusiliers. With the green flag of Erin and its golden harp waving over them, and to the inspiring strains of the Fenian anthem, “ God Save Ireland ! ” strode past a thousand splendid examples of an ancient fighting race. Yet when I was in the Service the wearing of the green, the shamrock, in uniform was punished as a military crime of the first magnitude. Green colours were unthinkable, and the playing of “ God Save Ireland ! ” by a regimental band would have been regarded as high treason and rank mutiny. Truly the times had changed ! And why not ?

Ever so many years ago I heard from the Strangers’ Gallery in the Mother of Parliaments a very juvenile, impulsive member of the Parnellite Party, boiling over with anti-Saxon sentiment, cheer the unpleasing tidings which had that night arrived from the man-eating Soudan, the tale of how Fuzzy-Wuzzy had broken a British square. Yet only the other morn in the memorable cockpit of Europe the same Irish Catholic Nationalist Member of Parliament, when leading his battalion at the forefront of an English army, consecrated with his life-blood the obliteration of centuries-long feuds between the Orange North and the Rebel South. Oh, yes ; surely the times have changed.

Knighthood to Sir Thomas Tom Fool who, as mayor of his city, backed and bowed on the occasion of the opening of a new municipal laundry, the incarnation of British Bumbledom. A K.C.M.G. flung to a Colonial

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company promoter, who had sagely remembered that there were such things as party funds. A civil K.C.B. to Sir Harry Half Margin, who had warmed the chair of prominent officialdom for a couple of decades. Such entries in the "Honours List" have made sad havoc with the glory of this Old World title. But if the Sovereign conferred a posthumous knighthood on the late Major William Redmond, M.P., I could almost dare to fancy that the dim vaults and monumental shrines of many an old English cathedral would give forth an approving murmur as the sleeping paladins of Agincourt and Waterloo welcomed a kindred knightly spirit to their—alas!—oft desecrated roll.

Yes, these British soldiers of the Ancient Faith have in this Titanic blood-letting again made manifest that religion is not a useless component in the trade of the fighting man. Words of a great soldier are worth quoting on this point. "Your troops," said one Oliver Cromwell to Hampden, "are most of them old decayed serving men and tapsters and such kind of fellows. You must get men who have the fear of God like the Catholic Irish before them, and some proper concern as to what they do, or, our army will be invariably beaten by that, as it has been, of the King."

When Lord Roberts introduced a measure advocating universal military service it was opposed by Lord Lansdowne, who maintained that "if you establish general military service in England and Scotland you must extend it to Ireland, and that would endanger the State." In effect, the military weakness of Ireland was held to be England's strength. The day after Lord Lansdowne delivered himself of this remarkable view as to Ireland's military potentialities I dug out of the House of Lords journals a speech of the victor of Waterloo on Catholic emancipation in the sister isle. And this is what the Protestant Tory Duke of Wellington said:

"It is already well known to your lordships that of the troops which our gracious Sovereign did me the honour to entrust to my command during the Peninsular War, at least one-half were Roman Catholics. My lords, when I call your recollection to this fact, I am sure that all further eulogy is unnecessary. Your lordships are well aware for what length of period and under what difficult circum-

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stances they maintained the Empire buoyant upon the flood which overwhelmed the thrones and wrecked the institutions of every other people; but these Irish soldiers kept alive the only spark of freedom which was unextinguished in Europe. My lords, I declare that it is mainly to these Irish Catholics that we owe all our proud predominance in our military career, and that I personally am indebted for the laurels with which you have been pleased to decorate my brow. We must confess, my lords, that without Catholic blood and Catholic valour no victory could have ever been obtained, and the first military talents might have been exerted in vain."

There is no need to add to that illustrious testimony. Do not many miles of graves near by in ravaged Picardy bear witness to its abiding truth?

Let us see how the Home Rule question affects our new fighting Ally, the United States. The membership of the Clan-na-Gael, which is actively, directly or indirectly, in league with Germany through antagonism to Great Britain, does not exceed half a million, but the number of Irish in the United States who feel strongly on the delay in granting Home Rule is very large. There are to-day living under the Stars and Stripes some million and a half people who were born in Ireland, and there are now in the States more Home Rulers whose parents or grandparents were born in Ireland than the population at home of either Nationalist or Orange Ireland. And nearly all of them or their forbears crossed the Atlantic because of grievances for which they held Dublin Castle rule responsible. In intelligence and enterprise the Irish-American leads all other communities, and any cause that sways so important a racial section of the Union cannot be ignored in politics or the conduct of the Government in Washington. For complete support of a vigorous American war programme more than six million Irish-Americans of anti-extreme views demand as a return that the United States Government should use America's entry into the war as a lever upon the English Cabinet to exact an immediate and complete Home Rule Bill.

When, therefore, Washington expresses to London a lively hope that a rapid solution of the Irish question is in the air, it is not because of any idea of impertinent

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interference in Britain's domestic affairs, but that the United States is seeking to unite to its war policy its Irish-American citizens, and to remove all opposition to an unsparing war carried on until it brought about the downfall of German military autocracy. For America has not gone to war merely to avenge a Prussian submarine commander's bloody fantasy. Nor is she proposing to send across the Atlantic a host of armed United States citizens for the purpose of winning back Alsace and Lorraine for her sister republic. Also—and let the brutal truth be told—Columbia would never allow her sons to be sent to death on European battlefields did she not regard her share in the conflict as an operation of international order and police.

The American people, I am assured by many representative exponents of what that people's real war policy is, hold themselves outside the views of England as to the enlargement of her strategic frontiers in the Middle East or those of Italy on the Adriatic or Mediterranean. The sole concern America has in this war is the securing, by the defeat of the Central Empires, the safety of the great Western democracy, which would be confronted by a deadly peril if Germany was able to impose upon the Allies an indecisive peace. And to save such a consummation to this world struggle America must be truly united. She dare not ignore the desires of six millions of the ablest and most important of her citizens, and who, moreover, are racially possessed of the military qualities indispensable in the improvisation of a huge national army. There will be no evasion possible on the part of the British Government in the final movement to satisfy the demands of a majority of the sea-divided Irish Gael. American pressure will become irresistible during the next few weeks. During the last month I have been privileged to meet in London on not a few occasions an eminent American man of letters who occupies the Chair of History in one of the New England Universities. He has crossed the ocean to hold outside the precincts of the Irish Convention an informal watching brief for a very influential statesman who is not unknown to the President. It is safe to say that he is Wilson's St. Peter. No private American citizen was ever so close to the Chief Magistrate of the Republic. Brushing aside governor-making, president-making, and president-assist-

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ing and the mystery of his influence (if it is a mystery) over Woodrow Wilson, there are graver matters in the political influence of this personage about which this article is concerned. He is a keen student of Irish history. He holds that the whole fabric of society and government in Ireland has been wrong from the very beginning of the English conquest, and must be swept away by an intellectual tidal wave. Holding this view in regard to unhappy Ireland, I think he may not inaccurately be described as being nearer in sympathy with the Hibernian Intellectuals, otherwise Sinn Feiners, than any other Irish political or social party. He holds that the attempt to win Irish freedom as the paradoxical result of a German victory was a betrayal of Celtic ideals. He maintains that for the Irish Celt to become a pro-German would involve a change of soul so radical as to amount to de-Celticisation. To quash finally any Irish-German *entente*, the American alumni to whom I am referring has brought with him, and allowed me to see, certain documents the perusal of which leaves no doubt in my mind that the Sinn Feiners were deluded with promises of military support as illusory as Mr. Lloyd George's promises of a thoroughgoing Home Rule Constitution. They received a message from Berlin promising the landing in Ireland a week after Casement's arrival of 36,000 troops. And in the meantime they sent as earnest of better things a small, slow, leaky old tramp carrying a cargo of obsolete Russian rifles, which were selling at Liège before the war for seven shillings each. The Sinn Feiners gave everything, the Germans gave nothing. All they wanted was to create a temporary diversion, and so a dozen or more dreamers and poets were interviewed by a firing-party to make a Berlin holiday. My friend has descended on the Irish capital with evidence that will sensibly damp Sinn Fein revolutionary histrionics, but not Sinn Fein ambitions and ideals for a New Ireland, an Ireland free and reunited at last, which would enjoy the happiness which her sons' blood-sacrifices have earned.

And let me remind my readers once more that Colonel House is the power behind the great Republic of the West.

A curious development of this American confidential mission to the Sinn Feiners is the cryptic dispatch of Mr T. P. O'Connor. M.P. to Washington. He sailed from

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these shores somewhere about the second week in June, and up to the moment of writing—June 14th—not a hint as to his having been sent has reached the Press. Feeling certain that his presence in the States cannot possibly be hidden from the ubiquitous New York reporter until the appearance of this issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, I now give publicity to the fact in this article, as the reason for the "Star's" semi-diplomatic mission to America is mainly concerned in "dishing" Sinn Fein opposition to the Dublin All-Ireland Convention. Speaking for myself, and not in the least as one reflecting on the Sinn Fein view of this very remarkable episode in the history of the present time, I venture to believe that this mysterious spiriting off to Washington of Mr. T. P. O'Connor by Mr. Lloyd George will prove to be a tactical mistake.

Those few of my readers who have any inkling of the intrigues and counter-intrigues which are simmering in the melting-pot of the coming Convention will readily grasp my meaning when I write "a tactical mistake," for it is not wholly impossible that this latest of "Tay Pay's" many Transatlantic voyages has been undertaken without the knowledge of his Parliamentary leader—another example of the atmosphere of glorified secretiveness in which our present rulers live and move and have their being. When this appears in print it will, I suppose, be public property that Mr. O'Connor is "on the other side," and that his ambassadorial status is even more puzzling to inquisitive gentlemen of the Transatlantic "Fourth Estate" than that of that other eminent disciple of Talleyrand, Lord Northcliffe. For the American-Irish are suspicious of semi-official confidential envoys from Downing Street. It is only during the last couple of months, since the Republic's entry into the War, that the almost universal suspicion, if not frank hostility, that prevailed for so many years in America throughout the Irish community has begun to weaken. I also have been in the States on secret missions, and I have returned to these rain-washed isles bringing with me no illusions as to our Irish-American cousins being cousins in heart as well as in relationship. No, I found that the feeling against England was more deep-rooted than any other feeling—that it was an instinct and not a reason, and consequently possessed the dogged strength of unreasoning

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antipathy. When I went to the States some years ago, in order to obtain by hook or by crook an opinion as to the military potentialities of the Irish-American societies in the event of Britain being drawn into the vortex of a vast European struggle, I found the opportunity to talk with every class of American Celt. Here is his story: His father or his grandfather or his great-grandfather had left green Erin because his landlord preferred meadows and sheep-walks in Ireland to him and his. He or his forbear did not leave as one from a household to establish a branch connection across the ocean; he went away by families, by clans, by kith and kin, for ever and for aye; he made the journey in leaky, fever-infected vessels, called in the phrase of those emigration days "coffin ships," and he landed in the New World with dark thoughts against Irish land laws and with hate in his heart of English supremacy in his loved Motherland. When I met him in the New World it mattered little to England that he had bettered himself and had grown rich—that was his affair. All my business with him, on behalf of the land that had driven him from his sanctified acres, was that I greatly desired to know if his Clan-na-Gael and his Fenian Brotherhood and his Ancient Order of Hibernians were capable of giving us trouble if ever we were engaged in a deadly struggle against Prussian despotism.

In this connection I feel tempted to descend to a personal detail. During the process of combing out the opinions of the Irish-American anti-British military organisations I was honoured by an invitation to break bread with the Galway Club in New York City. I presented myself at the feast as an avowed enemy of its promoters. These were the late Patrick Ford, editor and proprietor of that fire-eating Fenian organ *The Irish World*, the local chiefs of the Clan-na-Gael, and a goodly contingent of ex-Fenian convicts. That night, at Sherry's restaurant, when the tablecloths had been removed, Hiberno-American oratory outpoured itself, and when a certain General O'Beirne stood up and proposed that, to the toast of "To Hades with Queen Victoria," the contents of our wineglasses should travel down their duly appointed paths, I thought it was time for me to discover that I had a pressing appointment elsewhere that particular evening.

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Actuated by this timely memory, I sent up my card to the chairman of this most, to my mind, treasonable function and asked permission to withdraw. My pencilled message on the back of my pasteboard was understood by old Pat Ford, who, despite his ravings, was in private life a most kindly old Galway man. He sent me back a sympathetic message regretting that the "boys" had commenced their display of fireworks: "Of course, I cannot in the least expect you, as a British officer, to stay with your ears open." I had proceeded to a vestibule wherein to invest myself in the fur coat necessary to a New York winter night, when came to me one Captain Edward O'Meagher Condon, who blurted out: "Are you going to leave us like that, Captain?" I received his remark with somewhat mixed feelings, as this particular member of the Clan-na-Gael of grim purposes had been sentenced many years before in Manchester to the pleasant experience of being hanged, drawn, and quartered. This was when, on receiving his sentence, he advanced to the front of the dock and, with uplifted right hand, his voice rang through the fog-shrouded court, "God save Ireland!" and it was that defiant expression of faith in his nationality and religion that afterwards served as the *motif* of the late T. D. Sullivan's world-famed Hibernian "Marseillaise," the hymn of the "Manchester Martyrs"; and to this day wherever Nationalist Irishmen dine, whether in Cork or Calcutta, their reunion on the name-day of holy Saint Patrick finishes with the crash of "God save Ireland!"

"Whether on the scaffold high
Or the battlefield we die,
Oh! what matter when for Erin dear we fall."

I endeavoured to excuse myself; but it was little use, for before I could ejaculate "God save the Queen!" an Italian waiter had, in some mysterious fashion, smuggled into the cloak-room a couple of chairs and a small table which proudly bore on its upper surface a bottle of James Jamieson's Dublin whisky and a syphon of Manhattan mineral water. While the British Empire was being demolished in theory in the dining-hall of festivity, a British officer and an ex-Fenian convict (Condon on his respite from the death sentence had served nearly a score of years' penal servitude) sat and drank to each other's healths as members of

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a not too docile race. From which it may be inferred that the writer gets on with all sorts and conditions of his countrymen, as he has done and as he hopes he will do when attending, for *THE ENGLISH REVIEW*, the belated Irish Convention.

Let me now, at this date (I am writing on June 18th), anticipate a proposed scheme for the administration of a new Ireland, God save her! The plan of certain of my friends who have honoured me with their confidence is one based on the Constitution as conceived by the signatories of the American Declaration of Independence. A Federal scheme of government tempered by the conservative safeguards of one of the greatest of Columbia's statesmen, time-honoured Hamilton. Ireland would be composed of States, not counties, each having its governor, and each sending Congressmen to a Central Congress at College Green, the county and city of Dublin being, as Washington, erected to a territorial entity similar to that of Washington, D.C. A President, who might suitably be Prince Arthur of Connaught, would be elected for a term of five years—a period which would possibly be sufficient to allow the new order of things to shake down, so to speak. A second, and after-presidential, election would be for the purpose of electing the Chief Magistrate for three years. The question of Ireland's foreign relations would, as with the Boers until the retrocession of their Republic, be left in the possession of Downing Street. But the control of the customs, inland revenue, the various city police forces, and that superb semi-military body, the Royal Irish Constabulary, would be at the disposal of the new Irish Congress or Parliament. Such a Constitution to the "distressful country" would be a bold, indeed an audacious, experiment in statesmanship; but it would be worth the trial, as events have since proved that master-stroke of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's when dealing with our once valiant enemies and now equally valiant fellow-subjects, the Dutch Afrianders. The materialisation of the scheme thus outlined would, I am heart and soul convinced, indeed save Ireland. And call the country a Republic if the majority of its people so desire. What would it matter? All our great Dominions are so many Republics, of isles in fact, if not in name, otherwise if they had not been allowed to

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become so, they would have become by this time a number of independent, unconnected States, bearing but little relation to the Motherland, instead of being, as they are now, true Daughter States.

Let us for a moment look at the lessons of their creation in the structure of our sea-spanned Empire. When Queen Victoria ascended that long and gloriously-kept throne of hers, Canada was in the throes of revolution. British and French Canadians were cutting each other's throats with cheerful unanimity. The Parliament Houses of Montreal were burned down. It looked as if Our Lady of the Snows was about to separate from her Imperial family. A Home Rule Constitution was granted to the divided Dominion, and since then we know how our possession in North America has grown up to be one of the foremost pillars of the British Commonwealth.

Then, again, the miserable story of our defeat at Majuba and its aftermath, that terrible Boer War, where our friends and comrades, the soldier statesmen, Botha and Smuts, carved for themselves an imperishable record on the road of famous heaven-born soldiers. Home Rule has been by a brilliant stroke of genius granted to so long a turpid austral Africa with the result that our great outpost of Empire on the route to India has been saved to Britain.

Queen Victoria had hardly occupied Windsor Castle more than a dozen years when revolution broke out in Australia, a revolution thinly disguised as "Mining Field Riots." We were then within an ace of losing that island continent, when the timely gift of Home Rule prevented another secession from the parent country.

The lesson stands written before us to-day. How will it be applied? God save Ireland indeed that the application of these lessons may be received in that spirit that alone will satisfy a country that was never destined geographically to separate her interests from the larger neighbouring island.

The Women's Vote

By V. A. D.

WOMEN feel a little dazed at the prospects of suffrage and representation at last accorded to them, as it were, from the battlefield. Yet it is clear that male opposition, largely kept alive as a sex prerogative, no longer exists in that sense, and this, no doubt, women can justly attribute to the performance of their sex in war and the readiness with which they have shouldered the burdens of man and worked instead of talked. All this is excellent as a beginning, because women will have won their spurs, so to speak, on common ground, and thus the suffrage will fall to them not so much as a gift but rather as an automatic result of fitness and responsibility.

What will the sex do with their new right? It is a very serious problem which the war has at once simplified and complicated. To take the simplified aspect first, it is unquestionably a fact that many thousands of women have learnt some hard lessons during the war, and many of these formerly gay bachelor-girls, sex champions, and bitter-tongued ladies have grown wonderfully softened of late, and to-day recognise once more the old truths which before the war they were disposed to scoff at. Love has been almost as active as death since 1914. Motherhood has returned to her primeval place. The home is again "sweet." We may safely say that the sex war has been knocked-out for this generation, and when the men return vast social problems will engage our attention and the cry will be—the race. That makes for simplicity, for the natural functional order of things; and there is also this: Numbers of women have rediscovered the "utility" of man, and consequently their own differentiated utility. The many thousands of women who have nursed, who have suffered with the men, who have been thrown in close contact with men of all classes, will issue from the contact

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with very different notions from those they held in 1914, and that these women will take a prominent part in public life may safely be assumed. We find pronounced suffragists to-day reverting to the old ideas or ideals of the place of woman in society—above all, as the mother. We see distinctly a strong reaction tempering the minds of both sexes, which will render sex co-operation a far easier thing than it ever could have been without war, thus leading to a complementary start which, it is to be hoped, women will deftly avail themselves of.

Socially, too, many shutters have been drawn up. Great social problems such as venereal disease are to-day as freely discussed as before the war they were taboo. The brutalities of war have removed the myths of sex on both sides. If "morals" have suffered somewhat in the process, women have learnt one or two necessary lessons; for one thing, a good slice of our Puritanical sex hypocrisy has gone and will not return. Probably women know more about men and "life" now than they ever knew before or ever thought of knowing; it is not a bad thing. This opening up of vistas must change England. After the war we shall meet on almost even ground; having done men's work, knowing how they work, able to speak to them about the office, the bank, the factory, the railway, the yard, the War Office, and even the sanctum of the club; men's mysteries have gone. In the future we shall be in a position to "talk shop" as well as practise it, and that also conduces to simplicity.

The complications will begin partly as the result of the new conditions and partly by reason of the change that has come over women, and the breach in the old woman's movement that has already taken place. Women's danger will be her facilities for imitation. If women merely become political women, imitating the male politician without a sense of responsibility, without fundamentals, without conviction, why, we are going to have factional fights which will not be pretty and may be disastrous. Nothing will do the cause of women more disservice than oratorical politicising for personal motives, for "getting on," as men call it, in the social and political world, because all such women will soon be found out, and mere "shrieks" in imitation of the male electioneering breed may get a few

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women into Parliament, but certainly will not find favour among the public, who are likely to demand a different type of politician from that which made up the servile following of this long and sterile Parliament.

Imitation will be women's danger. As speakers, women will certainly do well. If they copy men's ways—it is so easy for them—and merely seek to shine and impose a limelight personality upon the multitude, leaving principle and the fundamentals to look after themselves with the baby, women will not acquire respect, and will find themselves as impotent as the Assembly to-day at Westminster, the mere attachment of governmental machinery. And that would be a sad beginning. There are so many great problems for women to tackle, foremost among which are education, the conditions of living, the housing question, the economic problem generally, the condition of the poor, of their children, of their slums, the marriage laws and the question of divorce, the wages of women and the need of women's trade unions, the eternal problem of the modern wife doomed, in existing conditions, to be the slave of her man, his servant; his cook, his pillow, and his drudge—all women's questions which will only be remedied by women in possession of the vote, thinking and voting unitedly.

Here is the field for women to get to work. Politics in the practical sense instead of in the abstract. To get things done for women, to improve their hard lot, to render their lives brighter and less of a daily toil, to get women better wages, to abolish "sweating" and the abuse of women who have to work in pregnancy, to educate women to read better things and so aspire to higher things, to break down our ghastly snobbery which poisons the servant class, to identify the sex with a practical constructive sense—that is what we should aim at, and, above all, let us seek to do it as women, not as petticoat M.P.'s thinking of Party and the discipline of Party leadership.

Do not let us deceive ourselves. In our schools the girls are trained more and more to be boys, but this should be our province, and what we should insist upon is to have women educated to be women. The vote will not alter our sex. But our sex may well alter the value of the vote. That is our opportunity. To become merely Tories or Liberals and the blind followers of the leaders of Tory

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and Liberal policies will not help women, as we shall soon discover if we try it. The men think that is what we shall dissolve into. I hope not. Only as conscious women can we improve the position of women and get things done. Detachment of thought is essential if any improvement is to be effected in such a matter as venereal disease, for instance, or in removing the cruelty of man's divorce laws. The vote is really a test of independence. Make it a badge of servility, and we women will merely add so many votes to this or that Party machine. After the war man will be rather a precious animal. He will be perforce our jewel, because the jewel of the nation. And let us not forget that bitter times are ahead. Great upheavals are inevitable. The Labour question will assume an intensity never known here before—much, oh, so much, will depend on the line we take up, if we take up a line, and how we use the new power given to us. Nor will the economic side of women's labour settle down easily or revert to the old days, and here, too, there may be difficult times and no little sex jealousy.

I hope we shall get a principle into our movement to start from. I hope the women will see in politics not a tiresome responsibility or one which is mainly concerned with talk and promises, but a weapon for women to use to get the right things done in spheres where men are too lethargic or conservative to move, and in the direction where woman's authority and perceptions best fit her to work and construct. The first thing here for women is to think as women, and not to be the mere straphangers of man's political falsities and the old tricks of the old Party politicians.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

THROUGH RUSSIA IN WAR-TIME. By C. FILLINGHAM COXWELL. T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. 12s. 6d. net.

This is a book to be bought, borrowed, begged for, or stolen. It is all so delightfully simple, interesting, and *accurate*. Mr. Coxwell, one can easily see, was just the stranger to get on with the polite, kindly people of Holy Russia. He says, "At first a shade of irritation would pass over the faces of the concierge or the women servants when I stumbled awkwardly in a sentence, but an air of pity and gentle resignation ere long became manifest. How really astonishing to find a people whose comparatively humble members care to correct a stranger's mistakes in gender, number, and case. It was encouraging to feel quite sure, once in a while, of a new form of expression. Then, reveling in its utterance, I gave hearers to understand that my turn had come. 'Spaelehô' ('thank you') seemed superfluous, 'ôtschen khanshò' ('very good') could be freely indulged in, while 'da' ('yes') and 'niet' ('no'), pronounced with much emphasis, were godsend to my humbled spirits. 'Nitchevo' ('nothing') remained as a reserve not yet to be lightly employed. It stood on a higher plane, after soaring to which I was apt to land in difficulties." Anyway, he was, after three weeks' wrestling with the speech of our Allies, able to set forth on a long journey, on which he contrived to make himself understood. Here is an object-lesson for the thousands of our enterprising countrymen who will be flocking to Russia after the war. Every one of such should read this book; it teems with good and useful things.

SECRET BREAD. By F. TENNYSON-JESSE. W. Heinemann. 6s. net.

After the boy and girl romantics of the Milky Way, this work of Miss Tennyson-Jesse is rather a spring into what

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some people would call materialism. It is not so much a novel as a history, the tale of a Cornish family, its rise and fall and progeniture, making a story of macabre intensity which seems to contain remarkable facilities for dramatisation. The author is at home on this ground. She clearly revels in these Cornish types, gets into their skins and unfolds them with an almost Sadic intention. As a work of art, the thing rather lags and jolts and seems somewhat patchy. There is no cumulative effect. One wonders sometimes whether it is a novel, so detached parts of it appear, so *décousu* is the groundwork. But there are curiously subtle descriptions, criticisms, pictures, portrayals, scenes, anecdotes, and one chapter is devoted to a boys' fight which would have delighted Marryat. Here we have the author, grown-up. The book leaves the critic wondering: what will this fresh young writer develop into—for obviously she is in process of development; will she be a realist, for the dramatic side is strong, or will she find a manner, a line, and follow it? Unquestionably there is power in the author, an unusual curiosity, a perception and recreative talent which has not yet found its true expression. The technique of great fiction is lacking at present. Presentation is on the surface, it does not come from beneath, and there is a lack of nexus. All the same, *Secret Bread* is no ordinary book, and promises a career.

POETRY AND DRAMA

THERE IS NO DEATH. By RICHARD DENNYS. With a Foreword by DESMOND COKE. John Lane. 2s. 6d. net.

There is a strange and tragic anomaly in the fact that to the war we owe the revelation of so much literary talent, revealed in many cases too late to excite more than a wistfulness of regret. It is thus with the writer of these poems, (Capt.) R. Denny, who was killed in July, 1916, at Contalmaison, when serving with the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. From the preface, written by Desmond Coke, himself at once soldier and man of letters, and the fellow-officer of the author, the reader will learn enough of "Dick" Denny's attractive and beautiful personality to give an added interest to these manifestations of what was

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but one of its many sides. The poems themselves range from very early work—there is a strangely simple and haunting little “Thanksgiving,” written at the age of twelve—to those composed in the opening year of war. From the latter, since space forbids more than one quotation, the following may be taken as typical. It is part of a poem called “Better to Pass Away” :—

My friends the hills, the sea, the sun,
The winds, the woods, the clouds, the trees—
How feebly, if my youth were done,
Could I, an old man, relish these!
With laughter, then, I'll go to greet
What Fate has still in store for me,
And welcome Death if we should meet,
And bear him willing company.

SOCIOLOGY

MOTHERHOOD AND THE RELATIONSHIP OF THE SEXES. By
C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY. Eveleigh Nash. 7s. 6d.
net.

Mrs. Gallichan has written admirably on sex, and in this volume she proclaims once more the eternal truths of sex and the rules which govern it. Man may smile a little, for this book reverses the opinions previously enunciated by the author in the era of suffragette sex-war; indeed, she writes bravely that her prophecy of the twentieth century as the “age of women” to-day appears to her so wrong as to be “almost ridiculous.” That is a recantation men will respect. They have never thought that because women had the vote that therefore the sex would or could change, or that the problems of womanhood and motherhood were going to be solved with the appearance of a few clever women speakers in Parliament. It is the war which has brought about this modification of opinion with Mrs. Gallichan, who now preaches the old, old ideas about women and their upbringing quite like a Victorian lady. Mrs. Humphry Ward will no doubt be delighted. We hope women will study this book, particularly the chapters in which the author exposes the modern educational system. Here we are in absolute agreement. Girls are to-day educated like boys, and many suffer in the process. Sex in these places is taboo. We recommend this work both for its sincerity, suggestiveness, and clearness of exposition.

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WHAT I KNOW OF RUSSIA. By HARRY DE WINDT. Chapman and Hall. 10s. net.

The author is world-famous in the annals of travel as having accomplished a wonderful journey across Northern Siberia and then down the ice-sealed Alaskan coast-line to civilisation and warm water. In this last work Mr. de Windt gives a series of living pictures in print of "All the Russias." Of one of them, Circassia, he tells of a curious custom among the fair which obtains until the present day. When a young lady reaches the venerable age of fourteen years, her mamma tightly laces her into a pair of wasp-waisted corsets, which are firmly sewn up, and from which mademoiselle is not released until the day on which she enters the married state. Then her husband, if he so pleases, may turn his spouse loose. This drastic means of figure-training would not, even in these starvation times, commend themselves to our enemy's *fraus* or *fräuleins*, whose average ceinture, I am creditably informed by a Parisian *corsetière*, tapes thirty inches. This last of Harry de Windt's sprightly records of his wandering is very much up to date.

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS. By HENRY NOEL BRAILSFORD. Headley Bros. Cloth, 5s. net; cloth limp, 2s. net.

We intend to return to this courageous attempt to tackle so vast a subject as a League of Nations in the full tide of war, and will merely say now that the book deserves earnest attention. Mr. Brailsford is writing with great lucidity to-day, and no side can take offence at this perfectly honest endeavour to see what can be done to eliminate war. As a statement of general principles, it should be studied. But there will be much to say about the whole matter before long, and we mean to analyse Mr. Brailsford's arguments and see where we agree and where we differ. In the meanwhile, our advice is: Get the book.

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SEPTEMBER, 1917

Three Poems

By D. H. Lawrence

The Sea

You, you are all unloving, loveless, you;
Restless and lonely, shaken by your own moods;
You are celibate and single, scorning a comrade even,
Threshing your own passions with no woman for the
 threshing-floor,
Finishing your dreams for your own sake only,
Playing your great game around the world, alone,
Without playmate, or helpmate, having no one to cherish,
No one to comfort, and refusing any comforter.

Not like the earth, the spouse all full of increase,
Moiled over with the rearing of her many-mouthed young;
You are single, you are fruitless, phosphorescent-cold and
 callous,
Naked of worship, of love, or of adornment,
Scorning the panacea even of labour,
Sworn to a high and splendid purposelessness
Of brooding and delighting in the secret of life's goings,
Sea, only you are free, you alone unbroken.

You who toil not, you who spin not,
Surely but for you and your like, toiling
Were not worth while, nor spinning worth the effort.

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You who take the moon as in a sieve, and sift
Her flake by flake and spread her meaning out;
You who roll the stars like jewels in your palm
So that they seem to utter themselves aloud;
You who steep from out the days their colour,
Reveal the universal tint that dyes
Their web; who shadow the sun's great gestures and
expressions
So that he seems a stranger in his passing;
Who voice the dumb night fittingly;
Oh, sea, you twilight of all things, is it daybreak you are,
or nightfall?

Constancy of a Sort

My love lies underground
With her face upturned to mine,
And her mouth unclosed in a last long kiss
That ended her life and mine.

I dance at a Christmas party
Under the mistletoe
Along with a ripe, slack country lass
Jostling to and fro.

The big, soft country lass
Like a loose sheaf of wheat
Slipped through my arms on the threshing-floor
At my feet.

The warm, soft country lass,
Sweet as an armful of wheat
At threshing-time broken, was broken
For me, and, ah, it was sweet!

Now I am going home
Fulfilled and alone,
I see the great Orion standing
Looking down.

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He's the star of my first beloved
Love-making;
The witness of all the bitter-sweet
Heart-aching.

Now he sees this as well,
This last commission.
Nor do I get any look
Of admonition.

He can add the reckoning up,
I suppose, between now and then,
Having walked himself in the thorny, difficult
Ways of men.

He has done as I have done
No doubt;
Remembered and forgotten,
Turn and about.

My love lies underground
With her face upturned to mine,
And her mouth unclosed in the last long kiss
That ended her life and mine.

She walks in the stark, immortal
Fields of death;
I in these goodly, frozen
Fields beneath.

Something in me remembers
And will not forget.
The stream of my life on the darkness
Deathward set!

And something in me has forgotten
Has ceased to care.
Desire comes up, and contentment
Is debonair.

I, who am worn and careful,
How much do I care?
How is it I grin then and chuckle
Over despair?

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Grief, grief, I suppose, and sufficient.
Grief makes us free
To be faithful and faithless together,
As it has to be.

Frost Flowers

It is not long since, here among all these folk
in London, I should have held myself
of no account whatever,
but should have stood aside and made them way,
thinking that they, perhaps,
had more right than I—for who was I?

Now I see them just the same, and watch them.
But of what account do I hold them?

Especially the young women: I look at them
as they dart and flash
before the shops, like wagtails on the edge of a pool.

If I pass them close, or any man,
like sharp, slim wagtails they flash a little aside
pretending to avoid us; yet all the time
calculating.

They think that we adore them.—Alas, would it
were true!
Probably they think all men adore them
howsoever they pass by.

What is it, from their faces fresh as spring
such fair, fresh, alert, first-flower faces,
like lavender crocuses, snowdrops, like Roman
hyacinths,
scyllas and yellow-haired hellebore, jonquils, dim
anemones,
even the sulphur auriculas,
flowers that come first from the darkness, and feel
cold to the touch,
flowers scentless or pungent, ammoniacal almost;

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what is it, that, from the faces of the fair young
 women
comes like a pungent scent, a vibration beneath
that startles me, alarms me, stirs up a repulsion?

They are the issue of 'acid winter, these first-flower
 young women;
their scent is lacerating and repellent;
it smells of burning snow, of hot-ache,
of earth, winter-pressed, strangled in corruption,
it is the scent of the fiery-cold dregs of corruption,
when destruction soaks and soaks through the
 mortified, decomposing earth,
and the last fires of corruption burn in the bosom of
 the ground.

They are the flowers of ice-vivid mortification.
frost-cold, ice-corrupt blossoms,
with a loveliness I loathe;
for what kind of ice-rotten, hot-aching heart **must**
 they need to root in!

The Poet and His Audience

By Sir Henry Newbolt

THE track of thought which I am about to follow started originally from a conversation on Shakespeare. It was impressed upon me by a very distinguished poet that in the plays, and especially in the comedies, there are passages which offend and must always have offended against good taste. The accusation was based, not upon a conventional standard of taste, but upon a true one. It was not merely that certain scenes and dialogues are at variance with our present notions of decorum, but that they could only be acceptable, or even tolerable, to a nature lacking in sensibility. There could be clearly no question of Shakespeare's own sensibility: the painful inference was that in these scenes he was violating his own nature in response to a demand from outside, that he was, in fact, playing down to the lowest section of his audience.

The example chiefly discussed on that occasion was the fifth act of "Measure for Measure," and it is certainly a striking one. The plot, it will be remembered, is wound up by the arrangement of no less than four marriages, two voluntary and natural, two compulsory and penal. One of these last, the marriage of Angelo and Mariana, important persons in the story, is not only repulsive, but it is repulsive in exactly the degree in which the play is successful in exhibiting the character of Angelo as a villain past hope. We have known other characters in these plays who have done wrong and yet have been forgiven without too much violence to our feelings. Leontes, the jealous and tyrannical husband in the "Winter's Tale"; Oliver, the murderously cruel brother in "As You Like It"; Proteus, the treacherous friend and lover in "Two Gentlemen of Verona"—the conversion of these we are just able to accept as a return to their better selves. But Angelo, as he is shown to us in this play, is an unmingled character; he

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has no better self : it is not his crimes only that are held up to our detestation, but his whole nature. "This outward-sainted Deputy . . . is yet a devil." "They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the down-right way of creation"—he is at once both cold and sensual, hypocritical and cruel. His course of action, when he is raised to power for a short time by the Duke's supposed absence, proves his natural vileness and forms the basis of the plot. He is defeated by means of the lady to whom he had been betrothed five years before, but whom he had repudiated upon the loss of her dowry. She is a slight but singularly romantic figure, Mariana of the Moated Grange. Shakespeare introduces her with one of his most exquisite songs, and unquestionably means her to engage our sympathies. Yet in the end he pairs her off with Angelo, telling us that she "hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection : his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly."

This is natural enough, even sympathetic. But that unjust unkindness of five years ago has been followed by a far more hideous exposure : Angelo has shown himself in the course of the play to be a monster of vice and cruelty. It could only be for a thoughtless, unfeeling audience, not for Shakespeare himself, that such a union could furnish a "happy ending."

Such was the indictment, and I remember that I found it hard to answer. But the substance of it was afterwards published, and called forth a reply from an eminent Shakespearean critic. The line of defence adopted was to account for Shakespeare's bad taste by making it part of the bad taste of his age. To the Elizabethans a coarse tone in conversation and vulgar endings in plots were not repugnant as they are to us : Shakespeare was an Elizabethan, therefore these things were not repugnant to him. There is some truth in this, and so far as the coarseness of language is concerned the answer may be accepted. Plainness of speech is not contrary to nature ; it is only contrary to decorum, and the standard of decorum does vary as the generations pass. But feeling is a different matter : no fashion or convention can make unkindness kind or brutality the same thing as good taste. It is in

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this respect, if in any, that Shakespeare was not of an age but for all time : we can hardly foresee the generation when his work will be, in delicacy of feeling, below the standard then recognised among good men.

This, however, if my memory is accurate, was the general tenor of the reply.

The resultant feeling in my own mind is one to which both disputants have contributed. It is plain that Shakespeare who constantly shows himself moved by great subtlety and great depth of feeling, at certain points will write in disregard of such feeling, and will even patch his plot with work upon a lower level. On the other hand, I see no reason to believe that when he did this he was consciously stooping, or that he was deliberately supplying a demand. The attitude of a storyteller to his audience is primarily sympathetic, not commercial : his true intent is all for their delight, and that intent will lead him to seek at particular moments for the mood or the preference which is in common between him and them, rather than for one which would mark a difference. His desire and theirs is that the story should be kept going, and in the end finished with a word of consolation.

No doubt this is far from the view of Shakespeare held up to us by some of his commentators. Mr. Masfield, in his brilliant little book, often writes of the plays as if they were deliberately intended to illustrate certain preconceived ideas. For him the "subject" of each play is not a story or a character, but an abstract idea or doctrine ; he even goes so far as to speak of Shakespeare's "scheme," and of his "resolve to do not 'the nearest thing,' precious to human sheep, but the difficult, new, and noble thing glimmering beyond his mind."

This would seem to exclude all expression of less elevated moods, and all consideration of an inferior audience. But Mr. Masfield makes two admissions. He divides Shakespeare's life as a playwright into two periods ; in the first of which "he had worked out his natural instincts, the life known to him, his predilections, his reading." In the second period he became a conscious master, visionary and supreme. Perhaps it was only in his immature days that he sometimes wrote below himself. But it is unfortunately in the supreme period that "Measure

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for Measure" was written—Mr. Masefield himself believes it to be later than "Julius Cæsar" and "Hamlet"—so that here the possibility of an agreement is offered only to be taken from us again.

The second admission is more hopeful. We are reminded that the plays of Shakespeare were constructed closely and carefully to be effective on the Elizabethan Stage, which was much unlike our own, and that "on that stage they were highly and nobly effective." This is the line followed so indefatigably by Mrs. Stopes in her researches. From the first she devoted herself to facts, and at once perceived that the determining elements of Shakespeare's method in writing a play included not only his own intuition, but five extraneous facts, all of which had to be considered, namely, his original in history or fiction, his stage, his actors, the Censor, and the audience. The effect of the first four of these is easy to determine: the original story, whether in Holinshed or Cinthio or elsewhere, was the prime element, the source of the impression which his spirit seized upon; it was also, in so far as he felt compelled or tempted to follow it accurately, a limitation of his freedom. The individual qualities of the actors for whom he wrote were limitations, too, but they were also, no doubt, stimulating and suggestive influences. The stage had its own necessities, but these would be soon mastered and instinctively met: the Censor alone must always have been an incalculable and exasperating obstacle. Lastly, the position of the audience remains to be considered, and I think we may profitably spend more time upon it.

The question to which a single play has led us is one which concerns not only the drama, but every kind of poetry and beyond that again the whole range of the arts. Whether it is a poem or a picture, a statue or a sonata, the concrete work of art has always borne a double aspect, and has for long been the subject of misunderstanding and of controversy. To the majority of the world, and especially to the *dilettante*, amateur, or art-lover, as he has at different times been called, the work of art is a thing made by the artist in accordance with the laws of beauty and for the pleasure of others. The laws of beauty being nowhere accessible for reference, there will often be a difference

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between the artist and his audience: the work of art may not be well received. Who is to decide the difference? Not the artist, for he is only on trial, he is the offerer of the goods, the candidate for favour: nor the generality of the audience, for they are inferior in taste. The *dilettante* then steps forward and gives judgment; taking for this purpose the title of connoisseur, or *πεπαιδευμένος*, the cultivated person, the one who knows. If the work of art gives pleasure to him it has passed the standard; it is artistic and should be accepted.

This theory has had a great following, but it has not been found to hold good in practice. The despised majority see, to their consolation, that the infallible connoisseurs have not been agreed among themselves; even among the *πεπαιδευμένοι* the passage of time works remarkable changes in taste. The awards of merit made by Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds are not endorsed by the critics or art-lovers of to-day. Seeing this division among their opponents the friends of the artist have put forward a rival theory. They claim that as art is the expression of the artist's intuition, he alone can judge of the success or failure of his own works of art, because he alone knows how far the expression is complete. They press the claim to the extreme; they maintain that it is of no importance whether the subject of a work of art be noble or base, pleasing or unpleasing; beauty they define as "successful expression" and ugliness as "unsuccessful expression." In their view of art there is no place at all for an audience in the ordinary sense of the word; the artist is the creator, and the rest of mankind receive his creations as they receive a sunset or a snowstorm. Works of art are for the world simply phenomena, and it is no concern of the artist to take account of the effect they produce, whether that effect be one of pleasure, of discomfort, or of demoralisation.

Those who hold this view will rely on Benedetto Croce for the best exposition of it. He has shown with great clearness, and, I think, quite convincingly, what is the scientific account of the process by which a work of art comes into being. The artist receives an impression from the outer world; by the æsthetic activity of his spirit he seizes it and re-creates it for himself, forming thereby a new world, which has never before existed, for it is his own and

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no one else's. So far we are all artists—every day we grasp impressions in this way; but we say nothing of them, we leave them unuttered and forget them. The artist more properly so-called goes a step further: in stone, in colour, in music, or in words he externalises his intuition, he makes a work of art. It is easy to see that the various questions about the audience only arise when this third stage is reached; for example, even the Censor could not say that a play was immoral if it was not published, or even reduced to writing. In short, Croce demonstrates that art is in itself independent of morality, and can only come under the moralist's survey when by publication it is carried into the sphere of conduct. And whatever may be the result in that sphere, the artist is not thereby made moral or immoral, for his object was to express himself and not to influence others.

There Croce breaks off—unfortunately for us—because the relation of art and morality is not yet understood in this country, and because if he had gone further he might have made an observation which would have helped my argument. He might have considered the process by which a work of art may affect conduct. As I have said in a former discourse, it is not by the use of strong language, or by the narrating of immoral acts that conduct is influenced. The effect of these on a reader is simply to increase his knowledge, to add to his experience. Fresh experience, it is true, may bring fresh temptations, and this is why authority always dreads fresh experience for those under its charge—the balance of order may be upset. But, as Thomas à Kempis says, temptations do not make a man bad, they only reveal what he is. The man who stole Leonardo's *Mona Lisa* from the Louvre was probably not tempted to that crime by reading Pater's wonderful recreation of the picture; and if he was he must have been a criminal already. Many a man has thrown away his happiness and his fortune upon the wrong woman; but few are known to have done so under the influence of Tennyson's poem on Guinevere:—

“A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly wealth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips.”

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No; what is really infecting is an infected atmosphere; the Censor wastes his time in striking out an indecorous word or scene in a play. It is not indecorum which is harmful, but contact with a base or vulgar mind; and the vulgarity of an author is dangerous in every page of his work. So, too, with the great artists; it is their contact which ennobles; the man who has once known them is changed in growth and power, not by any words of precept or exhortation, but merely by breathing the ampler air of the worlds which they have created and laid open to us. These effects are profoundly important, and they are inevitable; for they arise from the nature of man, and they cannot be effectively controlled. You cannot legislate against the arts; it is only from imaginary republics that the poets are expelled with honour.

I have now gone beyond Croce, and I am going yet a step further—I am going to cast doubt upon the whole theory of the artist's complete separation from his audience. We are all agreed upon one point, one stage in the artistic process; it is for his own satisfaction, it is to fulfil his own nature that the artist seizes an impression and re-presents it to himself. We see John Keats sitting by the fireside, dreaming over the story of a winter's night in the old world:—

“St. Agnes' Eve—ah! bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.”

We are agreed about this; we know it is not for us that this boy of twenty-three is dreaming, creating: it is for himself that he is making that picture and that serene music, and if death had taken him on the instant, the act of creation would none the less have been a fulfilment, the achievement of an end in itself. But he had, it seems, more time before him, and a further end in view. We see him take pen and paper, we see him record the dream, externalise the expression; still later, when he has contended successfully with publishers and printers, we see

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the work of art given to the world, to all readers present or to come. What is his motive now? What is his spirit driving him to achieve? Why cannot he be content to make his world for himself and live in it, careless of mankind? By the publication of his poem he cannot expect to gain even an increase of material comfort or of social consideration. What is left? "Fame" will no doubt be the answer: and what is Fame? It is something independent of time and space, it is wide and lasting repute—for an artist it is the repute of having re-created life under such an aspect that great numbers of his fellow-men will enter his new world with sympathy—that is, with common admiration—and with gratitude—that is, with a feeling of obligation to the giver. But sympathy and gratitude are personal relations; the poet's motive, therefore, in publishing his poems is a desire for personal relations with numbers of his fellow-men—in short, with an audience.

I have come, then, to this conclusion: that while artistic expression is for the artist an end in itself, the externalisation of his expression—that is, the making of a visible or audible work of art—has a different motive, a sympathetic motive, implying an audience. If anyone desire to maintain that this is not a true account, let us make the attempt to follow him. Let us imagine the artist placed upon a solitary island, well supplied with all the necessities of physical life and able to obey without hindrance the æsthetic activity of his spirit. Let us go further, and imagine him not only deprived of an actual audience, but even of a potential audience; he must not be influenced by any remembrance of the world of men, or any habit of mind acquired there; he must not be moved by any expectation of a return to it. The whole social life of man must be blotted out from his consciousness. In such a case we can imagine him to retain at any rate his joy in physical well-being and in the beauty of nature. Like *Enoch Arden* he may see "every day—

"The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the East;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the West;
Then the great stars that globe themselves in Heaven,
The hollow-bellowing Ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of Sunrise—but no sail."

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But no sail; and with no sail, no memory or hope of a sail, does it seem reasonable to believe that he would record, in words or pictures, the palms and shafts of sunrise as he saw them and imaged them to himself? Can we imagine such a being as this artistic solitary playing to the void without an audience present even to his mind? Is he not a fabulous absurdity, this *Poeta bombinans in vacuo*? I think so, and I think therefore that when we hear a poet saying, however seriously: "It does not matter to me what people think of my poems, I do not care whether people read them or not; I write for myself and not for the public," we are entitled to reply—not, of course, aloud: "Surely you are confusing two acts in one; your emotion was your own, and you expressed it for your own satisfaction, but for whom did you write it, print it, publish it, and send it to be reviewed?" In all this there is an evident inconsistency, and however strongly poets may hold to the theory of their own isolation and independence, you will find few among them who are not in fact moved by this second motive, this desire to have a place, even as artists, in the world of men.

We have, however, one example of the kind, and I recall it here because it is very instructive. Matthew Arnold, in one of the best known of his Essays in Criticism, tells the strange story of Maurice de Guérin, who seems to have approached as nearly as is possible to our imaginary castaway on the Island of Self-expression. "Poetry," we are told, "the poetical instinct, was indeed the basis of his nature; but to say this absolutely is not quite enough." He loved Nature, but not social life; so that "one aspect of poetry fascinated Guérin's imagination and held it prisoner." His outlook was all for the palms and precipices and the shafts of sunrise, and not for men or the sails of men. "The longer I live," he himself wrote, "and the clearer I discern between true and false in society, the more does the inclination to live, not as a savage or a misanthrope, but as a solitary man on the frontiers of society, or the outskirts of the world, gain strength and grow in me. The birds come and go and make nests around our habitations, they are fellow-citizens of our farms and hamlets with us; but they take their flight in a heaven which is boundless, but the hand of God alone gives and measures

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to them their daily food, but they build their nests in the heart of the thick bushes, or hang them in the height of the trees. So would I too live, hovering round society, and having always at my back a field of liberty vast as the sky." In short, he longed, since he must live with men, to live as a bird lives, with his home and his sphere of activity inaccessible to them, and himself freed even from the power of communicating with them by human speech. Nevertheless, he was a poet: Matthew Arnold deliberately brackets him with Keats, as possessing in an overpowering degree the faculty of interpreting Nature. He says of the two poets: "When they speak of the world, they speak like Adam naming by Divine inspiration the creatures; their expression corresponds with the thing's essential reality." But Keats's expression "has, more than Guérin's, something genial, outward, and sensuous. Guérin has above all a sense of what there is adorable and secret in the life of Nature; his expression has, therefore, more than Keats's, something mystic, inward, and profound."

In fact, he was wanting in the sense of human fellowship; his expression was perfect, but it was not for others. The result was to give him a very curious and perhaps unique position in the company of the poets. "He lived," we are told, "like a man possessed; with his eye not on his own career, not on the public, not on fame, but on the Isis whose veil he had uplifted. He published nothing." He left a single prose-poem in manuscript, which was published after his death by Madame Sand. Here at last we find consistency: Guérin not only professed, but he clearly believed that self-expression is the whole end of art. "There is more power and beauty," he writes, "in the well-kept secret of oneself and one's thoughts than in the display of a whole heaven that one may have inside one." In this attitude he was confirmed by feelings which are admirable enough in themselves: one was extreme and even painful modesty, another was contempt for "literary adventure." The literary career, as then followed in France, seemed to him "unreal both in its own essence and in the rewards which one seeks from it, and therefore fatally marred by a secret absurdity." This opinion inevitably reminds us of Wordsworth's, which, of course, runs to the opposite extreme: to him, for instance, it seemed provi-

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dential that he was obliged to return from France in 1792, because if he had stayed and been killed with his Girondin friends he would have been such a loss to the world—

‘Doubtless I should have then made common cause
With some who perished: haply perished too.
A poor, mistaken and bewildered offering—
Should to the breast of Nature have gone back,
With all my resolutions, all my hopes,
A Poet only to myself, to men
Useless——”

This passage, it will be seen, assumes precisely the double aspect of poetry which we are discussing. It may perhaps appear so self-conscious as to be in some degree “marred by a secret absurdity,” but it is a saner view than Guérin’s: it is more in accord with the facts of the artistic life, one of which is the relation between the artist and his audience. The contrary opinion leads us in practice to a train of absurdities; either to that imaginary creature, the solitary artist, who, not being social, is not a man at all, or to the would-be solitary who, by being partly un-socialised, becomes wholly unproductive. And neither of these can figure in our discussion; they may have their own theory of beauty and judge by it infallibly, for themselves, but their feeling cannot give us a definition of beauty because it does not give us anything at all. In a definition of beauty, or of excellence in a work of art, we must take account not only of the artist’s self-regarding emotion, but of his sympathetic feeling; if beauty is to be successful expression, it must be successful expression both internal and external.

I will quote one more poet as a witness to the truth of this. Robert Bridges, in “The Growth of Love,” begins the eighth sonnet of the series with these lines:—

“For beauty being the best of all we know,
Sums up the unsearchable and secret aims
Of Nature, and on joys whose earthly names
Were never told can form and sense bestow.”

Here beauty is hardly defined, but her work is shown to be the summing-up of internal emotions, and the external expression of them by form and sense. In the sixteenth

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sonnet this process is used as an image of the divine art of creation :—

“This world is unto God a work of art
Of which the unaccomplish'd heavenly plan
Is hid in life within the creature's heart,
And for perfection looketh unto man.”

The divine intuition is to be externalised in Man, and Man, the work of art, is himself, by a mystical paradox, made responsible for the perfecting of the Creator's expression.

Lastly, in the twenty-sixth sonnet the whole process is described as consisting of the three “joys of making”—the original joy of the internal expression, the longer and often laborious joy with which the artist translates this into an external form, and, thirdly, the sympathetic joy of witnessing the effect upon the world of men.

“The work is done, and from the fingers fall
The blood-warm tools that brought the labour thro':
The tasking eye that over-runneth all
Rests, and affirms there is no more to do.
Now the third joy of making, the sweet flower
Of blessed work bloometh in godlike spirit;
Which whoso plucketh holdeth for an hour
The shrivelling vanity of Mortal merit.
And thou, my perfect work, thou'rt of to-day;
To-morrow a poor and alien thing wilt be,
True only should the swift life stand at stay:
Therefore farewell, nor look to bide with me.
Go find thy friends, if there be one to love thee;
Casting thee forth, my child, I rise above thee.”

This particular poet, with his double sense of truth and humour, knows that the maker cannot rest long on any work of his. What is for him a perfect self-expression to-day will be to-morrow a poor thing and no longer his own; the swift life will have left it behind; and will have left, too, the hour of sympathetic recognition. But the value of that recognition is not denied: it is a vanity, since it is mortal and must shrivel; but it is, while it is plucked and held, “the sweet flower of blessed work.” Without it the work would not have achieved beauty, in the full sense which beauty must bear for men.

It is here that we come back to our track and find Croce waiting for us. He has foreseen that we may take this line and fears that he may find it more difficult to despise than some other by-paths. “Another less vulgar

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current of thought," he says, "considers *Æsthetic* to be the science of the *sympathetic*, of that with which we sympathise, which attracts, rejoices, gives us pleasure, and excites admiration. . . . In ordinary language there is sometimes a feeling of repugnance at calling an expression beautiful which is not an expression of the sympathetic. Hence the continual contrast between the point of view of the æsthetician or of the art critic and that of the ordinary person, who cannot succeed in persuading himself that the image of pain and of turpitude can be beautiful, or at least can be beautiful with as much right as the pleasing and the good."

Everyone must have recognised this contrast: Croce has stated it clearly, and has thus made plain the issue between his own theory and that which I am proposing. He defines beauty as successful expression by the artist to himself; I ask to be allowed to define it as successful expression by the artist to himself and his fellow-men. Ugliness, to him, is unsuccessful expression by the artist to himself; for me it includes both that and any expression which, however satisfactory to the artist himself, is revolting to his fellow-men.

It is this which Croce denounces as "the science of the sympathetic" or "æsthetic hedonism," and his argument against it is as follows: the sympathetic "is a complex fact, resulting from a constant element, the æsthetic element of re-presentation, and from a variable element, the pleasing in its infinite forms, arising from all the various classes of values." You cannot, he goes on to contend, include these two elements in one science, for, as we see, they are sometimes opposed to one another, and when they are not opposed they form a complex fact. Nor can you set up two different sciences of the beautiful, one of self-expression and one of the sympathetic, for in case of conflict one of the two must be predominant, and you will end by deciding the question of beauty either by success of self-expression or by considering the sympathetic feelings of the audience, which, he says, are essentially hedonistic facts. In plainer, or at any rate commoner, language, what the artist desires of his work is that it shall give him the satisfaction of truth to his own vision; what the audience desire of it is that it shall please their senses. If it happens

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to fulfil both these desires that will be merely by chance; if it happens to satisfy the artist only and disgust the audience, it is none the less beautiful; if it pleases the audience and not the artist, then it is unsuccessful expression and therefore ugly.

This theory is not only, as Croce admits, unlikely to persuade the ordinary person; it can, I believe, be shown to be unscientific—it does not take account of the facts. It assumes two things: that the artist as such is completely unaffected by his fellow-men, and that these fellow-men have only one legitimate way open to them of judging of the beauty of a work of art—they must not consult their own natural feelings, for that would be to follow pleasure and not beauty, but they must surrender their own point of view entirely and adopt that of the artist.

Let us take the second of these assumptions first. There was a time undoubtedly when criticism did not sufficiently consider the artist's aim, but insisted on judging solely by the result on a partially sympathetic audience. But the trend of criticism is now the other way; the artist's aim is generally put first, and the critic not infrequently hints that anyone who does not regard that aim with respectful sympathy is no better than a Philistine. But this is an assumption which neither artist nor art critic has any right to make. It leaves out of account the fact that there are or may be artists with whose personality, with whose intuitions, with whose self-expression we are at variance, and with good reason. I am not now thinking of the Police Magistrate who will condemn a book or a picture if it conflicts with the law of public morality which he administers; I am speaking of a real variance, a fundamental difference of feeling. For we must not forget that it is feeling which is the secret of artistic expression, and no one has stated this more emphatically than Croce; his first chapter shows that intuition and expression are one and the same thing. Let me then put this question to him: A work of art may be a perfect expression of the maker's feeling, but what if that feeling be a cruel, a cynical, a frivolous, or an insane feeling?

It is no imaginary case. No one has ever questioned, or will ever question, the genius of Swift; but to sympathise with all his intuitions in prose or verse is impossible, for

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some of them insult and degrade human nature itself. The present war has furnished us with examples even more striking. Lissauer's notorious Hymn of Hate is obviously a successful expression of feeling, and large numbers of his countrymen have found it congenial; to the rest of mankind it appears either revolting or pitiable, according as they take the author to be cruel or insane. The ordinary person is often right in these cases; he reads a poem or stands before a picture, and he knows that the artist has succeeded in expressing himself; he may even feel that it is a wonderful thing to be so able to express an absolutely personal vision; but he knows also that the vision is the vision of a base or corrupted personality. Moreover, he knows that the converse of this is true—that in the work of certain other artists there is a sympathetic quality which comes not only from their success in expression, but from the nature of the intuitions they express. Not from the subject of their feelings, but from the feeling itself. Milton, too, we may remember, wrote a Hymn of Hate, and began it with a word as terrible as hate itself:—

"Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them, who kept Thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones.
Forget not: in Thy book record their groans,
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. . . ."

This is undeniably vindictive and violent; but it is the cry of a great spirit, not of an angry and ferocious ape. It has at least the possibility of being sympathetically received by sane human beings, and that, too, in spite of the pain conveyed by it.

Here we touch on another and very important point at which Croce's theory is not in accord with the facts. Those artistic expressions which are sympathetic to the great majority of men are not pleasurable as Croce assumes; they convey emotion, but it is often painful emotion. Yet the sense of beauty is none the less present in a high degree. Among the countless intuitions of love which have been expressed in verse, only some are joyful, and of these but few are beautiful. The most beautiful are nearly always full of pain; and this is in accord with the natural history

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of Love, who must have separation always either before him or behind him. Rossetti has sung of both sorrows :—

“ O love, my love! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing? ”

Afterwards he looks back to the day when he painted his lady's picture :—

“ And as I wrought, while all above
And all around was fragrant air,
In the sick burden of my love
It seemed each sun-thrilled blossom there
Beat like a heart among the leaves.
O heart that never beats nor heaves,
In that one darkness lying still,
What now to thee my love's great will
Or the fine web the sunshine weaves? ”

It is not pleasure that the poet gives his hearers by such a cry as this—whatever beauty we might perceive and enjoy in the perfection of the expression is merged and almost overlooked in the sympathetic feeling, the sense of union in love and sorrow. It is natural and inevitable that this should be so, for the sympathetic feeling is wider and deeper than the æsthetic; the grief and consolation which it gives us are derived from a sense of union not with this man only, but with all men, crying passionately not for this love only, but for all loves dead and gone. So with the poet, too, on his side; his own grief is over, his dust, too, has long been “in that one darkness lying still,” but the same shadow is waiting for every human love to the end of time; and the immortality of the poem is determined by the poet's gift of bringing this to the minds of his hearers, of carrying it into the universal heart. If in his effort for self-expression he is unconscious or only faintly conscious of this further aim, that does not alter my belief; for I am convinced that the supreme artistic power is the power of drawing upon a spirit which lies below the separate personality, a fellowship which is not limited by the material form of life.

For those who believe this there remains only one question to be answered. If the artist is, on the one hand, seeking for self-expression, and, on the other, for a sym-

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pathetic communion with his fellows; if the poet in making his poem for himself is also in touch with all the world, past, present, and to come, what is the criterion of success in this complex activity, what is the definition of beauty which will cover both sides of it? I do not presume to dogmatise upon this; I am content to protest against the shutting of doors and windows, the confinement of beauty within the narrow, dark walls of the individual consciousness. Art, let us agree, is the expression of our intuitions, an activity of the human spirit; springing from and appealing to sympathetic feeling in others. We shall not give a complete account of it until we have made a more scientific observation of that spirit. In the meantime let me hazard my own hypothesis. That which moves the spirit to activity, that which the artist strives to satisfy and all men share and are moved by according to their capacity, is the desire of life. That which in the intuitions of an artist or an ordinary man is base, feeble, frivolous, or insane, is deficient in the sense of life; that which is cruel, cynical, selfish, or inhuman, is antagonistic to it. On the other hand the lines or colours of a picture, the harmonies of music, the magical phrases or rhythms of a poem, which alone stir the human spirit deeply, are those which so remind us of life, and so revive life in us, that whether for pleasure or for pain we may have life more abundantly. In this sense I think it may be said that Beauty is Truth to Life: such Truth is Beauty; and perhaps in this region "that is all we know on earth, and all we need to know."

Animula Vagula

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

"You see," the Orchid-hunter said, "this is just how it happened, one of those deaths, that I have seen so many of, here in the wilderness."

He stood upon the steamer's deck a slight, grave figure, his hair just touched with grey, his flannel Norfolk jacket which had once been white toning exactly with his hat and his grey eyes.

At first sight you saw he was an educated man, and when you spoke to him you felt he must have been at some great public school. Yet there was something indefinable about him that spoke of failure. We have no word to express with sympathy the moral qualities of such a man. In Spanish it is all summed up in the expression, "Un infeliz." Unlucky or unhappy, that is, as the world goes; but perhaps fortunate in that interior world to which so many eyes are closed.

Rolling a cigarette between his thin, brown, fever-stricken fingers, he went on: "Yesterday, about two o'clock, in a heat fit to boil your brain, a canoe came slowly up the stream into the settlement. The Indian paddlers walked up the steep bank carrying the body of a man wrapped in a mat. When they had reached the little palm-thatched hut over which floated the Colombian flag, that marked it as the official residence of the Captain of the Port, they set their burden down with the hopeless look that marks the Indian as of an orphaned angel.

"We found this 'Mister' on the banks," they said, 'in the last stage of fever. He spoke but little Christian, and all he said was, "Doctor. American doctor, Tocatalaima; take me there."

"Here he is, and now who is to pay us for our work? We have paddled all night long. The canoe we borrowed.

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Its owner said that it gains twenty cents a day, and we want forty cents each, for we have paddled hard to save this Mister.' Then they stood silent, scratching the mosquito bites upon their ankles with the other naked foot—a link between the *Homo sapiens* and some other intermediate species, long extinct.

"I paid them, giving them something over what they demanded, and they put on that expression of entire aloofness which the Indian usually assumes on such occasions, either because thanks stick in his gullet, or he thinks no thanks are due after a service rendered. They they went off to drink a glass or two of rum before they started on their journey home.

"I went to see the body, which lay covered with a sack under a little shed. Flies buzzed about it, and already a faint smell of putrefaction reminded one that man is as the other animals, and that the store of knowledge he piles up during his life does not avail to stop the course of Nature, any more than if he had been an orang-outang."

He paused, and, after having lit the cigarette, strolled to the bulwark of the steamer, which had now got into the middle of the stream, and then resumed:

"Living as I do in the woods collecting orchids, the moralising habit grows upon one. It is, as it were, the only answer that a man has to the aggressiveness of Nature."

"I stood and looked at the man's body in his thin linen suit which clung to every angle. Beside him was a white pith helmet and a pair of yellow-tinted spectacles framed in celluloid, to look like tortoiseshell, that come down from the States. I never wear them, for I find that everything that you can do without is something gained in life.

"His feet in his white canvas shoes all stained with mud sticking up stiffly and his limp, pallid hands, crossed by the pious Indians, on his chest gave him that helpless look that makes a dead man, as it were, appeal to one for sympathy and protection against the terror, that perhaps for him is not a terror after all; but merely a long rest.

"No one had thought of closing his blue eyes; and as we are but creatures of habit after all I put my hand into my pocket, and taking out two half-dollar pieces was about to put them on his eyes. Then I remembered that one of

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them was bad, and you will not believe me, but it seems as if I could not put the bad piece on his eyes; it looked like cheating him. So I went out and got two little stones, and after washing them put them upon his eyelids, and at least they kept away the flies.

"I don't know how it was, for I believe I am not superstitious, but it seemed to me that those blue eyes, sunk in the livid face to which a three or four days' growth of fair and fluffy beard gave a look of adolescence, looked at me as if they still were searching for the American doctor, who no doubt must have engrossed his last coherent thought as he lay in the canoe.

"As I was looking at him, mopping my face, and now and then killing a mosquito—one gets to do it quite mechanically, although in my case neither mosquitoes nor any other kind of bug annoys me very much—the door was opened and the authorities came in. After the usual salutations—which in Colombia are long and ceremonious, with much unnecessary offering of services, which both sides know will never be required—they said they came to view the body and take the necessary steps; that is, you know, to try to find out who he was and have him buried, for with the heat at forty centigrade no time was to be lost.

"A stout Colombian dressed in white clothes, which made his swarthy skin look darker still, giving him, as it were, the air of a black beetle dipped in milk, was the first to arrive. Taking off his flat white cap and gold-rimmed spectacles—articles which in Colombia are certain signs of office—he looked a little at the dead man and said, 'He was an English or American.' Then turning to a soldier who had arrived upon the scene, he asked him where the Indian paddlers were who had brought in the canoe.

"The man went out to look for them, and the hut soon was crowded full of Indians, each with his panamá straw hat held up before his mouth. They gazed upon the body, not sympathetically nor yet unsympathetically, but with that baffling look that Indians must have put on when first the conquerors appeared amongst them and they found out their arms did not avail them for defence. By means of it they pass through life as relatively unscathed as it is

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possible for men to do, and by its help they seem to conquer death, taking away its sting by their indifference.

"None of them said a word, but stared at the dead man, just as they stare at any living stranger, until I felt that the dead eyes would turn in anger at them and shake off the flat stones.

"The man clothed in authority and dusky white returned, accompanied by one of those strange out-at-elbows nondescripts who are to be found in every town in South America, and may be best described as 'penmen'—that is, persons who can read and write and have some far-off dealings with the law. After a whispered conversation the Commissary, turning to the assembled Indians, asked them in a brief voice if they had found the paddlers of the canoe. None of them answered, for a crowd of Indians will never find a spokesman, as each one fears to be made responsible if he says anything at ail. A dirty soldier clothed in draggled khaki, barefooted, and with a rusty, sheathless bayonet banging on his thigh, opened the door and said that he knew where they were, but that they both were drunk. The soldier, after a long stare, would have retreated, but the Commissary, turning abruptly to him, said: 'José, go and see that a grave is dug immediately; this "Mister" has been dead for several hours.' Then looking at the 'penman,' 'Perez,' he said, 'we will now proceed to the examination of the dead man's papers which the law prescribes.'

"Perez, who in common with the majority of the uneducated of his race had a great dread of touching a dead body, began to search the pockets of the young man lying so still and angular in the drab-looking suit of white. To put off the dread moment he picked up the pith helmet and, turning out the lining, closely examined it. Then, finding nothing, in his agitation let it fall upon the chest of the dead man. I could have killed him, but said nothing, and we all stood perspiring, with the thermometer at anything you like, inside that wretched hut, while Perez fumbled in the pockets of the dead man's coat.

"It seemed to me as if the unresisting body was somehow being outraged, and that the stiff, attenuated arms would double up and strike the miserable Perez during his terrifying task. He was so clumsy and so frightened that

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it seemed an eternity till he produced a case of worn green leather edged with silver, in which were several brown Havana cigarettes.

"The Commissary gravely remarking, 'We all have vices, great or small, and smoking is but a little frailty,' told Perez to write down 'Case, 1; cigarettes, 3,' and then to go on with the search. 'The law requires,' he said, 'the identification of all the dead wherever possible.'

"First, for its proper satisfaction in order that the Code of the Republic should be complied with; and, secondly, for the consolation of the relations, if there are any such, or the friends of the deceased.'

"Throughout the search the Indians stood in a knot, like cattle standing under a tree in summer-time, gathered together, as it were, for mutual protection, without uttering a word. The ragged soldier stared intently; the Commissary occasionally took off his spectacles and wiped them; and the perspiring Perez slowly brought out a pocket-knife, a box of matches, and a little bottle of quinine. They all were duly noted down, but still no pocket-book, card-case, letter, or any paper with the name of the deceased appeared to justify the search. Perez would willingly have given up the job; but, urged on by his chief, at last extracted from an interior pocket a letter-case in alligator skin. Much frayed and stained with perspiration, yet its silver tips still showed that it had once been bought at a good shop.

"Open it, Perez, for the law allows one in such cases to take steps that otherwise would be illegal and against that liberal spirit for which we in this Republic are so renowned in the Americas. Then hand me any card or letter that it may contain.'

"Perez, with the air of one about to execute a formidable duty, opened the case, first slipping off a couple of elastic bands that held the flaps together. From it he took a bundle of American bank-notes wrapped up in tissue-paper, which he handed to his chief. The Commissary took it, and, slipping off the paper, solemnly counted the notes. 'The sum is just two thousand,' he remarked, 'and all in twenties. Perez, take note of it, and give me any papers that you may have found.' A closer search of every pocket still revealed nothing, and I breathed more

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freely, as every time the dirty hands of Perez fumbled about the helpless body I felt a shudder running down my back.

"We all stood baffled, and the Indians slowly filed out without a word, leaving the Commissary with Perez and myself standing bewildered by the bed. "'Mister,'" the Commissary said to me; 'what a strange case! Here are two thousand dollars, which should go to some relation of this unfortunate young man.'

"He counted them again, and, after having given them to his satellite, told him to take them and put them in his safe.

"'Now, "Mister," I will leave you here to keep guard over your countryman whilst I go out to see if they have dug his grave. There is no priest here in the settlement. We only have one come here once a month; and even if there were a priest, the dead man looks as if he had been Protestant.'

"He turned to me, and saying, 'With your permission,' took his hat and left the hut.

"Thus left alone with my compatriot (if he had been one), I took a long look at him, so as to stamp his features in my mind. I had no camera in my possession, and cannot draw—a want that often hinders me in my profession in the description of my rarer plants.

"I looked so long that if the man I saw lying upon that canvas scissor-bed should ever rise again with the same body, I am certain I could recognise him amongst a million men.

"His hands were long and thin, but sunburnt, his feet well shaped, and though his face was sunken and the heat was rapidly discolouring it, the features were well cut. I noted a brown mark upon the cheek, such as in Spanish is called a 'lunar,' which gave his delicate and youthful face something of a girlish look, in spite of his moustache. His eyebrows, curiously enough, were dark, and the incipient growth of beard was darker than his hair. His ears were small and set on close to the head—a sign of breeding—and his eyes, although I dared not look at them, having closed them up myself, I knew were blue, and felt they must be staring at me, underneath the stones. In life he might have weighed about ten stone I guess,

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not more, and must have been well-made and active, though not an athlete, I should think, by the condition of his hands.

"Strangely enough, there seemed to me nothing particularly sad about the look of him. He just was resting after the struggle, that could have lasted in his case but little more than thirty years, and had left slight traces on his face of anything that he had suffered when alive.

"I took the flat stones off his eyes, and was relieved to find they did not open, and after smoothing his fair hair down a little and taking a long look at the fast-altering features I turned away to smoke.

"How long I waited I cannot recollect, but all the details of the hut, the scissor canvas bed on which the body lay, the hooks for hammocks in the mud-and-bamboo walls, the tall brown jar for water, like those that one remembers in the pictures of the *Arabian Nights* in childhood, the drinking gourd beside it, with the two heavy hardwood chairs of ancient Spanish pattern, seated and backed with pieces of raw hide, the wooden table, with the planks showing the marks of the adze that fashioned them, I never shall forget.

"Just at the door there was an old canoe, dug out of a tree-trunk, the gunwale broken and the inside almost filled up with mud. Chickens, of that peculiar mangy-looking breed indigenous to every tropic the whole world over, were feeding at one end of it, and under a low shed thatched with soft palm-leaves stood a miserable horse, whose legs were raw owing to the myriads of horse-flies that clustered on them, which no one tried to brush away. Three or four vultures sat on a branch of a dead tree that overhung the hut. Their languid eyes appeared to me to pierce the palm-tree roof as they sat on, just as a shark follows a boat in which there is a dead man, waiting patiently.

"Over the bluff, on which the wretched little Rancheria straggled till it was swallowed up in the primeval woods, flowed the great river, majestic, yellow, alligator-haunted, bearing upon its ample bosom thousands of floating masses of green vegetation which had slipped into the flood.

"How long I sat I do not know, and I shall never know, but probably not above half an hour. Still, in that

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time I saw the life of the young man who lay before me. His voyage out; the first sight of the tropics; the landing into that strange world of swarthy-coloured men, dank vegetation, thick, close atmosphere, the metallic hum of insects, and the peculiar smell of a hot country—things which we see and hear once in our lives, and but once only, for custom dulls the senses, and we see nothing more. Then the letters home, simple and child-like in regard to life, but shrewd and penetrating as regards business, after the fashion of the Northern European or his descendants in the United States.

“I saw him pass his first night in the bare tropical hotel, under a mosquito-curtain, and then wake up to all the glory of the New World he had discovered for himself, as truly as Columbus did when he had landed upon Guanahani on that eventful Sunday morning and unfurled the flag of Spain. I heard him falter out his first few words in broken Spanish, and saw him take his first walk, either by the harbour, thronged with its unfamiliar-looking boats piled up with fish and fruits unknown in Europe, or through the evil-smelling, badly-paved alleys in the town.

“The voyage up the river, with the first breath of the asphyxiating heat; the flocks of parrots; the alligators, so like dead logs, all basking in the sun; the stopping in the middle of the night for wood beside some landing-place cut in the jungle, where men, naked but for a cloth tied round their loins, ran up a plank and dumped their load down with a half-sigh, half-yell—I saw and heard it all. Then came the arrival at the mine or rubber station, the long and weary days, the fevers, the rare letters, and the cherished newspapers from home—those, too, I knew of, for I had waited for them often in my youth.

“Most of all, as I looked on him and saw his altering features, I thought of his snug home in Massachusetts or Northumberland, where his relations looked for letters on thin paper, with the strange postmarks, which would never come again. How they would wonder in his home, and here was I looking at the features that they would give the world to see, but impotent to help.”

He stopped, and, walking to the bulwarks, looked up the river, and said: “In half an hour we shall arrive at San Fulgencio. . . . They came and fetched the body, and

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wrapped it in a white cotton sheet—for which I paid—and we set off, followed by the few storekeepers, two Syrians and a Portuguese, and a small crowd of Indians.

“There was no cemetery—that is to say, not one of those Columbian cemeteries fenced with barbed wire, in which the plastered gateway looks like an afterthought, and where the iron crosses blistering in the sun look drearier than any other crosses in the world.

“Under a clump of Guáduas—that is the name they give to the bamboo—there was a plot of ground fenced in with canes. In it the grave was dug amongst some others, on which a mass of grass and weeds was growing, as if it wished to blot them out from memory as soon as possible.

“A little wooden cross or two, with pieces of white paper periodically renewed, affirmed that Resurrecion Venegas or Exaltacion Machuca reposed beneath the weeds.

“The grave looked hard and uninviting, and as we laid him in it, lowering him with a rope made of lianas, two or three macaws flew past, uttering a raucous cry.

“The Commissary had put on a black suit of clothes, and Perez had a rusty band of cloth pinned round his arm. The Syrians and the Portuguese took off their hats, and as there was no priest the Commissary mumbled some formula; and I, advancing to the grave, took a last look at the white sheet which showed the angles of the frail body underneath it, but for the life of me I could not say a word, except ‘Good-bye.’

“When the Indians had filled in the earth we all walked back towards the settlement, perspiring. I took a glass of rum with them just for civility . . . I think I paid for it . . . and then I gathered up my traps and sat and waited under a big Bongo tree until the steamer came along.”

A silence fell upon us all as, sitting in our rocking-chairs upon the high deck of the stern-wheel steamer, we mused instinctively upon the fate of the unknown young Englishman or American. The engineer from Oregon, the Texan cow-puncher going to look at cattle in the Llanos de Bolivar, and all the various waifs and strays that get together upon a voyage up the Magdalena, no doubt each

thought he might have died, just as the unknown man had died, out in the wilderness.

No one said anything, until the orchid-hunter, as the steamer drew into the bank, said : " That is San Fulgencio. I go ashore here. If any of you fellows ever find out who the chap was, send us a line to Barranquilla ; that's where my wife lives.

" I am just off to the Chocó, a three or four months' job. . . . Fever?—oh, yes, sometimes, of course, but I think nothing of it. . . . Quinine?—thanks, yes, I've got it. . . . I don't believe in it a great deal. . . . Mosquitoes? . . . no, they do not worry me. A gun? . . . well, no, I never carry arms . . . thanks all the same. . . . I was sorry, too, for that poor fellow ; but, after all, it is the death I'd like to die myself. . . . No, thanks, I don't touch spirits. . . . Good-bye to all of you."

We waved our hands and crowded to the steamer's side, and watched him walking up the bank to where a little group of Indians stood holding a bullock with a pack upon its back.

They took his scanty property and, after tying it upon the ox, set off at a slow walk along a little path towards the jungle, with the grey figure of our late companion walking quietly along, a pace or two behind.

The Economics of High Productivity

By J. A. Hobson

OUR national economy during these years of war has exhibited some remarkable phenomena likely to produce radical changes in economic theory and practice afterwards.

In the economic sphere war figures primarily as a huge enlargement of consumption of goods and services. Most of this enlargement will rank as unproductive consumption, if the term be used to cover all consumption not conducive to the furtherance of future productive processes. If we included in this national consumption all the fighting services rendered by the millions temporarily withdrawn from civil occupations, the size of the aggregate enlargement of consumption would be immense. For the specific war consumption would consist of the food, clothing, transport, arms, ammunition, and other material requisites, *plus* the human activities of the fighting units—in a word, all the goods and services bought and paid for by the war expenditure, inclusive of allowances to dependents which would be regarded as part-price of soldiers' service. But considering that the fighting services lie wholly outside the ordinary economic sphere, it will be best to leave them out of our survey, and to confine ourselves as closely as possible to phenomena concerned with the production and consumption of ordinary sorts of wealth. Now the essential facts relating to quantity and character of consumption during the war are these: Four or five million men in our forces have been consuming a good deal more food, clothing, shelter, transport, and other ordinary articles of consumption than if they had been engaged in civil life. In addition, they have been consuming vast quantities of arms, ammunition, and other materials and implements of modern

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war. Finally, the civil population—at any rate, during the first thirty months of the war—was living at about as high an average level of consumption as before the war, for, though a large proportion of the rich and middle classes had reduced to some appreciable extent their personal consumption, the great majority of wage-earning families had increased theirs. While no measurements are available, it is not an unreasonable assumption to set off the increase of working-class consumption against the reduction in upper-class consumption. If, indeed, we confine our attention to consumption of ordinary material commodities, we should, I think, be justified in holding that the average level of civil consumption has appreciably risen, for a very large part of the “economy” of the better-to-do has been in non-material consumption, such as travel and personal services. In any case, the immense material costs of war, with no reduction in “peace” consumption, implies a great increase in aggregate national consumption. How great this increase is cannot be told, for the statistics of war expenditure give no reliable information, chiefly for two reasons. In the first place, the rise of prices, including the price of all services, greatly hampers all comparisons. Secondly, much of the war expenditure passes directly into civil income, and, if taken as an index of consumption, is liable to cause duplication. Without, therefore, attempting to give any measure, we may be content to appeal to general consent in favour of the judgment that during wartime the aggregate national consumption of commodities has been greatly enlarged.

In the next place, this enlarged consumption has been accompanied by a great stimulation of the processes of productive industry. In all the staple industries employment has been full and constant. Very early in the war the unemployed margin was absorbed in nearly every trade, and, as recruiting and war expenditure advanced, great numbers of women, retired male workers, and children, were drawn into wage-earning occupations. Factory laws, Education Acts, trade union rules were everywhere relaxed so as to increase the working hours, facilitate working by shifts and night and Sunday labour, speed up machinery, and “dilute” labour. Wholesale and retail distribution and the clerical staff in every sort of business were cut down

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to a minimum, and transport labour much reduced, in order to maintain a maximum of material production.

Two deductions from this experience are inevitable. The first is that the normal pre-war economy contained a vastly greater quantity of waste, duplication, overlapping, and flaccidity than was recognised, and that, so far as production of material goods was concerned, the industrial system was working all the time at low gear. The fact that it is working now at an excessive speed, fraught with injurious reactions upon the health of many workers, must not be allowed to invalidate this first deduction. The national economy of 1913 was much more wasteful and incompetent than we knew.

The second deduction is that the enhanced rate of material production was directly due to the pressure of enhanced consumption operating upon the processes of production through an increase of effective demand. There is no mystery about this operation of increased demand for consumable goods. It issued from two sources. First came the war contracts and other Governmental purchases, mounting higher month by month and stimulating one trade after another, until at least half the wage-earners in the country were employed directly or indirectly in Government work. Secondly, as a secondary and derivative cause, came the enhanced demand for food, clothing, furniture, and material comforts and luxuries from the ever-growing numbers of industrial families whose "real" incomes had risen owing to full employment of more of their members at enhanced money wages, and who were spending their money in raising their standard of living. Though the first of these efficient causes was by far the more important, the second was by no means inconsiderable. A sudden abnormal rise in the effective demand for consumable goods is seen to stimulate and to maintain a corresponding rise in the pace of production.

It is hardly possible to conceive a more complete practical refutation of the mischievous dogma that "a demand for commodities is not a demand for labour"—*i.e.*, that such demand does not increase the total demand for labour, but only determines the character of the demand—and no reflecting person can hesitate any longer as to the question how far production can be rightly held to limit and deter-

mine consumption or to be limited and determined by consumption. It has always been possible for theorists to argue that production tended to be kept at a maximum, because whatever was produced could and must be bought either for direct consumption or for assisting some further process of production, and that so far as volume of current production went it made no difference whether what was thus demanded was immediately consumed or not. The argument was plausible. For, recognising that it was to the interests of every business man to produce and sell as many goods as possible, and that human wants were illimitable, it seemed a reasonable conclusion that the general rate of production would be kept as large as the arts of industry and the available labour permitted, and that consumption was at any given time closely restricted by these conditions of production. But the actual working of the business world did not accord with this theory. Every business man was aware that the productive capacity of the available plant, material, and labour in his industry was excessive, in the sense that its full utilisation for any length of time turned out goods at a faster rate than they were sold in the market, thus leading to a state of congestion known as "over-production," and a prolonged period of stoppage and depression, in which plant and labour were kept in a condition known as "under-production." This periodic congestion and its sequel, under-production, were, to his mind, clearly the result of a failure of consumption to keep full pace with the increasing capacity of production in his trade, or, in other words, to an insufficiency of effective demand for commodities of the kind in question. Now, if this train of phenomena, expanding production, congestion, unemployment, under-production, were confined only to a few trades at a time, while the general body of industry was kept in full operation, the trouble might have been imputed to a miscalculation in the application of productive power as between trade and trade, too much being put into certain industries, too little into others. Such miscalculations must, indeed, always be occurring, and must be responsible for a fairly even and continual amount of waste.

But everybody knows that there is a general character to these depressions, and that a torpor spreads throughout the whole of industry, each trade checking its activity

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because it cannot sell all the goods it could produce. Various explanations of this periodic slackening are adduced. Several of these explanations may be valid within limits. Failures of world harvests in certain years may, by reducing the surplus of foods and materials which the agricultural populations apply through processes of exchange to stimulate and maintain other branches of production, cause some decline of general productivity. This, or other independent causes, operating through the beliefs and expectations of business men and financiers, may produce a psychological wave movement of confidence and depression which, working chiefly through the delicate instruments of credit, may raise and lower the volume and pace of industry and commerce. But, so far as such physical or psychological explanations are valid, their validity as operative causes hinges always on the conviction or belief of financiers or other business men that certain available productive power cannot be profitably utilised because the goods it could produce will not be sold at such a pace as is economically necessary to occupy the capital and labour employed in the processes. The failure of consumption or effective demand is always the ultimate cause of the failure of production, if industry be treated as a concrete system. Psychologically, the belief in this failure of effective demand may be regarded as the efficient cause. It makes no difference whether we take the psychological or the material view; they relate to the same determinant fact.

What the war-experience shows is that all such explanations as bad harvests and failure of confidence are minor and secondary causes of that slackening of demand for commodities which is the sole direct agent of depressions. But it proves much more than this. It exhibits for the first time the full dimensions of the waste of productive power which even during periods of normal good trade was allowed to go on. We now know that the productive energy of our nation was never, even in prosperous times, fully exerted. There always existed a larger margin of unemployment than was really needed for serviceable elasticity. The distributive and commercial trades and many branches of transport were enormously overloaded with excessive labour consumed in wasteful over-competition. The

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excessive growth of the distributive classes, attested by each census, was itself largely a device for disposing of and concealing the surplus of productive energy for which the industrial system was unable to find useful productive work. The swelling of the distributive classes attests the limit which consumption puts upon productive industry. Nor is this the largest waste disclosed by war. The torpor of the employing managerial classes in planning out improvements of organisation and method, of seeking and adopting new machinery and scientific knowledge, the general spirit of conservatism which prevailed in all established lines of business, were causally connected with a disbelief in the fruitfulness of expansion, a constant fear of over-production, falling prices, depression, and unemployment. This same obsession notoriously underlay the opposition of workers to the introduction of improved machinery, speeding up, dilution of skilled with unskilled labour, even when no immediate attack upon their earnings was involved. Though other motives also operated, the general opposition to improvements which involved a larger output was based on fear lest the aggregate productive power of the industry should be found excessive and unemployment with low wages should ensue.

Once demonstrate to employers and to workers that it is possible to enlarge and accelerate the output indefinitely without any danger of over-production, and the forces of productive progress liberated by this demonstration will astonish the world. Hitherto there has everywhere existed a series of conspiracies to hold back production, based upon a genuine and a valid belief that full production would not be accompanied by a corresponding fullness of consumption.

War has been a liberation and a stimulation of the powers of consumption normally restricted by two causes. First, the arts and standards of consumption are intrinsically stabler and less adventurous than those of production. The spirit of experiment, the willingness to try new ways, a more disinterested attitude towards facts and evidence, belong to the business life in all save the most sluggish lines of routine business. The very men who are boldly adventurous in business will commonly remain deeply conservative in the capacity of consumers. Habits

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of living are more strongly fixed in most men than habits of work. Still more important, improvements in methods of production often mean enormous and rapid advances in output, far exceeding in pace and magnitude the enlargements of expenditure which accompany a rising standard of living. There is thus in most classes a tendency for the standard of living to lag behind the standards of industry in a progressive community. This failure of consumption to keep pace with increasing powers of production is, however, largely attributable to defective distribution of income. When the general income is so unequally apportioned among the classes of the nation as to place the bulk of it in the hands of a very small percentage of the population, the larger owners of land, capital, and business power, while the vast bulk of the workers are kept by wage conditions upon a low standard of living, the aggregate national demand for commodities will fall far short of the productive capacity of the plant and labour that are available. For a relative equality of incomes, or distribution according to needs, secures the largest aggregate utility for every fresh increment of consumption which may be made possible by improved production, so stimulating the maximum quantity of effective demand. Inequality of income, conversely, lowers the aggregate utility and evokes a deficient quantity of effective demand. Put otherwise, inequality of income favours a rate of saving which is shown to be excessive in that it brings into existence and operation a larger quantity of instruments and materials of production than are found necessary for turning out the commodities which are demanded for consumption. This effect of inequality of income is not at first sight obvious. Those who possess the large incomes might spend them in demanding luxurious goods and services. Much is so spent. But the desire for a fresh increment of luxury is far weaker than that for the primary conveniences and comforts, and, when a certain level of expenditure is reached, the greater part of any income that remains is automatically saved. Though this is not susceptible of statistical proof, I do not think it will be disputed.

Thus, leaving for later consideration the question whether such enlarged saving and lessened consumption necessitate reduced production and employment, we

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recognise that the normal pre-war distribution of income in this, as in other countries, kept current national consumption of commodities at a lower level than if the same income had been more equally distributed.

Now one conspicuous and general result of the war economy has been to diminish the proportion of the national income left in the hands of the well-to-do classes as net income, and to increase the proportion received as income by the workers. Notwithstanding the high profits received by capitalists and employers in many trades, taxation has made considerable encroachments upon the general income of the well-to-do classes, and has handed over to the Government a large part of their potential saving fund. The great demand for labour, operating upon a short supply, has also raised the aggregate of wages, so that the wage-earning and spending classes are receiving a larger proportion of the total income as compared with the non-wage-earning and saving classes. The movement has been in the direction of greater equality of net income and spending power. But, of course, the predominant factor in the new situation has been the enormous war expenditure of the Government. The first effect of this has been to alter the proportion between saving and spending in the national income. The Government has, by process of taxation and borrowing, taken the great bulk of the income that would ordinarily have been invested in new instruments of production, and has spent it in demand for war goods and services. It has, of course, done much more than this. It has not only diverted into war consumption nearly all the potential increase of productive capital, but has similarly used up much of the funds ordinarily set aside for repair and maintenance of plant, machinery, and stocks. Other important encroachments upon our national capital have been made. One is the destruction of shipping, the only large material injury of war this country has sustained. The other is the calling in of large funds of capital engaged in financing world-trade which took place early in the war, and went to feed the early war-borrowing of our Government.

A third consumption of capital for war costs is more difficult to assess. It consists of the sales abroad of American and other securities and loans contracted in

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America. *Primâ facie*, this constitutes a considerable reduction of our ownership of foreign capital and of post-war income in the way of interest. But against it may be set the war loans to our Allies and Dominions. This latter sum, nearly a thousand millions up to April, 1917, is probably nearly as large as the sum hitherto furnished by America in the purchase of securities and by loans. Although it is unlikely that any early repayment of the bulk of these advances to Allies and Dominions will take place, as an interest-yielding asset they must be taken as an offset against our borrowing abroad. If our advances be thus regarded as substantial, though not immediately realisable assets, we are entitled to write off the bulk of our sacrifice of American securities as a transfer from one sort of investment to another, not as a net loss of national capital.

The general result of these considerations is to show that, although during the war we are living at a rate of national consumption exceeding our current national income, this encroachment on our capital resources has been smaller than is commonly supposed, owing to the enormous stimulation given to production. Although we could not long continue to consume at our present rate, it is evident that we could, if we chose, continue to consume at a much higher than the pre-war level.

But here we come to the central lesson of the war, which is that we can only produce at a higher level on condition that we consume at a higher level. In other words, higher productivity, which everyone admits to be desirable and technically possible, is only economically possible if a larger national consumption takes place. If we accept the judgment of some economists, that we must be content to live poor for many years to come so as to pay for the destruction and debauchery of war, the hideous sacrifice of life and property, cutting down as closely as possible both our private and our public consumption, we are in for terrible times. It is, of course, true that the repair and replacement of destroyed and let-down capital and stocks must for some years be a considerable tax upon current productivity in every nation, and will retard the rate of the accumulation of new instrumental capital. But much of this repair and

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replacement may well take shape in improved plant and better technical equipment, lending early aid to the enlarged productivity of brain and labour which we know is available. It affords no valid ground for lowering the rate of public and private consumption to the pre-war level. We must, no doubt, save at an absolutely higher rate in order to contribute our share to the capital damage of the war, and to make up for the absorption of all saving during three years in war loans instead of in new industrial structure. But if the quantity of slack and waste in our pre-war productive system be as great as we find reason to believe, it should be possible to reconcile this enlarged saving with a rate of consumption which, though considerably lower than the aggregate national consumption during war, is much higher than the aggregate pre-war consumption.

The orthodox economic doctrine affords no explanation of the waste of productivity which we now perceive to have been a normal, constant feature of the pre-war economy. Neither fluctuations in harvests nor in public confidence serve to explain the habitual failure to keep our industrial machinery in full working. The current war experience furnishes the exception that "proves the rule," showing how an abnormally and artificially inflated demand for commodities maintains an excessively high rate of production. We could not, indeed, maintain indefinitely this rate of consumption, encroaching, as we see it does, upon our fund of capital. But it seems evident that we could maintain indefinitely a rate of national consumption half-way, let us say, between the pre-war rate and the rate of 1916. If half the demand for munitions and other war goods could be converted into a proportionate demand for peace goods, the "prosperity" of war-time could be maintained in peacetime without damage to the capital structure of industry. On such a basis we could not merely make the needed provision for maintenance and normal increase of plant and other forms of capital, but could effect the equally necessary relaxation of the present excessive strain upon the working power and health of large classes of producers. The pace of current productivity is a pace that kills. The speeding-up, overtime, etc., is taking too much out of the workers. It would be undesirable and practically im-

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possible to continue the strain after the war. But it would also be quite unnecessary. For as the demobilised fighters pass again into the ranks of industry, shorter hours and other relaxations of the strain upon the individual worker could be achieved without reducing the aggregate employment and production. Nay, it is likely that the absorption of so many millions into useful industries could be attended by some increase of the aggregate productivity of war-time, without imposing any excessive burden on the individual worker. The fighting men, who during war-time have been large consumers not only of food, clothing, etc., but of arms, ammunition, etc., could continue to be large consumers during peace-time if they helped to maintain the aggregate production of consumables up to or above the war-level. If the aggregate production of commodities were no greater than during the war, the conversion of several hundreds of millions of war-goods into peace-goods would raise greatly the aggregate peace-goods available for consumption, while providing at the same time for the repair and enlargement of the capital structure. I do not desire to depreciate the importance of this provision for capital. But those who hold that for a long time to come we must be content as a nation to "live poor," so as to help repair the damage of war and to supply the thirsty borrowing nations of the world with the fertilising streams of investment stopped during the war, are equally mistaken as to the possible and the desirable. I assent to the proposition that we must save more after the war. But I also insist that we must consume more, and that there is no incompatibility between the two positions. A higher rate of saving and a higher consumption can be simultaneously achieved on condition that productivity itself is raised to a higher level. If the endeavour were made to utilise the high rate of interest so as to stimulate saving at the expense of consumption, the effect would be disastrous. For even if the demand for capital goods could be made so effective as to keep the workers fully occupied in supplying them, labour would not be available upon such terms. High productivity can only be obtained, technically and morally, on condition of maintaining a higher standard of private consumption than before the war, and a higher standard of public expendi-

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ture upon housing, hygiene, education, and other public utilities and amenities. The former is necessary to stimulate and maintain, physically and morally, the higher and more productive qualities of labour; the latter, not only to contribute to the raising of the efficiency of labour, but to the general improvement of the productive resources of the land and nation. High productivity demands better education, not merely for the workers, but for the employing and professional classes. It demands also large public expenditure for improved transport, land cultivation, and other "developmental" work. The various committees dealing with reconstruction in its several branches know that if the natural and human resources of the country are really to be organised for the best productive use, an immense and continued expenditure of public money will be necessary.

In a word, the redistribution of income brought about by the exigencies of the war, whereby the spending power of the State upon the one hand, and the workers on the other, was greatly increased, must continue in peace-time. State expenditure must not, of course, be maintained upon anything like the war level, but it must not be let down anywhere near to the pre-war level. Working-class expenditure must be kept up at least to the war level. This last for two reasons. The first is that it is required in order to help keep the productive system in full and regular working by furnishing a regular and adequate demand for the staple material commodities that system is mainly engaged in turning out. The second is that a high standard of productivity is impossible for workers on a low level of consumption. This impossibility is twofold. Workers cannot do their best unless their intake of food and other material goods is adequate to sustain their output of muscular and nervous energy. Workers will not do their best unless they are satisfied with their wages and other industrial conditions. This will to work will not be forthcoming unless the workers are assured that the high productivity it is capable of yielding means for the workers higher wages, more leisure, and a fuller and more interesting life. They will not consent to work upon the pre-war conditions, but will demand their share of the fruits of liberty in a war for liberty.

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The war-economy has been a dramatically exaggerated revelation of the disease of under-consumption from which our nation, in common with other industrially advanced nations, has been suffering. By violent interferences with the distribution of income, so as to increase the spending power of the Government on the one hand, and the working classes on the other, it has raised rapidly the aggregate consumption. To meet this enhanced demand for commodities, production has been stimulated to a fever pace. Post-war economy ought not to, and indeed cannot, maintain this pace. But if harmonious co-operation can be maintained between capital and labour when peace is restored, the returning millions of workers will enable the aggregate production to continue at an even higher level than in war-time. But this productivity can only be attained on condition that the improved distribution of income brought about by the exigencies of war be substantially retained. In other words, a high level of real wages on the one hand, and a high level of public consumption on the other, are essential conditions for industrial peace, high productivity, and full employment after the war.

The Scavengers^{*}

By Henri Fabre

IN the building of the nest, the family safeguard, we see displayed the highest faculties of instinct. That clever architect, the bird, teaches us as much; and the insect, with its still more diverse talents, repeats the lesson, telling us that maternity is the supreme inspirer of instinct. Entrusted with the preservation of the species, which is more important than the preservation of individuals, maternity awakens in the drowsiest intelligence marvellous gleams of foresight; it is the thrice sacred hearth where are kindled the mysterious psychic fires that will suddenly burst into flame and dazzle us with their semblance of infallible reason. The more maternity asserts itself, the higher does instinct ascend.

In this respect no creatures are more deserving of our attention than the Hymenoptera. All these favourites of instinct prepare board and lodging for their offspring. They become master-craftsmen in a host of trades for the sake of a family which their faceted eyes will never behold, but which is, nevertheless, no stranger to the mother's far-seeing intelligence. One turns cotton-spinner and produces woven bottles; another sets up as a basket-maker and braids hampers out of fragments of leaves; a third becomes a mason and builds rooms of cement and domes of road-metal; a fourth opens pottery-works where clay is kneaded into shapely vases and dumpy pots; yet another goes in for mining and digs mysterious underground chambers in the warm, moist earth. A thousand trades similar to ours, or often even unknown to our industrial system, enter into the preparation of the abode. Next come the provisions for the expected nurselings: piles of honey, loaves of pollen, stores of game preserved by a clever paralysing process. In such works as these, having

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the future of the family for their sole object, the highest manifestations of instinct appear under the stimulus of maternity.

So far as the rest of the insect race is concerned, the mother's cares are generally very summary. In most cases all that is done is to lay the eggs in a favourable spot, where the larva can find bed and breakfast at its own risk and peril. When an insect has these rustic ideas about the upbringing of its offspring, talents are superfluous. Lycurgus banished the arts from his republic on the ground that they were enervating. In like manner the higher inspirations of instinct have no home among insects reared in the Spartan fashion. The mother scorns the sweet task of the nurse; and the intellectual prerogatives, which are the best of all, diminish and disappear, so true is it that, with animals as with ourselves, the family is a source of perfection.

While the Hymenopteron, so extremely thoughtful of its progeny, fills us with wonder, the others, which abandon theirs to the accident of good luck or bad, must seem to us, by comparison, of little interest. These others form almost the whole of the entomological race; at least, among the fauna of our country-sides, there is, to my knowledge, only one other example of insects preparing board and lodging for their family, as do the gatherers of honey and the buriers of well-filled game-bags.

And, strange to say, these insects, vying in maternal solicitude with the flower-despoiling tribe of Bees, are none other than the Dung-beetles, the dealers in ordure, the scavengers of the cattle-fouled meadows. We must pass from the scented blossoms of our flower-beds to the mule-droppings of our high roads to find a second instance of devoted mothers and lofty instincts. Nature abounds in these antitheses. What are our ugliness or beauty, our cleanliness or dirt to her? Out of filth she creates the flower; from a little manure she extracts the thrice-blessed grain of wheat.

Notwithstanding their disgusting occupation, the Dung-beetles are of very respectable standing. Their size, which is generally imposing; their severe and immaculately glossy attire; their portly bodies, thick-set and compact; the quaint ornamentation of brow or thorax: all these make

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them cut an excellent figure in the collector's boxes, especially when to our home species, oftenest of an ebon black, we add a few tropical varieties a-glitter with gleams of gold and flashes of burnished copper.

They are the sedulous attendants of our herds, for which reason several of them are faintly redolent of benzoic acid, the aromatic of the sheepfolds; and they have as head of their line the Sacred Scarab, whose strange behaviour had already attracted the attention of the fellah labouring in the valley of the Nile some thousand years before the Christian era. As he watered his patch of onions the Egyptian would see from time to time, in the spring season, a fat black insect pass close by, hurriedly trundling a ball of camel-dung backwards. He would watch the queer rolling thing in amazement, even as the Provençal peasant watches it to this day.

No one fails to be surprised when he first finds himself in the presence of the Scarab, who, with his head down and his long hind-legs in the air, pushes with might and main his huge pill, the source of so many awkward tumbles. Undoubtedly the simple fellah, on beholding this spectacle, wondered what that ball could be, what object the black creature could have in rolling it along with such vigour. The peasant of to-day asks himself the same question.

In the days of the Rameses and Thothmes superstition had something to say in the matter; men saw in the rolling sphere an image of the world performing its daily evolution; and the Scarab received divine honours. In memory of his ancient glory he is still the Sacred Beetle of the modern naturalists.

It is six or seven thousand years since the curious pill-maker first got himself talked about; are his habits thoroughly familiar to us yet? Do we know the exact use for which he intends his ball? Do we know how he rears his family? Not at all. The most authoritative works perpetuate the grossest errors where he is concerned.

Ancient Egypt used to say that the Scarab rolls his ball from east to west, the direction in which the earth moves. He next buries it underground for twenty-eight days, the period of a lunar revolution. This four weeks' incubation quickens the pill-maker's progeny. On the

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twenty-ninth day, which the insect knows to be that of the conjunction of the sun and moon and of the birth of the world, he goes back to his buried ball; he digs it up, opens it and throws it into the Nile. That completes the cycle. Immersion in the sacred waters causes a Scarab to emerge from the ball.

Let us not laugh overmuch at these Pharaonic stories; they contain a modicum of truth mingled with the fantastic theories of astrology. Moreover, a good deal of the laughter would recoil upon our own science, for the fundamental error of regarding as the Scarab's cradle the ball which we see rolling across the fields still lingers in our text-books. All the authors who write about the Sacred Beetle repeat it; the tradition has come down to us intact from the far-off days when the Pyramids were built.

The early chapters of my investigations into the nature of instinct proved, in the most categorical fashion, that the round pellets rolled hither and thither along the ground by the insect do not—and indeed cannot—contain germs. They are not habitations for the egg and the grub; they are provisions which the Sacred Beetle hurriedly removes from the madding crowd in order to bury them and consume them at leisure in a subterranean dining-room.

Nearly forty years have elapsed since I used eagerly to collect the materials to support my iconoclastic assertions on the Plateau des Angles, near Avignon, and nothing has happened to invalidate my statements; far from it: everything has corroborated them. The incontestable proof came at last when I obtained the Scarab's nest, a genuine nest this time, gathered in such quantities as I wished and in some cases even shaped before my eyes.

I have described elsewhere my former vain attempts to find the larva's abode; I have described the pitiful failure of my efforts at rearing under cover; and perhaps the reader commiserated my woes when he saw me on the outskirts of the town stealthily and ingloriously gathering in a paper bag the donation presented by a passing mule for my charges. Certainly, as things were, my task was no easy one. My boarders, who were great consumers—or, more correctly speaking, great wasters—used to beguile the tedium of captivity by playing at art for art's sake in the glad sunshine. Pill followed on pill, all beautifully

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round, to be abandoned unused after a few exercises in rolling. The heap of provisions, which I had so painfully acquired in the friendly shadow of the gloaming, was squandered with disheartening rapidity; and there came a time when the daily bread failed. Moreover, the stringy manna falling from the horse or the mule is hardly suited to the mother's work, as I learnt afterwards. Something more homogeneous is needed, something more plastic; and this only the sheep's somewhat laxer bowels are able to supply.

In short, though my earlier studies taught me all about the Scarab's public manners, for several reasons they told me nothing of his private habits. The nest-building problem remained as obscure as ever. Its solution demands a good deal more than the straitened resources of a town and the scientific equipment of a laboratory. It requires prolonged residence in the country; it requires the proximity of flocks and herds in the bright sunshine. Given these conditions, success is assured provided that we have zeal and perseverance; and those conditions I find in perfection in my quiet village of Sérignan.

Provisions, my great difficulty in the old days, are now to be had for the asking. Close to my house mules pass along the high road on their way to the fields and back again; morning and evening flocks of sheep go by, making for the pasture or the fold; not five yards from my door my neighbour's goat is tethered: I can hear her bleating as she nibbles away at her ring of grass. Moreover, should food be scarce in my immediate vicinity, there are always youthful purveyors who, lured by visions of lollipops, are ready to scour the country after victuals for my Beetles.

They arrive, not one but a dozen, bringing their contributions in the queerest of receptacles. In this novel procession of gift-bearers any concave thing that chances to be handy is employed: the crown of an old hat, a broken tile, a bit of stove-pipe, the bottom of a spinning-top, a fragment of a basket, an old shoe hardened into a sort of boat, at a pinch the collector's own cap.

"It's prime stuff this time," their shining eyes seem to proclaim. "It's something extra special."

The goods are duly approved and are paid for on the spot, as agreed. To close the transaction in a fitting manner,

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I take the victuallers to the cages and show them the Beetle rolling his pill. They gaze in wonder at the funny creature that looks as if it were playing with its ball; they laugh at its tumbles and scream with delight at its clumsy struggles when it comes to grief and lies on its back kicking. A charming sight, especially when the sweets bulging in the youngsters' cheeks are just beginning to melt deliciously. Thus the zeal of my little collaborators is kept alive. There is no fear of my boarders starving: their larder will be lavishly supplied.

Who are these boarders? Well, first and foremost the Sacred Beetle, the chief subject of my present investigations. Sérignan's long screen of hills might well mark his extreme northern boundary. Here ends the Mediterranean flora, whose last ligneous representatives are the arborescent heather and the arbutus-tree; and here, in all probability, the mighty pill-maker, a passionate lover of the sun, terminates his arctic explorations. He abounds on the hot slopes facing the south and in the narrow belt of plain sheltered by that powerful reflector. According to all appearances, the elegant Gallic *Bolboceras* and the stalwart Spanish *Copris* likewise stop at this line, for both are as sensitive to cold as he. To these curious Dung-beetles, whose private habits are so little known, let us add the *Gymnopleuri*, the *Minotaur*, the *Geotrupes*, the *Onthophagi*. They are all welcomed in my cages, for all of them, I am convinced beforehand, have surprises in store for us in the details of their underground business.

My cages have a capacity of about a cubic yard. Except for the front, which is of wire gauze, the whole is made of wood. This prevents too much rain from coming in, the effect of which would be to turn the layer of earth in my open-air appliances into mud. Excessive moisture would be fatal to the prisoners, who cannot, in their straitened artificial demesne, act as they do when at liberty and prolong their digging indefinitely until they come upon a medium suitable to their operations. They want soil which is porous and not too dry, though in no danger of ever becoming muddy. The earth in the cages, therefore, is of a sandy character and, after being sifted, is slightly moistened and flattened down just enough to prevent any landslips in the future galleries. Its depth is barely ten

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or eleven inches, which is insufficient in certain cases, but those of the inmates who have a fancy for deep galleries—the *Geotrupes*, for instance—are well able to make up horizontally for what is denied them perpendicularly.

The trellised front has a south aspect and allows the sun's rays to penetrate right into the dwelling. The opposite side, which faces north, consists of two shutters, one above the other. They are movable and are kept in place by hooks or bolts. The top one opens for food to be distributed and for the closing of the cage; it is the kitchen door for everyday use. It is also the entrance-gate for any new captives whom I succeed in bagging. The bottom shutter, which keeps the layer of earth in position, is only opened on great occasions, when we want to surprise the insect in its home life and to ascertain the condition of the underground processes. Then the bolts are drawn; the board, which is on hinges, falls; and a vertical section of the soil is laid bare, giving us an excellent opportunity of studying the Dung-beetles' work. Our examination is made with the point of a knife and has to be conducted with the utmost care. In this way we get with precision and without difficulty industrial details which could not always be obtained by laborious digging in the open fields.

Nevertheless, outdoor investigations are indispensable and often yield far more important results than anything derived from home-rearing; for, though some Dung-beetles are indifferent to captivity and work in the cage with their customary vigour, others, of a more nervous temperament, or perhaps more cautious, distrust my boarded palaces and are extremely reluctant to surrender their secrets. It is only once in a way that they fall victims to my assiduous wooing. Besides, if my menagerie is to be run properly, I must know something of what is happening outside, if only to find out the right time of the year for my various projects. It is essential, therefore, that our study of the insect in captivity should be amply supplemented by observations of its life and habits in its wild state.

At early dawn in the dog-days, when my insects are busy with their nest-building, you may see him in the meadows. When night falls and the heat begins to lessen he is still there; and all day long, till far into the night, he passes to and fro among the pill-rollers, who are

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attracted from every quarter by the reek of the victuals strewn by his sheep. Well posted in the various points of my entomological problems, he watches events and keeps me informed. He awaits his opportunity; he inspects the grass. With his knife he lays bare the subterranean cells which is betrayed by its little mound of earth; he scrapes, digs and finds; and it all constitutes a glorious change from his vague pastoral musings.

Ah, what a splendid morning we spend together, in the cool of the day, seeking the nest of the Scarab or the Copris! Old Sultan is there, seated on some knoll or other, keeping an autocratic eye upon the fleecy rabble. Nothing, not even the crust held out by a friendly hand, distracts his attention from his exalted functions. Certainly he is not much to look at, with his tangled black coat, soiled with the thousands of seeds that have caught in it. He is not a handsome dog, but what a lot of sense there is in his shaggy head, what a talent for knowing exactly what is permitted and what forbidden, for perceiving the absence of some heedless one forgotten behind a dip in the ground! Upon my word, one would think that he knew the number of sheep confided to his care, *his* sheep, though never a bone of them comes his way. He has counted them from the top of his knoll. One is missing. Sultan rushes off. Here he comes, bringing the straggler back to the flock. Clever dog! I admire your skill in arithmetic, though I fail to understand how your crude brain ever acquired it. Yes, old fellow, we can rely on you; the two of us, your master and I, can hunt the Dung-beetle at our ease and disappear in the copsewood; not one of your charges will go astray, not one will nibble at the neighbouring vines.

It was in this way that I worked at early morn, before the sun grew too hot, in partnership with the young shepherd and our common friend Sultan, though at times I was alone, sole pastor of the seventy bleating sheep. And so the materials were gathered for my history of the Sacred Beetle and his emulators.

A Plea for Amateur Composers

By Francis Toye

It seems probable that of all categories of persons who will be affected by the economic conditions prevailing after the war few, if any, will be more hit than the musicians. And the better the musician, the more, I fear, is he likely to suffer. The ballad-monger, the sentimental tenor, and the bluff, breezy baritone will doubtless continue their profitable, if inglorious, career much as before. For the suburbs will still give musical *soirées*, and the rather depressed public of our national seaside resorts must be amused somehow—if only by music! But the real artist, whether in composition, singing, or playing, is going to find life difficult. The new rich, who have waxed fat on War Loan and shipping, will have very little use for him; the old rich (in so far as they ever did patronise him before) will, in the main, be rich no longer. Ten or fifteen years will necessarily elapse before the new education, preconised by Mr. Fisher, turns the thoughts of the great public towards good music. And in less than ten years a man can starve to death quite comfortably.

For the singer and player, perhaps, the outlook is not altogether hopeless. The Beecham Opera seems likely to be a permanent National Opera, and will offer a living to some few good singers with suitable voices. The revival of interest in chamber-music, too, should eventually help the serious singer almost as much as it helps the serious player. Intelligent concert-going is largely a question of habit, and people who have become accustomed to go and hear Frank Bridge's Quartets are likely to prefer singers who interpret Vaughan-Williams rather than, let us say, Herman Löhr. Besides, there is, in any event, always a certain market for the talents of an executive artist, however good a musician he may be!

But for the serious composer who hopes to make his

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living by composition I can see no redeeming feature of any kind. The only consolation is to point out that it is practically impossible for him so to live already. With two, or perhaps three, exceptions, I can think of no serious composer who relies for maintenance on the sale of his compositions. If he has no private means, he sells his soul to some musical academy, or he conducts a theatre orchestra, or he gives the inevitable piano lessons to the customary young ladies, or, worst of all, he becomes a church organist. The lay public do not sufficiently remember these facts. To them the composer is a romantic figure, all hair and no appetite, expected, moreover, to be slightly hysterical and habitually unfaithful to his wife, who spends a dreamy, semi-lunatic existence scratching abstractedly on music-paper. Alas! such an existence, excellent though it might be as an antidote to the middle-class stodginess of some of our composers, is quite impossible without a private income of a thousand a year; and not even in the twenty-first century are we likely to find a Patron's Fund or a Carnegie Trust endowing composers to this extent. It is really important that the public should realise that the average composer never has and never will live by composition alone. The contrary illusion is responsible for much of that *Schwärmerei* which is the greatest curse to music at the present time.

Nevertheless the public, in thus unconsciously singling out composition as the only striking and indeed interesting feature in a composer, show a perfectly sound instinct. If they would only go a step further and realise that the composer is by far the most important figure in music, the whole level of our musical taste would be immeasurably raised. At present all the limelight is turned on to any player or singer whose talents or vagaries are of a kind to impress the paragraphists of the halfpenny Press. Moreover, the singers or players themselves naturally combine to foster this illusion in the public. It is due to their genius, they say, that the composer's work is appreciated; it is owing to their kindness that his compositions are heard at all. Still, the hard fact remains that the composer is the creative artist. So I make no apology, in speculating as to the future of music after the war, for confining my attention to the composer. He is, in fact, music.

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What advice, then, should be given to the young man with an irrepressible desire for musical composition who has to choose a career after the war? To me, at any rate, the answer is clear: "Choose a profession and write music as an amateur." I should like further to emphasise the fact that, in my opinion, this advice should be given not only to the slightly talented, but to those who have a really remarkable gift. It would, to put the matter in a concrete form, embrace the majority of our contemporary composers, were they young men of twenty hesitating on the threshold of life.

Now, that many people will very furiously disagree I am well aware. Lest, however, they should take the trouble to disagree with what I do not mean as well as with what I do, I should like to explain two points at once. If a boy be a Mozart, a Wagner, or even a Debussy or a Humperdinck, it is obviously ridiculous to think of his adopting any other career but that of music. Unfortunately, not one composer in a thousand is a Mozart, nor yet one in five hundred a Debussy. The great composer is great because he is a great exception, and to argue from exceptions is silly. The composer we are considering is the average composer with something genuine and beautiful to say, not the towering genius. Indeed, the dividing line should be drawn considerably below either Debussy or Humperdinck. I could give precise examples among various living composers of where I think it should be drawn, but from sheer cowardice I refrain. And among the dead it would be useless, because the names of such men, except to the student, are completely unknown—a fact which may serve incidentally to remind some of us how very little music, even good music, survives in proportion to that which is written. The second misconception may lie in the use of the word "amateur." By an unfortunate but only too well justified extension of meaning, the terms "amateur" and "amateurishness" have come to signify in English definite incompetence. Needless to say, I contemplate nothing of the sort. By "amateur" I only mean a person whose time is not wholly or even mainly devoted to writing music, and whose livelihood is not dependent on the sale of his compositions. An amateur may be good, bad, or indifferent, according to his ability, enthusiasm, or perseverance.

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There is nothing inherent in the status itself which justifies *a priori* judgment. We have all suffered from the ravages of the amateur, none more than the present writer, who may feelingly exclaim with the pious Aeneas :

quaeque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui :

but there is no reason to damn a good name because of a bad dog !

Taking, however, my meaning in its real sense, a man may well object that a collection of amateur composers will fail to reach the standard of technique expected in modern composition. This is certainly possible, and I must admit that the general standard of technique among composers might be lowered. Modern musical composition in its more ambitious forms is a very intricate business, and a great deal of labour and experience is necessary to master it. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that if a man is passionately absorbed in anything, and is prepared to devote the major portion of his spare time to it, the sum total of available hours is surprisingly large. Even supposing that our amateur composer devoted to music and composition only the same amount of time as the enthusiastic amateur golfer or gardener devotes to his hobby, he would probably achieve something quite respectable. It was pointed out earlier that, under present conditions, very much of the composer's time is already taken up by musical hack-work of various kinds. People may say that, at any rate, such hack-work all has to do with music, and that he gains experience which is useful to him as a composer. Sometimes, of course, this is so ; but sometimes the effect is most emphatically the contrary. If we had in England sufficient provincial orchestras and municipal or national opera-houses to provide *Kapellmeister* careers for some considerable proportion of our composers, the position would be different. But we have not, and the present alternative remains more or less hack-work pure and simple. Giving music lessons to untalented and inattentive pupils is not exactly a stimulating pursuit ; and a surfeit of Anglican hymns and church choirs spells eventual ruin to the musical digestion. At least our amateur composer would be spared these horrors, and his leisure hours, kept

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sacred to composition, would be untainted by reminiscences of drudgery and bad taste.

Were not life in His Majesty's Army so entirely incompatible with the possession of books of reference, it might be possible for me to collect quite a number of instances of amateur composers who have acquired a very considerable technique—Borodin, for instance, leaps to the mind at once—but the argument would, in any event, be more specious than conclusive. Contemporary musical conditions are quite new, and the fact that the composer of *Prince Igor* was a chemist proves nothing except that he was also a musical genius. The thesis, such as it is, must stand on its own feet, unsupported by ancient saws or modern instances.

On the whole, then, I am prepared to admit that our amateur composer would probably lose somewhat in technique. For that we should have to look to the few composers who definitely preferred a conventional musical life and to the one or two fortunate geniuses able to live on the fruits of their compositions. Of course, it is open to anyone to object here that he is not interested in any but these geniuses, and that what happens to the average composer is of no importance anyhow. Such an objection is reasonable enough from the selfish point of view, but from the point of view of the musical community it is, I think, untenable. The average composer is a very important person; he goes to form the common stock from which the exceptional composer springs. If the stock is poor it is very difficult to imagine there being any exception worth talking about at all. Doubtless it would be possible to find instances to the contrary, but, on the whole, it is safe to say that of all difficult tasks in the world the most difficult is for a man to be completely superior to his environment.

Now it is just because of what may perhaps be called the environment of composition that the idea of amateur composers is attractive. A boy of decided musical gifts would receive his general education in the ordinary manner, neither neglecting music nor specialising in it overmuch. By the time he left school he would be capable of developing himself into a properly educated man—in which, by the way, he would already have the advantage over some

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professional contemporaries—and he would, of course, proceed to study music seriously.

About the age of twenty-five he ought to be fairly proficient, and long before thirty he should have not a few manuscripts hidden in his cupboard. In short, he would begin his career just where some of our clever young men seem likely to end. At the present time there is a perfect craze for music scarcely out of its teens, with the result that music often seems not to grow up to manhood at all. At least our amateur composer would develop normally and not exhaust himself in saying something before he had something to say. Prodigies, whether infant or adolescent, may be a credit to their parents, but they fly in the face of Providence. And Providence has a way of making the punishment fit the crime in the most striking manner. The amateur composer, moreover, would confer on the world the great benefit of not writing too much. He would be free from the necessity of "keeping his name before the public." He could polish and repolish his music, cast and recast it, in a manner unknown to the hard-pressed professional. He might even listen to the occasional claims of the waste-paper basket. What is more, having acquired his musical education at not too rapid a rate, he should have a good chance of preserving that freshness and spontaneity which the concentrated drudgery of present-day musical training notoriously destroys in so many composers of talent. And since it is precisely freshness and spontaneity which constitute the special charm of the minor composer as of the minor poet, that would seem to me a very great gain indeed.

But perhaps the most valuable advantage accruing to the amateur composer would be that of independence. He could afford to indulge that splendid pride which makes of the true artist a kinsman to the aristocrat. He could follow the course of his own development without giving a thought to the prejudices of musical critics or the susceptibilities of executive musicians. Among the latter he would find equality and friendship instead of condescension and caprice, as is too often the case at present. The former he would be able to value for their critical ability instead of their capacity for mere "boosting." To him pot-boiling would be at least unnecessary, if not unknown. Of course,

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a deal of nonsense is written about pot-boiling. Most composers would be proud to boil the pot in such a manner as to produce an *Aida*, but there is all the difference in the world between a commission in which full artistic liberty is left to the artist and one in which he is forced to do something that he knows to be bad. Our amateur composer would, at any rate, have no excuse for the second alternative. Avarice might prompt or vanity suggest it, but necessity could never compel him to be untrue to himself and his ideals.

Lastly, with his independence as an artist should develop his excellence as a man. He would be really in touch with life instead of living, as so many composers do, in a hothouse of fads and fury. He would come into touch with quite ordinary people, not merely with a few specialised cliques. Above all, he would gain a sense of proportion. Nor would the advantage be all on one side. Our composer might gain from contact with the experiences of ordinary society, but ordinary society would gain at least as much from contact with the composer. Were composers to be found everywhere—and the number of composers would certainly be doubled or trebled if composition were regarded as a rather elegant hobby—that dull, inert mass of Philistinism which constitutes the society of our English towns would gradually acquire some musical leaven. Fissures would appear in the most bridge-ridden communities; cleavages be noticeable in the most golf-absorbed families. Gradually the whole basis of music would be broadened. It would not be regarded as odd to be musical, or as priggish and slightly effeminate to prefer *The Magic Flute* to, let us say, *Bubbly*. If, as I firmly believe, the ideal to strive after is that music should become just as natural and obvious a recreation to English people as gardening is now, that ideal would certainly be helped by the advent of the amateur composer. We might even approximate to those conditions, said to have prevailed once upon a time in this country, wherein every gentleman was expected to be able to write a tune and to sing a part. And are we not, all of us, gentlemen nowadays?

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

Irish Settlement

By Professor John MacNeill

I MET John MacNeill in Ireland, and, as the result of several conversations, I asked him to state the attitude of Sinn Fein, of which he is one of the leaders, in an article. Readers will now see that there is nothing "treasonable" in the aspirations of Sinn Fein, and that the way of reconciliation and construction lies in the acceptance of the movement as a Party in the spirit of the age. I earnestly hope that the Government will read MacNeill's article with the considered attention it deserves nationally and internationally.—
ED.

THE Russian delegates who were in London some weeks ago spoke wisely when they said that it was necessary to get away clear from the statecraft not of Cæsardom nor of the Middle Ages, but of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. I own that it is hard to get away from the ideas of that statecraft under which we have been born and reared, in which we have acquiesced when we have not been engaged in backing it up or in battling against it. Yes, in battling against it; for the war has shown how far those who proclaim warfare against a certain set of ideas in world-politics can themselves either become infected with what they profess to combat or—I am not judging between the alternatives—can be forced to disclose, from beneath their own garb of propriety, the presence of the uncomeliness that they condemn. It is hard indeed to get away from these ideas, hardest perhaps for those who have held sway in the welter of international politics, easiest perhaps for those who, like the newly enfranchised politicians of Russia, have been kept free by servitude

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from willing participation in the statecraft of the dead centuries.

It provokes a smile, but not a smile of mirth, when one hears and reads how political questions of the present and the future are still gravely discussed in terms of the obsolescent era. Surely no transcendent imagination is needed to realise that, since the war is incomparably the biggest event in political history, it is certain to open new ways in which previous political experience will afford no true or safe guidance. The war itself is the death-agony of the old political world. Adhesion to the statecraft of the past is the sure token of ineptitude in statesmen of the present and of the future. For certain grizzled veterans it is high wisdom to proclaim that "Ireland is the Heligoland of the Atlantic." Our children will admire the archaic touches in some picture in which these fine old fellows, still swearing by the nineteenth century, are depicted thumping the table till the grog leaps high in their glasses. But even now a new wine is fermenting that will not be contained in the old bottles.

It is risky to attempt forecasting the unprecedented. We may still be far away from the parliament of man, the federation of the world; or it may be upon our threshold. There is one anticipation from which we need not shrink. The fundamental notion of statecraft during the past era has been the "sovereign independent State," the State absolute. In this conception the State, and therefore statesmanship, have been stripped of all ethical character. Towards the subject the State is sovereign. "The king"—i.e., the State—"can do no wrong," and on the part of the "subject," for this is the significant term for the individual citizen, to resist the State under any circumstances, to any degree—disaffection, sedition, treason, rebellion—is a crime. Success alone, as in the American or the Russian Revolution, can change such crimes to virtues; and what was wrong to meditate becomes right to achieve. Towards other States the State is independent, and here again the State can do no wrong; *silent leges inter arma*. The doctrine of sovereign independence removes statesmanship from the reach of morality. Yet it is daily evident that the ordinary man thinks the State bound in some way by the moral law, by "thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal,

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thou shalt not bear false witness, thou shalt not covet." The statesman, whatever his own notions may be, recognises this sentiment in the people, and is ever straining to make the case that the commandments are kept by his own State and broken by the enemy's—pleas inconsistent with the pure theory of sovereign independence.

Now, the present war is the greatest of all wars. It affects the lives of more ordinary men than any previous war. It is watched, discussed, "canvassed in all its bearings," by a far larger number of ordinary men, with a larger knowledge or assumption of knowledge, than in the case of any previous war. The natural result is to revise the hitherto prevalent notion of sovereign independence. Already we can see the notion in process of modification. Several of the belligerent Powers have themselves questioned the right of sovereignty where it is claimed by imperial States over subject nations. Great Britain and France have echoed the declarations of America and Russia. The doctrine of the rights of nations has been set up against the doctrine of absolute sovereignty. It is not unlikely that the theory of independence may have to give way to a theory of interdependence. Here may be stated what at first sight may appear to be a paradox. When the idea of interdependence takes concrete form, it will be found that the interdependent nations will be in enjoyment of a much larger degree of real liberty than is at present enjoyed by the independent States.

The truth of this apparent paradox is easily illustrated. Let us imagine a small island inhabited, as are one or two islands that I know, by some sixty or seventy families; and let us imagine that each of these families, in its relation to all the others, enjoys sovereign independence. The condition is one not of civil liberty but of anarchy. Those who are sovereign and independent can do no wrong, therefore there is no law and there are no stable rights. It is in the stability of rights, and not in the power of men to do whatever they wish to do, that real liberty consists. For the condition of independence, let a condition of interdependence, that is to say of law even in the mildest form, of some effective mutual recognition of stable rights, be introduced; let the arbitrary power of every family be replaced by any scheme or consensus giving some effect to rights

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and duties as between family and family; and it is certain that the level of real liberty will be raised all round. So true is this that no instance has ever been known in which a human community has deliberately reverted or desired to revert from a condition of interdependence to one of independence.

The modern world of sovereign independent States has been a world of international or, rather, if I may invent a word, interstatual anarchy. Of such a condition of States the present war is quite a proper outcome, and the immensity of its evils will force civilised mankind to seek a better basis for the future of civilisation, not in any victory of the old system but in a victory of new ideas. Fame and good name will come to those statesmen alone who are able to detach themselves from the Statecraft of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Proceeding from these premisses, I venture to put the case of Ireland before the readers of the ENGLISH REVIEW. In the recent series of Parliamentary elections the people of Ireland have shown that their true claim is to obtain a national liberty not less than that possessed by any other nation. The issue at all these elections has been between the maximum and some diminished grade of national liberty. The elections have been fought and won for the maximum on a stale register and under a restricted franchise. A fresh register would have given increased majorities, and adult suffrage would have shown practical unanimity of public opinion. Already it is seen how obsolete are the political ideas of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In each of those centuries many Irishmen were sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered for advocating the same programme that has been approved by the votes of the majority in Roscommon, Longford, Clare, and Kilkenny.

It is due to Sir Edward Carson to admit that he has been the first leader of public opinion in Ireland to recognise (and he is a lawyer) that the terms "sedition," "treason," "rebellion," etc., have lost the force attached to them by State lawyers of the buried centuries. Having become Attorney-General for England and Cabinet Minister, he has not wavered from his opinion. The other day, in Belfast, in a hospital ward recently named "The Mountjoy," Sir

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Edward accepted from his admirers the gift of a model of the ship "Mountjoy." In regard of the obsolete forms of statecraft, the majority and the minority in Ireland are at one. And now that the majority has begun to speak out its mind, there is very little difference between its mind and the mind of the minority. I am an Ulsterman of the north-east, what is called an Ulster Scot, and I know that what I say is true. Ulster supplied the sturdiest element in the sedition, treason, and rebellion that brought about the independence of the United States of America. Independence is in the blood of Ulstermen. Cambrensis bore witness to it seven centuries ago. Milton found the "blockish Presbyterians" of Belfast unsubmitive to the Cromwell *régime*. In my early days I often heard "To hell with the Constitution" from the lips of Antrim Orangemen, grandsons of the Orangemen who protested against the Union. The Protestant parts of Ulster were the strongholds of the United Irishmen. I remember one Ulster ballad which contained these words :—

"And being true republicans
We came from Belfast town,
And the flag we flew at our masthead
Was the Harp without 'the Crown.'"

Independence, sometimes rather uncouthly expressed, is the keynote of democratic Orangism still—"I'm from Newtownards and I'll spit where I like." It was an appeal to the sentiment of independence that brought the Protestant youth of Ulster into the Ulster Volunteer Force, to resist, if need were, the authority of the Imperial Parliament. The popular "Unionist" motto was not "save us from Home Rule," but "we won't have Home Rule," and Sir Edward knew he was touching the right chord when he said, "It may pass the Imperial Parliament, but it won't pass Portadown." *Sinn Féin* ("ourselves") is less disliked in Ulster than the compromise programme of so-called Constitutionalism.

In the July number of this Review, Major Stuart-Stephens has advocated the establishment of an Irish Republic within the Empire. The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are already so far out of date that the proposal has been received without any visible shock. This is a case in which England, as well as Ireland, ought to take

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its courage in both hands. Mr. Redmond's mistake must not be repeated. The right and the wise thing for England to do is to consent freely, without grudge, if possible with generous cordiality, to the establishment of an Irish Republic unconditionally. That is the proposal I have to make. I make it because I want to see a true and final settlement of the differences between my country and England, because I am convinced that national liberty, unlimited except by that interdependence which I hope for among all civilised nations, is the best thing for Ireland. I hold that it will also be best for England.

My own experience for the last five or six years has been the experience of the evolution of an Irish Republic. Many thousands, I think now the great majority, of Irishmen have travelled the same road. No doubt we all held in the germ what we now, owing to the hatching heat of a world crisis, put forth in full development. Some years ago, on Mr. Redmond's platform at the monster meeting in O'Connell Street, I supported the demand for Home Rule, but I said, "I am convinced that whatever they hold back from us will become a thorn in the flesh to them rather than to us" If now, from the ruins of O'Connell Street and with reference to any other proposal for a settlement, I say the same thing, let me not be met in the spirit of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, with the senile cries of "sedition" and "treason." Then, as now, as my words indicate. I desired not alone the fullest liberty for Ireland, but also a true and final settlement of our ancient quarrel. For twenty-four years I have been in public life, and for four years in politics. I have always advocated a positive constructive policy of Nationalism, not a purely negative policy of hostility to England. We Irish are not a vindictive or a malignant people; it may, indeed, be true that we too much lack the gall to make oppression bitter. It is possibly matter for surprise that we do not hate more the England we know best, the England that manifests itself to us through its official agents in Ireland. I would not write this article if I did not hope that there may be found in England minds courageous and generous enough to seek and find the way to a settlement that will leave no thorn in the flesh.

To this proposal for a settlement in full, there are, so far as I know, only two objections of importance, viz., that

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the military control of Ireland is necessary to the security of Great Britain, and that the Ulster minority require Great Britain's protection.

The first objection, to be justified, must be brought under a general principle, and in this case the general principle must be that a State or country is entitled to hold military control over another country for the sake of military advantage. We may admit that this is good eighteenth and nineteenth century doctrine. It is undiluted militarism. Does it hold out any hope of a settlement? Can we imagine an Irish people so mean-spirited as to be content to inhabit a Heligoland of the Atlantic?

The less freedom offered in any "settlement," the less that settlement will settle anything. The greater freedom offered in any "settlement" short of the settlement in full, the larger must be the measures for military security and the more obvious the apparatus of control. From this dilemma, half-heartedness provides no escape.

We are often adjured or advised to forget the past, even while acts of Government in Ireland are making the past present and therefore impossible to forget. Is it not precisely because Englishmen will not forget the past in Ireland that they look upon a free Ireland as a danger to England? The counsels of fear are always treacherous. Let us face the problem without fear and with common-sense.

Ireland, with ruined industries and a reduced population, is still the largest buyer of British products in Europe. With restored prosperity and a full population, Ireland must be the best market for British goods in the world. British restrictions on Irish prosperity, so far as they have not been dictated by a fear to forget the past, have had their root in fallacious economic ideas that were exploded even in the eighteenth century. Prosperity in Ireland must involve an increase of prosperity in Great Britain.

Great Britain has been and will be the principal market for exported Irish produce.

These are facts from which nobody in Ireland or in Britain can get away. Some Englishmen say they cannot understand Ireland, and some, because they cannot understand, take refuge in setting us down as a perverse people. Such persons may be capable of arguing that a free Ireland

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will be perverse enough to create difficulties hostile to her most obvious material interests.

No country will have a greater interest in the world's peace than Ireland. She will have no colonies and will meditate no conquests. She will have nothing to hope for and much to risk through entangling alliances or engagements with other States, or through allowing her own territory to be used in any way for their purposes in war; and she will be well circumstanced to prevent its use in that way.

I come, now, to the objection that "Ulster," meaning so much of Ulster as nobody is able to determine, will require to be protected against the rest of Ireland. This has been the chief argument of late against Irish self-government in any degree. It was not always so. A few years ago the project of "partition," of granting Home Rule to Ireland with the exception of Ulster, was discussed by Mr. Walter Long at a meeting of the Irish Unionist Alliance. Mr. Long scouted the proposal as the most futile that had yet been made in the Home Rule controversy. He stated, amid applause, that in a self-governing Ireland Ulster would be thoroughly well able to take care of herself—a true and honest statement. He went on to say that the section of Irishmen who would really require to be protected against oppression was the scattered Unionist and Protestant community outside of Ulster, whose position would be still further weakened by the political separation of Ulster. And now we find that the case for the Unionists outside of Ulster has been abandoned. More than that, the Ulster Covenant, which was solemnly made applicable to every part of the province, has been torn up, and the Covenanters in several counties of Ulster have been abandoned. Ulster has been made a convenient tool. Every argument in favour of excluding Unionist Ulster from a national government has still greater force against excluding the large Nationalist minority in Ulster. The two negatives cancel each other. The South African settlement made no exclusive provision on behalf of the large British minority that stood loyal to the Empire during the South African War.

Being an Ulsterman, I can testify to the truth and wisdom of Mr. Long's declaration. Protestant Ulster needs no special safeguards. In the *Irish Review* for December, 1913, "An Ulster Imperialist" wrote: "The

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status quo in Ireland has gone. We shall never get back to the form of government in which we have all hitherto lived. Therefore some form of local Irish autonomy is certain. The exclusion of Ulster, or of any part of Ulster, from the form of government prevailing in Ireland, no matter of what kind, is impossible."

There would be no objection to including in the Irish Constitution provisions, based on general principles, which would remove the apprehensions of reasonable people among the minority in all parts of Ireland as well as Ulster. The judges of the Supreme Court in Ireland, sitting together, might form a court of appeal on constitutional questions, and the present *personnel* of the Court would afford an ample guarantee that during the transition period the Protestant, and what is now the Unionist interest, would be well safeguarded. With regard to legislation, the Constitution might provide that there should be no preferential treatment for any particular religion. For public appointments, the principle of open competitive examination should have maximum application. In education, there should be public standards of efficiency, and *every* school, according to its efficiency, should be entitled to share proportionately in the public grants.

The maintenance of Irish independence and of the inviolability of Irish territory would be of especial interest to Great Britain and the United States, and these happen to be the countries which contain the largest Irish element, outside of Ireland, in their population. They are also the countries that are likely to have the most intimate commercial relations with Ireland. Only from Britain would Ireland be liable to a sudden invasion in force, and we need hardly doubt that, having once arrived at friendly relations with Ireland on the most secure basis, Great Britain would not desire to make Ireland again her enemy.

The alternative is the perpetual military domination of Ireland—and not merely of Ireland's fighting strength, or of her economic interests, as in the past, but of all the spiritual forces of a tenacious people which is now clearer and stronger than ever in the determination to preserve its nationality. Ireland cannot be conquered. Partial conquests have been effected again and again, and the attempt may still be meditated. But the world is changing before

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our eyes, and the old saying is worth bearing in mind : Once too often the pitcher goes to the well.

Postscript.—The basis of the notion of interdependence—as against independence—among States and nations should be, I imagine, a recognition of the principle that obtains in civilised free communities, namely, that each unit, whether weak or strong for its own protection, is regarded as equal to each other unit “in the eye of the law.” I am not supposing the existence of a fully effective international law in the near future. All that I postulate is that, in whatever principles may be propounded to regulate the future interdependence of nations, the weak shall have the same consideration as the strong. The nations themselves must have that right to define their own liberty, that is, their claim to equality among the rest, which Mr. Balfour has advocated for the nationalities subject to the imperial authority of Austro-Hungary.

The Stockholm Curtain-Raiser

By Austin Harrison

THE Henderson incident will no doubt be styled by some another brilliant victory, others will see in it comic opera. In either case it has cleared the air, and we now know a little where this country stands with regard to Stockholm, and secondly with regard to the methods of Government which control our destinies. The question of method is important, and those who desire to retain some independence of mind at this hour will find in the little curtain-raiser a useful moral.

In reality the whole thing turned on the question, whether Labour was to go to Stockholm or not—Russia was only the incidental music. The Prime Minister did not want Labour to go, Mr. Henderson, who had been to Russia and who presumably understood more or less the difficulties besetting Kerensky and the complications confronting Russia, came back at the end of July with the opinion that Labour ought to go to Stockholm “consultatively,” whereat the fun began. The Prime Minister went to Paris and dodged Henderson, then Mr. Henderson went to Paris and dodged the Prime Minister. Then he offered to resign, but Mr. George refused to accept the offer, obviously because he thought he could outmanœuvre the “plain blunt” man of Labour, and so Mr. Henderson was kept waiting on the doormat for an hour while the “gentry” decided what they should do with him. But still nothing was settled. Mr. Henderson was forgiven, so to speak, and the matter was referred to the Labour Conference.

Clearly Mr. George at first thought he had bill-hooked Mr. Henderson, and great pressure was brought to bear upon him, but finding that he was not to be coerced the Press

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was turned on. The Great Kadaver organ, as the *Times* may in the future be known, practically told Mr. Henderson he could regard himself as dismissed. The poor fellow almost got the Georgian Knock-out, for finally the Prime Minister went for him in a letter and gave him a good talking-to. Old Democracy received a leathering from the Old Diplomacy and Mr. Henderson had to quit. He was accused of not informing the Labour Conference of a letter at first reported to have come from Kerensky repudiating Russia's desire for a Socialists' Conference, but subsequently the letter was admitted not to have emanated from Kerensky, and in any case not to represent Russian opinion, and so the muddle continued until the second Labour Conference, Aug. 21, when a majority of 3,000 confirmed Labour's attitude towards Stockholm.

What does all this comedy mean? It means simply that Mr. George tried to hookwink Democracy into throwing down Stockholm, for which purpose a letter was "contraptioned" intended to frighten Mr. Henderson into Ministerial obedience. Nothing more. In reality, of course, Kerensky has not changed his views in the slightest. Russia wants the Conference. The Russian situation has not changed to suit Mr. George, and so Mr. Henderson fell, "fired," as they say in Fleet Street, because he would not play Mr. George's game of deceiving the British Democracy. The net result of this "catch me" politics is not creditable. In Russia it will certainly not improve Kerensky's most difficult position. Here it must tend to force Labour away from the Government, even as it deprives Mr. George of his last supporting phalanx. For henceforth Mr. George, as brave as brave can be, stands in the hands of the extremists, on the right hand of Sir Edward Carson, and on the left hand of Sir Alfred Moritz Mond. The three musketeers! One thinks of the old adage, "Who put them there?" But there they are, for Mr. Barnes is sitting on a pitchfork now that Henderson has been knocked-out, and may soon find his position untenable, in which case the problem that will arise, is, what next?

The Government may deem it expedient to prevent Labour from going to Stockholm by trying an election; on

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the other hand, I have heard responsible men say that there is to be an Allied War Council soon, and that there great wisdom will be spoken with the object of anticipating the labours of Stockholm and neutralising its decisions. But we know nothing. All that we do know is that Mr. George is the captain of the musketeers, and that secret diplomacy is more secretive and baffling than ever. Even the German agitator, the ruffian Morel, whom I heard Lord Cromer honour at a celebration luncheon as a "true Englishman," cannot aspire to unravel the subterranean mysteries of Downing Street *plus* its Kindergarten, and perhaps the safest way is to admit that we know nothing; that we, the public, have no right of say in the war; and that all is for the best so long as Horatio Bottomley cheers us up on the Sabbath and the "little Welshman" is free to purify the English language. We ought not to know anything—at least, that is what I gather as the result of a perspiring attempt to understand something. All we, Democracy, that is, have to do is to shout "pro-German" and follow our leader.

Thus the Pope. The Kadaver organ tells him bluntly he is a pro-German. Thus Stockholm. "It's pro-German." Thus Mr. Gerard's figures about the German armies. They are "pro-German" effective. Thus submarine losses. The German claims are "blarney," Mr. Lloyd George informs us in a rocket delivery of generalisations. Pro-German! If so, then why this anxiety about ships? Why does Mr. George allow Lord Beresford to alarm us? Why no sugar? Why did Lord Rhondda fix meat prices in such a hurry that he forgot to fix the price of foodstuffs? Why fuss? Can anyone explain anything? Mond, Carson, George, and Milner tell us everything is pro-German, and we must believe them because we know nothing and these (All) Englishmen know all. If Henderson goes to Russia to learn, and comes back with an opinion, it does not matter if it is a pro-German one. He has caught the disease, that is all. Captain Tupper rules England to-day. He acts. He won't sail the fellows whom Mrs. Pankhurst, fantastically enough from Petrograd, condemns. What does Henderson know? He went to Russia, where Lenin, the pro-German, lives. It is obvious. Per-

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haps Mr. Henderson ate a sausage, one of the Kadaver sausages. Who knows? Lord Curzon believes in the Kadaver lie. The Pope does not. Ah! now we can see. Stockholm—the Pope—Henderson and that wicked man Smillie—the thing is as clear as daylight. It's a German machination. Perhaps Massingham is in it. Germany's natural boundary is the Rhine, Sir Edward Carson tells us, and any delineation short of that is pro-German, and that is the long and short of it.

I wish to heaven our Ministers would sometimes think before they speak. To talk of natural boundaries is historically rather dangerous in the case of Germany, for the whole Pan-German case is built up on the right of historical reclamation; and if that is to be our case before an International Tribunal, even Sir Edward will find it difficult to convince the jury. That argument "dished" the Head of Eton once. Surely a geographical expert such as Sir E. Carson knows that racial tangents are dangerous things to play with. He may retort that "I am a pro-German." If so, let me ask him why in the years 1913-14, when European war was threatening and monthly growing more inevitable, he failed to support me in warning this country, but rather was the instigator in deflecting its attention to Ireland, thereby greatly facilitating the German plan, which was to fight Europe *without* Britain. But for the Ulster Irish question we in England would have followed European affairs. Mr. George might have learnt something about diplomacy and recognised the peril; might in positive fact have changed the course of history by stating firmly Britain's attitude in the event of war. But we saw nothing, because of Ireland. Sir E. Carson engrossed our attention and turned it upon Ireland. His responsibility is a double one. Assuredly one day he will have to answer for it. But at this hour it is not for him to talk of natural boundaries, for historically Ulster dates but three hundred years ago, and I question if he would care to argue the historical justice of "Jimmy's" policy of territorial settlement before the new thought of Democracy. For Hendersons no doubt will come and go, and Stockholm itself may be as big a farce as its inception, but Democracy will now continue to grow as a European idea, leading possibly to

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a new international statement of policy and to a new conception of statesmanship. Of that there can be little doubt. Even Mr. George talks of a Democratic victory.

The war is gradually pointing the way to the new ideals of mankind. It broke out as the culminating clash between Feudalism, as represented by the German Emperor, and the vague, unformulated aspirations of Democracy chiefly represented through Commercialism. To-day the struggle can only end in two ways. Either it goes on to its relentless end on the lines of physical force until one or other of the opposing groups of civilisations are utterly exhausted morally, economically, militarily, and politically, or Europe will agree to end the war by reconciliation and reconstruction. At this hour, with but a few weeks more of fighting before us, that is the prospect before us all; that is the problem we have to face; that is the solution we have to make up our minds to solve.

The physical end of the war in reality can only be regarded as a whole, or part of two conflicting wholes, for it is absolutely certain now that this is no one nation's war, and so cannot be decided either by us, for example, or by Turkey, to take the opposite extreme, so vast are the issues involved, so fierce are the antagonistic interests provoked. We are apt to talk of the war as our war. That is a mistake. We entered the war for a principle—the greatest of all human principles—Life. With a splendid enthusiasm for impersonal right we took up arms to prevent the imposition of Force as the European doctrine of peoples. It was to defeat Pan-Germanism that we accepted the German challenge. In every sense of the word, war on our part was impersonal. What is at stake then is simply the form of civilisation that Europe is to accept as the result of this conflagration. Had the Germans won, the result would have been another great movement of peoples leading to the Pan-German goal, the subjugation of Western Europe. But this end is to-day definitely frustrated—frustrated by our superb sacrifice. Ultimately thus the Germans are already beaten, because they know they cannot realise their aims; they cannot hope even to satisfy

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their ambitions; all they can now achieve is at best the *status quo*. That is the exact position so far as Germany is concerned. Moreover, they have officially accepted that formula as their position.

The question to-day is: What is the Allied position? But here the major question arises: What ultimately is our objective? Is it the self-satisfaction of Waterloo, or is it the future of Europe?

In other words, what kind of a peace do we want? There are only two kinds of peace obtainable. We either win to peace through victory, through the complete crushing of German-Austrian arms, that is, in which case we shall be at liberty to impose any conditions we may consider right; or we attempt to bring the Germans into a constructive peace in the interests of the European future. The physical peace will probably take us two years to enforce, perhaps three years, certainly will not be obtainable before the late summer of 1918; and then we have to consider the result. For that is essential. A peace which crushed and humiliated Germany could only be *temporary* unless all Europe remained on the watch, armed to the teeth, ready at twenty-four hours' notice to march into Germany at the first sign of trouble; and also provided that the existing group of Entente alliances *remained in force* to act as a European police: which is by no means a certainty.

If, for instance, we take Alsace-Lorraine by force and hand the provinces back to France, then we in Britain will have to maintain a permanent army of at least a million strong, and probably keep an army of 500,000 men stationed in France* ready for all eventualities; for that a people of sixty-eight millions will consent to be for ever convicted of defeat is the last thing we may expect from a civilisation whose gospel is force. Yet that is the position so far as Alsace-Lorraine is concerned; and when Sir E. Carson says that Germany's natural boundaries are the Rhine, then such is the prospect before us, realisable

* Clearly because France, alone, would not have the men to resist.

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perhaps in two years' time with the aid of America—but only with the aid of America. Physical peace can only create peace if its effects are absolute. If Germany is to be crushed, then we shall have to prepare to *keep her crushed*, otherwise we shall have war again in ten years. So much is obvious. For you cannot crush a great people unless you sterilise the men. The physical issue of this struggle, then, implies a purely *physical sequel*. Knock out Germany, and Germany must be kept knocked out, or she will revive and live to fight again, like any other good dog. And no man who is not bereft of his senses can pretend that this is not the case. The war, then, resolves itself into this simple problem: Is it to be a dog-fight? A dog-fight, seeing that Waterloo is an anachronism.

The other peace is a constructive peace, and that presumably is what Democracy intends to consider at Stockholm. It is what the Pope advocates. It is the kind of peace outlined by Mr. Wilson, for which good end America claimed to have entered the war. Here the issue is equally simple. What is the attitude of Germany? Now do we know? Obviously it turns on that. Unless and until Germany is ready to negotiate in that sense, clearly war must continue; but the signs are not a few that Germany is ready for peace for the best of all reasons, namely, that the soldiers realise the futility of war in modern conditions, and so the necessity of seeking a new attitude towards life not based upon the feudal principle of violence. In his last utterance the German Chancellor accepted the Russian formula so far as Russia was concerned. The words he used were hopeful words. To me it is clear that the Germans want peace, will accept a peace that does not humiliate them, because they have learnt that war does not pay, and that the only hope of a solution lies in construction rather than destruction.

No doubt here the question of punishment comes in. Men reason that such a crime must be duly expiated, and that pains and penalties should be inflicted upon the evil-doers. This is Waterloo thinking. We find it difficult to picture any termination of war that does not end in St.

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Helena, but such thought is anachronistic to-day, because the entire conditions of war have changed since Napoleon's days, and the likelihood of any complete capitulation is newspaper war or militarily unscientific. The question of punishment is a side issue. In reality Germany has punished herself, and those who would make no peace until Germany is punished are not the soldiers, and generally speak from armchairs with rather archaic pomposity. The new Democracy will not consider these pundits. Those who desire a constructive peace—and the man who does not desire such a peace, to my mind, must be a lunatic—must aim now at principle, not at passion. They must think for the living, not for the dead. They must see the whole, not a part. They must decide upon the future, not the present; for it is the future which really is the issue.

That issue is the future of Europe. War either leaves a mutilated, savage, unsatisfied Europe pledged to war, or it lays the foundations of a new order of life. Peace either leaves the old diplomacy free to bring about fresh war in the old secret conditions, or we have what may be called a Democratic settlement, leaving a Europe in some way at least conditioned and controlled by the new spirit of Man—Democracy. The one way means that Europe will have learnt nothing; the other that Europe, at any rate, has decided to try new methods and start from new principles, in which case the co-operation of Germany is the indispensable condition.

It comes to this. We either fight on, say, for a couple of years and leave Europe much as it was before 1914, only more bitter and with a far more potentially dangerous an explosive force, or we try to establish reasonable relations based on an international settlement acceptable and accepted by all. Waterloo-thinkers will no doubt desire the physical solution, no matter how many lives are sacrificed in the attempt, but I fancy that Democracy, now that Russia has shown the way, will seek the rational issue in the hope of achieving not merely a physical victory, but a moral or people's victory, in which Europe may find something in the nature of an international equation. I do not

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suppose that Stockholm will do more than propound the problem. But at least it will break the spell of secret government. It will place the question. It will give men the long months of winter in which to consider the gravest problem in modern history and work for a hopeful solution. Stockholm, therefore, can in no case do harm. The real doubt is: Can it do any good?

Perhaps Captain Tupper will refuse to sail the delegates. If so, then plainly he is the man marked out as the next Prime Minister, as the one strong man in the country—at last.

Ireland

By Austin Harrison

It was an evening of almost Eastern beauty, and as we sat on the verandah of our hotel, watching the gathering night curiously punctuated by a shaft of light which struck across the tops of a row of houses on the hill like a bar, we could have wished for no more peaceful spot in Europe than the little town of Kilkenny. We had gone there to see a Sinn Féin election, to witness, we were told, a fight; yet all that day we had walked about and found nothing eventful, and, but for the tricolour flag and the usual signs of electioneering activity, it would have baffled even the inventiveness of an Irish military collector of statistics to discover anything sinister or suspicious. Save, perhaps, for one thing—the police. Poses of Irish constabulary stood with their fine straight backs holding, as it were, the strategic points of the town, and they walked in couples, and I could not help wondering why there were so many of them or what it was exactly they were stationed there to do. Otherwise Kilkenny, once a flourishing town of forty thousand, but now reduced by emigration to about eleven thousand, presented no untoward aspect whatever, and I had begun to wonder how I was to pass the time in such calm surroundings till the day of the poll came round, which was to decide whether Cosgrave or the local man was to be “up” (as they say in Ireland).

While I was so cogitating there shuffled past us a picturesque figure with a concertina. A man in rags yet with the allure of a poet, his head finely poised, the eyes ardent and mystic, and as he began to play that truly awful instrument with a softness not generally associated with it, we called out to him to give us some Irish airs. He played “The Soldiers’ Song” and, at the request of an Irishman who had not visited Ireland for thirty years and was feeling sentimental, “The Wearing of the Green” and other

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melodies, whereat suddenly a couple of policemen appeared before us and ordered him to desist. We protested. We had asked him to play. But authority would hear no excuse. "The man knows he is not allowed to play those tunes," we were told. For a second there was a tension. One or two men standing near groaned; the musician threw up his arms and slunk away; we returned to our coffee disturbed, not understanding, ashamed.

I say ashamed deliberately. Was this Ireland? Was this the civilisation for which we declare we are fighting in the name of liberty and nationality? A cripple bard not allowed to play Irish national airs on a concertina! This, in the British Empire! We sit in silence. We speak of Parnell. I think somehow of Yeats in a velvet jacket in London drawing-rooms. Ah, how little do we Englishmen know of the truth of Ireland! We go there to hunt; to shoot; to "do" Killarney, the "King's tour"; to amuse ourselves. We do not go there to observe: to think: to realise.

My friend cannot understand. "Are we in Russia?" he questions. The whole difference of race looms up before us. This is oppression, stupid oppression.

An old man in the street we talk to tells us of the former glory of the city. It is gone. The young men are gone. All round the present town the ruins of Kilkenny's former greatness testify to the decay. Nothing doing. It is the blood-cry of Ireland. All that evening and far into the night we talk of the man with his concertina driven away like a hound for playing an Irish tune. It offends us. As I lie in bed that night I cannot help asking myself why it is that Mr. Lloyd George, the Welshman, does not himself go to Ireland and see on the spot this police government, these Cossack conditions, the pity of it. He would be the first man to cry out against this shame. Why does he not go there and talk to the people, see what it all means, and think—think?

The next day I learn more. I visit the offices of the paper, *The Kilkenny People*, and see the plant removed and, some of it, even destroyed by the military. This incident started the election. Soldiers lined the streets: it was a military operation. The plant was "put out of action," thereby preventing the company from fulfilling its

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jobbing contracts and placing thirty men out of work. A military act, that is the point, performed by English soldiers. I talk to the proprietor, Mr. Keane, who, not unnaturally, found himself the hero of the hour. I speak to his lawyer, who complains that his offer of guarantees is not responded to, and what strikes me profoundly is the foolishness of this work of oppression, so that in a rage at our English stupidity I wire to Mr. Lloyd George, urging him to reconsider the matter.

For this, I can see, is making Sinn Fein. It gave Cosgrave the election. In fact, there was hardly a contest, though it was a difficult seat for the new policy, and for the first time an urban constituency. Sinn Fein literally held the town. I study the movement. I notice that it is highly disciplined. The complete absence of drunkenness is remarkable. I sound an enormous sergeant. "It's due to Sinn Fein," he answers. Discipline is of the essence of the movement. Not a man in the whole place worse for liquor—could we say as much of any constituency in our elections?

All the young women are for Sinn Fein. In the procession which marches round the city on the eve of the poll the girls march with the men, five abreast, with a true military swing. There is no trace of disorder. Hilarity is the note. The Sinn Feiners have their own police, their own pickets. The watchword is: "No disorder." Not a policeman has anything to do. It is a ridiculously quiet election for the home of the fighting "cats." I find the English officers, posted for eventualities, do not relish the police job. Every man in the regiment has his good friend in town, they inform us; they are men who have been to the Front. "Why?" they ask me, as if it was my fault, "do we not give them their Government?" and I echo with them—why?

Cosgrave walks in, but I do not wait for the result; it is a foregone conclusion. Over the whole election I see the strange half-crippled form of the player of the concertina forbidden to play the old Irish tunes, playing them no doubt in secret, on the hills, in the only way permitted to the people, and as I think of it an immense indignation overcomes me.

While Mr. Lloyd George talks to the world of Demo-

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cracy and Liberty, the Irish may not play their own tunes. At this moment Ireland presents the features of a country "in occupation." In the shops one sees the young priests buying photographs of the "martyrs" of Easter Week. Everywhere there is suspicion. Mystery and mystification choke free speech. Ireland to-day reminds me exactly of Russia in 1905. Spies here, counter-spies there. Secrecy is a habit. It becomes a joke. On what side is the hotel hall-porter spying? Are those two men lurking about the hotel Government spies or Sinn Fein spies? The waiters seem to be listening at table. The people sitting next to one seem to be listening. Even the women appear to be political agents of some kind or another. "Are you in S.S.?" a friend I meet asks me. I meet another friend. I purposely put the S.S. question to him. He does not like it. A joke, I explain. "We don't joke here," he retorts; and again I am left wondering, for I had thought that Ireland was the land of practical jokes and that blarney was the white stone of Erin. That night someone on the telephone rings me up and tells me there is to be a row.

Mr. Cosgrave has returned to Dublin, that is the cause, and there are to be celebrations. We go out at 10.30 p.m. to Westmoreland Street (in Dublin), where we find a mixed crowd awaiting the arrival of the Sinn Fein candidate. But the police are in force. Mr. Cosgrave does not appear. The crowd, composed mostly of young girls and youths, sing songs and gradually dwindle, then later there is a baton charge. For no special reason. A young man lies on the pavement, senseless, surrounded by a knot of chattering people. A few paces off the police stand lined up. There the lad lies—knocked out. An hour later an ambulance arrives and takes him to hospital. Method! The Cossack method. Again I wonder whether the emotional Welsh Prime Minister knows of our police government in Ireland. I have seen Cossacks do that in Petrograd. I am puzzled. There was no riot. There was no reason for any violence or excuse for it. If any particular individual was unruly, why not arrest him? But to knock a man out and leave him like a dog in the street seems a queer way in the Empire of Liberty. I never saw the Berlin police do that. I go to bed that night ashamed. I talk to a

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soldier in the hotel. He laughs. "Fine chaps, the Dublin police," he says; "expect they were annoyed being kept up so late."

Perhaps. But why is this fine body of men not at the Front, knocking down Germans? I try to obtain a perspective. Eighty thousand soldiers in Ireland, eighteen thousand police. That is the plus on the balance. The minus is Sinn Fein, now an emotional wave sweeping across the country, and the result is the unknown quantity. I sum up what I have felt in the course of a week. The crippled player of national airs; the tricolour flag; the disciplined election supported by the young priests and the young women; the man lying senseless on the Dublin pavement; the hideous slums of Dublin with its thirty thousand hovels; the spying and mystification, the atmosphere of suspicion, unrest; the sward of Phoenix Park with its derivative baton charge; the printer showing me his injured linotype machine; the coal pit near Kilkenny still waiting for a railway, blocked because of the want of local government; the ruins in the centre of Dublin; the decay in the towns; the poverty and want and the misunderstanding of centuries.

Can this continue? Can this be allowed to continue? No. In Ireland our good faith is at stake. The settlement of the Irish problem is the justification of our cause. We have to face that now. Fortunately, I feel that in the Convention there is genuine ground for hope.

The Irish question is, of course, largely economic. Take the matter of railways. Transport rates are 37 per cent. higher than in England. It is cheaper to send cattle by road than by rail; cheaper to take coal from Scotland to a seaport than to get it ten miles inland; cheaper to carry goods to England and have them reshipped to Ireland at English rates than to pay the Irish rates. A parcel can travel five hundred miles in England for half the price it costs for thirty miles in Ireland. Whereas in England average passenger rates are $8\frac{1}{2}d.$, in Ireland they are $1s. 3\frac{1}{2}d.$, etc. And why? Because of the railway monopoly run for the shareholders, thereby crushing Irish industries. The economic scandal of Ireland is merely the result of Castle Government, which naturally has not thought in economics. The case of Ireland's chief coal pit—at Castle-

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comer—deprived of a railway is a flagrant example. It cannot get on. Good anthracite seams—it does not pay to work them. The colliery works at a quarter pressure—and this in the hour of European coal famine! Politics, Castle Government indifference, block the railway, though it is merely the question of a slip line of eleven miles. And so the folk of Kilkenny get their coal by horse—a distance of twelve miles. It is impossible to pay the most cursory visit to Ireland without realising the absence of an economic policy, the backwardness of things, and the stagnation of life as a consequence.

More. The starvation. There are said to be eighty thousand people in Dublin living in starvation conditions, the equal of our garrison in Ireland. The milk supply of Dublin is a public scandal; it threatens to become a menace. A large proportion of the people are living on bread and tea. At this moment the most serious problem is the bringing up of the children. There are children literally starving to-day in Dublin. There are many children suffering from insufficient rations. The death-rate is high. Without a doubt Dublin is faced with an acute economic problem which is the result in great part of our neglect of industrial conditions, our indifference to a country struggling with adverse circumstances aggravated by war. It is this aspect of the problem which has caused the intellect of young Ireland to become Sinn Féin. Easter Week came from Dublin's slums. Does Mr. Lloyd George know this? Do we in the least realise it here?

All over Ireland—derelict mills, decayed cities, traces of former industry. Quarries unworked, woollen down, glass languishing, harbours unutilised. Do we know that Ireland is one of the most backward countries in Europe; that Ireland is taxed higher than Switzerland; that the railway monopoly has crushed out initiative, and that *we* are responsible for all this sadness? It is a terrible indictment.

Wages are low; the strikes in Cork are symptomatic signs of the growing problem. It is useless for us to say that the solution is military service, and that unless Irishmen are prepared to fight Irishmen can starve. We cannot afford that attitude. The world is watching us. Ireland

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is indeed the test of our specifically English civilisation, and if we fail there history will condemn us. The feeling in Ireland to-day is Sinn Fein, "ourselves alone." It differs from other movements in that it is strictly national and not personal, as the Parnell Home Rule movement was. It is thus far more potential. In a real sense it may be called national socialism. Its flames derive from the shooting of the poets and prisoners of Easter Week. Its effects are already admitted to be social. There is a great decrease in drink. All those who have intimate knowledge of Irish life agree that Sinn Fein at present is bent on organisation and order, not on disorder, and that it will endure to the limits of what is known in Ireland as administrative provocation.

That is the danger at the present time.

The danger lies in the anomaly that Sinn Fein is not recognised as a Party.

On both sides the memory of the Easter rising is strong. The Sinn Feiners appeal to the peculiar Irish passion for martyrdom; we, not unnaturally, feel bitter at a revolt in the middle of war associated, as it undoubtedly was, with German machinations. That is the position, and, pending the result of the Convention, which on the whole promises good fruit, such is the danger; for what we have to bear in mind is that Sinn Fein as a doctrine or policy is gathering adherents rapidly all the time, yet, being regarded as a revolutionary movement, is treated accordingly, with all the fatal consequences of secrecy and oppression, with the additional eccentricity that it is rendering the position of the Nationalist Party one of extraordinary difficulty, the faster and the wider-spread the ground slips from under their feet.

The position in Ireland thus is this. The Government Castle rule is now recognised by all as doomed, yet still that Government exists, and still it has to govern; and against it there stands ranged Sinn Fein, which the Government regards as a revolutionary party, and so without status. Between these there is Nationalism, which probably at the polls would not return ten members.

I omit all mention of the Ulster problem, except to say this: that I found in Ireland in moderate quarters a growing conviction that just as the idea of partition was

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condemned by both North and South, so the feeling of concord between the two peoples, as distinct from the political motives which have done so much to divide them, was growing into an outlook of reasonable harmony.

So far as the religious antagonism is concerned, I was agreeably astonished. We greatly exaggerate its importance in England. I found Catholics on the most friendly terms with Protestants. As the economic problem of Ireland rises in the foreground, so the religious difficulty tends to disappear. I would even hazard the opinion that Ulster's or Belfast's deprecation of the South is in substance more economic than religious—more due, that is, to the temperament of the two races in regard to disposition and capacity of work—and but for the political side of the question, which in the case of Ulster has been made the chief programme of English Tory politics, in no sense presents insuperable difficulties of union or common tolerance.

To go back to Sinn Fein which as the cry to-day of Young Ireland is the root of the Irish problem. Now it is clear that if we are faced by a national movement, which in its existing form is an emotion rather than a policy, and that movement is not recognised as constitutional, and so is driven further and further underground, the elements of trouble, of conspiracy, of subterranean plot and counter-plot are present, heading for anarchy and all the disastrous eccentricities of discontent, which as they develop tend more and more to undermine the middle path of Nationalism, and so thrust the country into two sharply opposing camps—the governors and the governed.

The result is thus a triangular confusion. Nationalism, bereft of its following, opposing Castle rule yet opposing Sinn Fein, finds itself in an anomalous position, in which the personal equation is bound to play its unhappy part. And this resentment on the part of Nationalism cuts both ways. It encourages Sinn Fein, which thus can point to the Party which "has sold the people," as the cry goes; which stands unquestionably convicted of corruption and jobbery; in a word, which, from the strict national point of view, is "found out." And, again, it encourages Phoenix Park in its military rule, which is to-day the government of Ireland. On the top of this there is the Ulster question.

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Behind it all there is Irish-America. Aggravating the whole, the economic problem threatens to become increasingly persistent and calamitous.

Now if we in England take the view—which I believe the great majority of responsible Englishmen to-day do—that somehow a solution must be found, even if the Convention fails to secure a positive result, our course should be perfectly clear, and it should be our first duty to declare our attitude and at all costs adhere to it. At this moment in Ireland the Government is not defined. It proceeds in secret ways, by military orders and, as usual in such conditions, on eccentric lines. The leaders of Easter Week are released, yet now arrests are being made daily. We suppress a Kilkenny newspaper, yet all the papers report Mr. de Valera's speeches. One obscure individual is arrested for uttering words which are the commonplaces of the leaders. We have now prohibited the carrying of all weapons—hurleys, for instance—but we have not seized the guns known to be secreted in Ulster, known to be kept by Ulster M.P.'s. Gradually the reins of government are being tightened. Men are arrested at midnight, as in Tsarist Russia, and probably every arrest makes a hundred Sinn Feiners. It is not government I complain of. The question of government at this hour is exceedingly difficult. There are some who are urging ruthless suppression, others advocate complete leniency—between the two the Castle has a complex task. The point I desire to make is that there is no *consistency of government*. It acts arbitrarily. No man knows what it will do next, what man it will arrest, what man it will refrain from arresting. Orders are issued which are not carried out consistently. The result is a growing bitterness, a sense of injustice, a feeling of suspicion, an atmosphere of terrorism.*

Having pardoned the leaders of Sinn Fein and allowed them to return to their movement, it is utterly inconsistent to arrest their subordinates, to continue to treat Sinn Fein as a revolutionary movement, as is the case to-day. The physical force business was begun by Ulster and supported by English Tories and Members of Parliament. To allow

* Why have fully-equipped armoured cars been brought over? Is this Bairnsfatherism or Milner?

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Ulster to retain its weapons and arrest Sinn Fein Nationalists for possessing them is not logical or just, and certainly not likely to help matters. If the application of policy was equitable Irishmen would not complain, for above all things the Irish understand logic. But the application is not equitable. It leaves Ulster with its arms, while depriving Sinn Fein of theirs. Sinn Fein is not one whit more revolutionary than was the Ulster Covenant movement. But we have not so treated it, and until we show the Irish that either we mean to rule Ireland *in toto* properly or clear out, we cannot hope to dissipate the feeling of resentment which to-day finds its expression in Sinn Fein.

It is the great danger of provocation that we have to guard against if we possess any sense left, for every repressive measure against Sinn Fein automatically reacts against Party Nationalism, and automatically swells the volume of insurrectionary bias. Not that I think Sinn Fein contemplates violence. The very contrary, I believe, is the case. All the leaders of Sinn Fein are now preaching discipline, order, organisation—constitutionalism. There is no danger of another rising, but there is real danger of a Sinn Fein feeling so powerful and unanimous that it would repudiate the finding of any Convention which was not representative of Sinn Fein: which the present Convention, admirable as it is in many respects, unquestionably is not. Not to realise that is to misunderstand the situation. For that reason our policy, pending the judgment of the Convention, should be one of firm but conciliatory detachment.

It is a certainty that Castle rule will have to go. If that is the case, why these provocative measures? Why this police provocation, of which I could cite various highly discreditable instances? We are merely complicating the problem by the present policy of inconsistency and unfairness. What struck me forcibly was the strong discipline among responsible Sinn Feiners, who to-day are fully conscious of their power and are the last people likely to jeopardise the reality of the movement by futile attempts at rebellion. But in Ireland I heard ugly rumours. I met people there who are agitating to create trouble. I came across political firebrands and incendiaries who seemed to think the only solution lay in Cossack ruthlessness.

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ness, and were openly working to instil that poison into the ring in Phoenix Park.* I heard too often that foolish phrase, "the strong hand." Under military government we know what that means. But it would be fatal in Ireland to-day—fatal because of the international situation, fatal to the very creed of our Empire.

I came to one or two definite conclusions. One is that if we were to accept Sinn Fein as a Party and place the leaders on their honour, at once there would ensue a detention which would go a long way to restore confidence at present non-existent. Further, that so long as the Convention sits, our policy should be as far as possible non-military. Far better send wounded soldiers to Ireland to recuperate than army corps to act as policemen. The police should be informed that all provocative methods would be summarily dealt with. A serious attempt should be made to rid the country of the vicious espionage system which is a disgrace to our civilisation. A proclamation should be issued inviting Irishmen of all creeds and factions to refrain from all acts contrary to law in the intervening stage between now and the finding of the Convention. And certainly the orders which prevent responsible Sinn Feiners from communicating with America should be rescinded. It is absurd to allow Professor MacNeill out if he is not free to communicate with America. Such measures merely add oil to the flames and facilitate the incendiarism of the irreconcilables, be they in America or in Ireland. The spirit which fears that the price of settlement by the Convention is conscription is deeply held. Everywhere I found the view that any attempt to impose conscription except as the law of an Irish Government constitutionally elected would be fiercely resisted. We have to realise that. It might perhaps have been done after Easter Week. To-day the attempt would be fraught with serious danger, and I found that opinion to be shared by Irishmen fiercely opposed to Sinn Fein, and by Unionists also.

The grievance of Sinn Fein is this fact of ostracism. They are forced to regard themselves as outside the law.

* Moderate Irishmen fear that there is a desire to nullify the Convention on the part of "law and order" extremists, whether military, for military reasons, or the official set who imagine their vested interests to be in danger.

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They maintain justly that the Convention is not representative, but at the same time I did not gather that they would repudiate its finding provided a full measure of Home Rule was accorded and that unforeseen circumstances had not in the interval brought about uncontrollable hostility. And this is the peril. Forced underground, Sinn Fein feels itself strong enough to accept the challenge, and may, if it is baited and driven to desperation, feel itself strong enough to bid defiance. We cannot contemplate such a calamity. I am convinced there is not the smallest need for such a contingency. As I see the situation, responsible Sinn Fein is anxious to become a Constitutional Party. Unlike former agitations, it is economic and social in its aims; not a Party of personality, the ultimate objective of which is *interdependence*. No doubt it is difficult to accept that view. But Sinn Fein on the whole talks less extravagance in its elections than we do at any election. The flag is largely a *panache*. The letters I.R. on the tricolour need not signify more than we choose to read in South African Imperialism. Ireland cannot stand outside the Empire. I believe responsible Sinn Fein accepts that attitude. I am sure that de Valera does not contemplate an Ireland which does not trade with England, which therefore is not militarily within the responsibility of Empire. But first he asks for guarantees of our good faith. He demands full Irish autonomy, fiscal and administrative. He speaks of a Republic, but he does not imply a separate military Republic, because such a thing cannot be, and as a strategist he is well aware of it.

For this reason I have returned from Ireland full of hope, however qualified. That the Convention will not labour in vain I am convinced. All sections deplore the existing uncertainty. All men are anxious to come to something like a solution, which is not half so difficult as many of us here are led to believe.

One of the men who are reputed to know best all the intricacies of the Irish situation said to me: "It will depend on the point of provocation." From what I could see, that would seem to be an accurate estimate. Provocation will not now emanate from Sinn Fein, that is the point, for the simple reason that the movement has outgrown the necessity for either martyrdom or physical

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sacrifice. If we realise that and make up our minds to "hold the ring," as it were, pending the deliberations of the Convention, the prospects of a happy and new Ireland are real, and may in the truest Imperial sense become constructively enduring.

But if Mr. Duke and Sir Bryan Mahon allow themselves to be swayed by the reactionary forces urging them to "the reconquest of Ireland," then we shall create a crisis the result of which may be disastrous to the name and honour of England. It is our great responsibility. To precipitate bloodshed through belated attempts at firm government, as it is called (it is really police government), would call forth the reprobation of the world and our own Empire would condemn us.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

BY THE IONIAN SEA. By GEORGE GISSING. Chapman and Hall. 2s. 6d. net.

It will be glad news for many that this book, so long unprocurable save by the luck of the second-hand stall, has now been reissued in pocket form, and at a price equally appealing to that receptacle. *By the Ionian Sea* is at once the most truly characteristic and the happiest of Gissing's writings. Happiness radiates from it; the happiness of adventure and attainment of the long-wished-for. Even the hazardous experience of those days of fever at Cotrone have their compensations in the general interest of the uncivilised sick-room to its occupant. And when the invalid recovers and goes upward rejoicing, how one's heart lightens with his, and with what mutual zest do author and reader exalt in the health-giving airs of the mountain and the courtesy of its people. Now, especially, when the doors of the temple of travel have to most of us been so long closed, this vicarious voyage is well worth the half-crown that is its modest fare.

BOOKS AND PERSONS. By ARNOLD BENNETT. Chatto and Windus. 5s. net.

Into this pleasant volume Mr. Bennett has collected a selection from those amiable articles with which "Jacob Tonson" enlivened the *New Age* between the years 1908-1911. Comments on a past epoch, he calls them here; comments, one may add, that will agreeably refresh your memory of much that the epoch so deafeningly and overwhelmingly present has put out of mind. Especially is it good to read again the crisp and spirited dealings of Mr. Arnold Jacob Bennett-Tonson with the publications of his contemporaries. So much book-reviewing is fated (usually deservedly) to oblivion, as the shadow of a shade, that one is the more glad that criticism of the higher quality, work of

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the critic as artist, should be preserved. And Mr. Bennett-Tonson at his best is excellent fun. "In the days before the *Academy* blended the characteristics of a comic paper with those of a journal of dogmatic theology. . . ." This is how he starts a sentence on p. 4; and in another paper on "The Book Buyer" it was with delight that I read again a phrase recalled gratefully these nearly ten years: "He whom I am anxious to meet is the man who will not willingly let die the author who is not yet dead." A most companionable book. A. E.

FICTION

SOLDIER MEN. By YEO. John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.

We know the externals of war from hundreds or thousands of photographs and films. We know and love the Army's little moods and modesties, but in these stories of Yeo's soldier men we have a real and intimate sense of participation in the things which our boys conspire to conceal. Yeo is an artist as well as a soldier. There are not many writers who could write "Second Lieutenant Vereker" or "The Magnet," and do the grousing, grubby, Bairnsfather Tommies as well.

THE NURSERY. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Heinemann. 6s. net.

Mr. Phillpotts makes a journey into Essex, and the fruit thereof is *The Nursery*—the nursery of gardening, of oyster-fishing, of the strugglings of men and women. Some will say that he took with him his characters: talkative, disreputable creatures who discuss big problems most learnedly in the side lanes and inns of Devonshire. That may be, but it is a more sympathetic Mr. Phillpotts who watches their comings and goings and records their doings. True he censures and praises; he censures brutally and praises humbly. For the gipsy woman who has consorted with a murderer and who takes to religion, and for a pacifist Quaker woman there is deep and sincere sympathy; for the wicked pretender there is scorn and satire. Altogether *The Nursery* is a great tale; and the reviewer prays that

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Mr. Phillpotts will stay in Essex what time it will take him to write three more novels about these elemental people.

FURTHER FOOLISHNESS. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. John Lane. 3s. 6d.

One does not pause to analyse the exact type of North American humour which is the medium of this genuinely funny Canadian writer; one just chuckles over the whimsical thoughts quaintly presented. Mr. Leacock wastes no effort in being brilliant or arresting in his gesture. He has little of the vices of the professional humorist; he just sees the fun in things, all sorts of things, from ladies' papers and modern fiction to Germany, Turkey, and Mexico, and he sees it all so clearly and jovially that his readers see it too, and are grateful.

POETRY

THE PLAYS OF EMILE VERHAEREN. London: Constable. 6s. net.

This is a volume that will be welcomed as much from the timely moment of its appearance as for its contents. Of the four plays that it contains (each with its own translator) only one—*The Cloister*—can be called in any degree familiar to the English theatrical public. This exception is due chiefly to the enterprise of Mr. Esmé Percy, who, having induced that adventurous and courageous lady, Miss Horniman, to mount *The Cloister* for a week at the Manchester Gaiety, subsequently played it on tour with his own company. That the result was a very notable artistic success by no means proves Verhaeren to be a great dramatist. This volume, indeed, proclaims the contrary. The main idea of each of the four plays is at once too large and too slender for strict dramatic treatment. *The Dawn* (finely rendered into English by Mr. Arthur Symons), with its odd foreshadowing in the 'nineties of the *débâcle* of 1914, must, one thinks, have been somewhat incoherent and baffling in performance. Of the four play-poems *Helen of Sparta* seems at once the most dramatic and the finest poetry. As translated by Mr. Jethro Bithell it has many passages of rare beauty, none more striking than the

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short scene of tenderness—an oasis in tragedy—between Menelaus and Helen with its surely deliberate echo :

“ You were the splendour they worshipped, erect at the sky-line;
And, rising on waves the tempests buffeted, ships
Lifted their prows to you and plunged through the brine.”

Certainly a book worthy its place in any collection of modern poetry.

WAR

UNDER FIRE. By HENRI BARBUSSE. J. M. Dent and Sons.
5s. net.

The main theme of this very remarkable book is developed in the prologue spoken from the Pisgah of an Alpine sanatorium by a cosmopolitan gathering of consumptives upon the outbreak of war. In the last chapter its solemn and prophetic note is echoed in the same phrases by the foundered remnants of soldiers drowning in the obscene mud and water of a flooded area of Flanders. Between this prologue and epilogue we get a series of extraordinarily vivid and pointed actualities which out-Zola Zola in their horror and their poignancy. Only an artist who was also a participant could give us such intense pictures of war, and this artist, in his desire to reveal, sometimes becomes too futurist, and presents to the beholder remote and ungainly phantasms of men; but he can write with a perfection of lucidity, and his little pictures, when he is for a moment pictorial, are exquisite. As a commentary upon the grandiose optimism of the press correspondent this revelation of the soul of the *poilu* under the infamous stresses of war, his views on the profiteer and the slacker, and his aspirations for the world which he is winning for his children are, to say the least, educational to stay-at-home spectators. The translator, Mr. Fitzwater Wray, has preserved the Latin terseness even in the slang equivalents.

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The Lanawn Stee

By Francis Ledwidge *

(Dedicated to Katharine Tynan)

POWDERED and perfumed the full bee
Winged heavily across the clover,
And where the hills were dim with dew,
Purple and blue the west leaned over.

A willow spray dipped in the stream,
Moving a gleam of silver ringing,
And by a finny creek a maid
Filled all the shade with softest singing.

Listening, my heart and soul at strife,
On the edge of life I seemed to hover,
For I knew my love had come at last,
That my joy was past and my gladness over.

I tiptoed gently up and stooped
Above her looped and shining tresses,
And asked her of her kin and name,
And why she came from fairy places.

She told me of a sunny coast
Beyond the most adventurous sailor,
Where she had spent a thousand years
Out of the fears that now assail her.

And there, she told me, honey drops
Out of the tops of ash and willow,
And in the mellow shadow Sleep
Doth sweetly keep her poppy pillow.

* This was the last poem written by the young Irish peasant poet recently killed in France.

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Nor Autumn with her brown line marks
The time of larks, the length of roses,
But song-time there is over never
Nor flower-time ever, ever closes.

And wildly through uncurling ferns
Fast water turns down valleys singing,
Filling with scented winds the dales,
Setting the bells of sleep a-ringing.

And when the thin moon lowly sinks,
Through cloudy chinks a silver glory,
Singers upon the lift of night
'Till dawn delights the meadows hoary.

And by the lakes the skies are white,
(Oh, the delight!) when swans are coming,
Among the flowers sweet joy-bells peal,
And quick bees wheel in drowsy humming.

The squirrel leaves her dusty house
And in the boughs makes fearless gambol,
And, falling down on fire-drops, red,
The fruit is shed from every bramble.

Then, gathered all about the trees
Glad galaxies of youth are dancing,
Treading the perfume of the flowers,
Filling the hours with mazy glancing.

And when the dance is done, the trees
Are left to Peace and the brown woodpecker,
And on the western slopes of sky
The day's blue eye begins to flicker.

But at the sighing of the leaves,
When all earth grieves for lights departed,
An ancient and a sad desire -
Steals in to tire the human-hearted.

No fairy aid can save them now
Nor turn their prow upon the ocean,
The hundred years that missed each heart
Above them start their wheels in motion.

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And so our loves are lost, she sighed,
And far and wide we seek new treasure,
For who on Time or Timeless hills
Can live the ills of loveless leisure?

("Fairer than Usna's youngest son,
O, my poor one, what flower-bed holds you?
Or, wrecked upon the shores of home,
What wave of foam with white enfolds you?

"You rode with kings on hills of green,
And lovely queens have served you banquet,
Sweet wine from berries bruised they brought
And shyly sought the lips which drank it.

"But in your dim grave of the sea
There shall not be a friend to love you,
And ever heedless of your loss
The earth ships cross the storms above you.

"And still the chase goes on, and still
The wine shall spill, and vacant places
Be given over to the new
As love untrue keeps changing faces.

"And I must wander with my song
Far from the young 'till Love returning,
Brings me the beautiful reward
Of some heart stirred by my long yearning.")

Friend, have you heard a bird lament
When sleet is sent for April weather?
As beautiful she told her grief,
As down through leaf and flower I led her.

And friend, could I remain unstirred
Without a word for such a sorrow?
Say, can the lark forget the cloud
When poppies shroud the seeded furrow?

Like a poor widow whose late grief
Seeks for relief in lonely byeways,
The moon, companionless and dim,
Took her dull rim through starless highways.

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I was too weak with dreams to feel
Enchantment steal with guilt upon me,
She slipped, a flower upon the wind,
And laughed to find how she had won me.

From hill to hill, from land to land,
Her lovely hand is beckoning for me.
I follow on through dangerous zones,
Cross dead men's bones and oceans stormy.

Some day I know she'll wait at last
And lock me fast in white embraces,
And down mysterious ways of love
We two shall move to fairy places.

BELGIUM, JULY, 1917.

The Ragged Stone

By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

As I was walking with my dear, my dear come back at
last,
The shadow of the Ragged Stone fell on us as we
passed:

And if the tale be true they tell about the Ragged Stone,
I'll not be walking with my dear next year, nor yet alone.

And we're to wed come Michaelmas, my lovely dear and I;
And we're to have a little house, and do not want to die.

But all the folk are fighting in the lands across the sea,
Because the King and counsellors went mad in Germany.

Because the King and counsellors went mad, my love
and I

May never have a little house before we come to die.

And if the tale be true they tell about the Ragged Stone,
I'll not be walking with my dear next year, nor yet alone.

The Hound of Death

By John Gurdon

THE shaded lamps with rosy light
Flood the warm, velvet-curtained room.
Without, the bitter, wintry night
Is black with darkness as a tomb,
And soundless as the feet of Doom.

The shadow of Peace still lingers here
Among the old familiar things,
My friends through many a bygone year
And many ways and wanderings—
My Psyche with the broken wings,

The bronze Discobolus who heaves
His weighty quoit, in act to throw,
While generations fall like leaves,
And tribes and nations come and go
Like winds that blow and cease to blow.

There on her ebon pedestal
White Aphrodite smiles at ease;
There Sappho gazes from the wall
Forlornly o'er Leucadian seas,
Still lost in passion's reveries.

What ails me? For upon me comes
Blind fear, as in the gulfs profound
Of dream a palsying terror numbs
Suddenly. Ah!—Again that sound!—
Was it the whimpering of a hound---

Some waif that in the night beneath
My window, famished, cries for food?

What monster lurks, with crimson breath,
There, in the dark?—The Hound of Death!
The Hound of Death that whines for blood!

Stendhal

By Arthur Symons

I

HAS any imaginative critic ever absolutely fathomed what is most essential in that particular form we call Style?

The problem has always been one of a kind of spiritual or unspiritual vexation to all those who have endeavoured to define it. One thing, however, is certain : that the rhythm of verse, that rhythm which distinguishes it from prose, has never been traced with any certainty to its origin. In regard to this Poe wrote : " The writer of the prose tale, in short, may bring to his theme a vast variety of modes or inflexions of thought and expression (the ratiocinative, for example, the sarcastic or the humorous), which are not only antagonistical to the nature of the poem, but absolutely forbidden by one of its most peculiar and indispensable adjuncts; we allude, of course, to rhythm."

Take, for instance, the prose of Léon Cladel. Here one finds a peasant, who writes about peasants and poor people, with a curiosity of style which not only packs his vocabulary with difficult words, old or local, and with unheard-of rhythms chosen to give voice to some never yet articulated emotion, but which drives him into oddities of printing, of punctuation, of the very shape of his accents ! Take Huysmans, the most nervous and nervously-contorted of our modern French novelists. With his contempt for humanity, his hatred of mediocrity, his passion for a somewhat exotic kind of modernity, an artist who is so exclusively an artist, was sure, one day or another, to produce a work which, being produced to please himself, would be, in a way, the quintessence of contemporary Decadence. And it is precisely such a book that Huysmans has written in the extravagant, astonishing *A Rebours*. Yet, working upon the foundations of Flaubert and of Goncourt, the two great modern stylists, he has developed an intensely

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personal style of his own, in which the sense of rhythm is entirely dominated by the sense of colour.

Take, again, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, in whom a more than regal pomp of speech drapes a more than royal sovereignty of soul, and you find in his prose satire the revenge of beauty on ugliness, the persecution of the ugly; a laughter as fundamental as that of Rabelais; a sense of the *macabre* more terrifying than most men's nerves can endure; a style magnificent, mysterious, spiritual, subtle, sombre, intense, taciturn; and with a sense of rhythm in every way far more poetical than in that of any of the prose-writers of his age. And it is this man of lofty and passionate genius that Verlaine makes strangely visible to us in the pages of *Les Poètes Maudits*. "What intoxication of speech, always and always disquieting! A sense of terror often passes among his paradoxes, a terror absolutely partaken of by those who heard him and by the man himself, then a wild, mad laugh that sends a shiver across one, followed by a perfect whirlwind of wit. And, as his magic thrilled us, one seemed to hear him say: 'I listened attentively to the sound of her voice; it was taciturn, subdued, like the murmur of the river Lethe flowing through the region of shadows.'" And it was Verlaine himself who spoke to me, with an absolute adoration of the man and his work, of certain imaginary women Villiers had created that had the immortal weariness of beauty; who desired, and knew not why they refrained from desire; who did and endured evil and good in the mere lifting of an eyelid, and were guilty and innocent of all the sins of the earth.

Now consider the question of Balzac's style. It has life, and it has idea, and it has variety; there are moments when it attains a rare and perfectly individual beauty. That his style should lack symmetry, subordination, the general beauties of form is, in my eyes, a less serious fault. I have often considered whether, in the novel, perfect form is a good or even a possible thing if the novel is to be what Balzac made it, history added to poetry. A novelist with style will not look at life with an entirely naked vision. There will come a moment, constantly, when style must suffer, or the closeness and clearness of conception must be sacrificed. Balzac, with his rapid and accumulating mind, without the patience of selection, and without the

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desire to select when selection means leaving out something good in itself, if not good in its place, never hesitates, and his parenthesis comes in.

To Stendhal style was a kind of purgatory. He confesses the fact in his letter to Balzac. First he says: "In composing *La Chartreuse de Parme* to find the tone, I read every morning two or three pages of the Civil Code, so as to be always natural." Then he goes on: "I am going to seem to you a monster of pride! What, says your intimate sense, that animal there, not content with what I have done for him, an unexampled thing in this century, still wants to be praised in regard to style! One must hide nothing from one's doctor. Often have I reflected for a whole half-hour in order to place an adjective before or after its substantive. My only desire is to write with truth and with clearness all that comes to me out of my heart. I see only one rule: *to be clear*. If I am not clear, then my world is annihilated."

This is quite beautifully written; but does it explain the question of his actual style? To my mind he never, or rarely, attains that peculiarly French gift, the gift of exquisite speech, *argute loqui*, which I find equally in Rabelais as in Flaubert; equally in a stanza of Villon and in a stanza of Verlaine. Here is one sentence of Rabelais: "Tel disoit estre Socrates, parce que le voyant au dehors, et l'estimant par l'extérieure apparence, n'en eussiez donné un coupeau d'oignon, tant laid il estoit de corps, et ridicule en son maintien, le nez pointu, le regard d'un taureau, le visage d'un sot, simple en mœurs, rustique en vestements, pauvre de fortune, infortuné en femmes, inepte à tous officiers de la République, toujours riant, toujours buvant d'autant à un chacun, toujours se gabelant, toujours dissimulant son divin sçavoir." With this compare a sentence of *Salammbô*: "Ses yeux, ses diamants étincelaient; le poli de ses ongles continuait la finesse des pierres qui chargeaient ses doigts; les deux agrafes de sa tunique, soulevant un peu ses soins, les rapprochaient l'un d'autre, et il se perdait par la pensée dans leur étroit intervalle, où descendait un fil tenant une plaque d'émeraudes, que l'on aperçevait plus bas sous la gaze violette."

Note particularly the wonderful, the exquisite, the perfect rhythm of these sentences, and ask yourself if Stendhal

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ever wove perfect rhythms into his prose. Rhythm has, if anything, more value in prose than style; not only because rhythm alone, and rhythm of a regular and recurrent kind only, distinguishes poetry from prose, but also because it is more like the flesh that covers the bones than the bones one sees only when the skin covers them. Again, a writer generally learns style as he often has to learn technique; but the sense of rhythm must be born in a great prose writer in the sense, yet in a different sense, from that of the poet. For it is no paradox to say: there is one thing prose cannot do—it cannot sing.

Compare the style of Flaubert in each of his books, and you will find that each book has its own rhythm, perfectly appropriate to its subject-matter. That style, which has almost every merit and hardly a fault, becomes what it is by a process very different from that of most writers careful of form. Read Chateaubriand, Gautier, even Baudelaire, and you will find that the aim of these writers has been to construct a style which shall be adaptable to every occasion, but without structural change; the cadence is always the same. The most exquisite word-painting of Gautier can be translated rhythm for rhythm in English without difficulty; once you have mastered the tune you have merely to go on; every verse will be the same. But Flaubert is so difficult to translate because he has no fixed rhythm; his prose keeps step with no regular march music. He invents the rhythm of every sentence, he changes his cadences with every mood or for the convenience of every fact. He has no theory of beauty or form apart from what it expresses. For him form is a living thing, the physical body of thought, which it clothes and interprets.

I return to the question whether Stendhal has or has not a sense of rhythm. I cannot deny it; as I would be the last to say that Julien Sorel is not a creation, but that he is not a creation after the order of Balzac. Stendhal substituted the brain for the heart as the battle-place of the novel: not the brain as Balzac conceived it, a motive force of action, the mainspring of passion, the force by which a nature directs its accumulated energy; but a sterile sort of brain, set at a great distance from the heart, whose rhythm is too faint to disturb it.

For this reason one must search far and wide to find

rhythms to one's liking in the prose of Stendhal. I choose for comparison what is really the crisis of *Le Rouge et le Noir*: the death-scene of Julien Sorel. "Le mauvais air du cachot devenait insupportable à Julien. Par bonheur le jour où on annonça qu'il fallait mourir, un beau soleil réjouissait la nature, et Julien était en veine de courage. Marcher au grand air fut pour lui une sensation délicieuse comme la promenade à terre pour le navigateur qui longtemps a été à la mer. Allons, tout va bien, se dit-il, je ne manque point de courage. Jamais cette tête n'avait été aussi poétique qu'au moment où elle allait tomber. Les doux instants qu'il avait trouvés jadis dans les bois de Vergy, revenaient en foule à sa pensée et avec une extrême énergie. Tout se passa, simplement, convenablement, et de sa part sans aucune affectation."

This prose is essentially and effectively tragic; but is it entirely satisfying to one's ears as a form of exquisite rhythm? Does he touch to the quick the nerves of Julien on the last day of his life? I can but repeat what I wrote in Madrid, comparing Balzac's Valérie with Stendhal's Julien. "But we have only to say 'Valérie!' and the woman is before us. Stendhal, on the contrary, undresses Julien's soul in public with a deliberate effrontery. There is not a vein of which he does not trace the course, not a wrinkle to which he does not point. We know everything that passed through his mind, to result probably in some insignificant inaction. And at the end of the book we know as much about that particular intelligence as the anatomist knows about the body which he has dissected. But meanwhile the life has gone out of the body; and have we, after all, captured a living soul?"

II

It is an admitted fact that Stendhal was the personification of ugliness. It embittered his life; and, in regard to women and his adventures with them, can one imagine a short, fat man, with a head sunk between his shoulders, who grimaced when he laughed, and whose face was contorted by convulsive movements, as being in any sense fascinating to those of the other sex, on whom he wrote his cold and penetrating study of the physiology of love,

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De l'Amour, by the side of which Balzac's *Physiologie du Mariage* is a mere *jeu d'esprit*?

It made him sarcastic, caustic, singular, paradoxical; using irony as a weapon of defence, an irony hidden as completely from the world's eyes as an Italian stiletto. Is not this confession of his ironical? "I really don't know, dear reader, what I am: good, evil, spiritual, foolish. What I do know is that there are things that give me pain and pleasure, that I desire or hate." He invents for himself the maxim: "Savoir braver le ridicule." How often does he do it? Born, it has been said—he admits it—bizarre, he remained so to the end of his life; partly, perhaps, by way of calculation.

He has many points of view. One, I think, essential in him is *ennui*; that abominable malady, *fin de siècle*, that so often undermines the constitutions of nervous and voluptuous women as much in Paris as in Madrid; just as drugs do, that give one sensations, and can be wonderful escapes from *ennui*. To an opium-smoker time and space lose even that sort of reality which normal people are accustomed to assign to them. Under the influence of such a drug it is somewhat perilous to cross the street, for it is impossible to realise the distance between oneself and the length of time which it will require to get from pavement to pavement.

There is the *ennui* of Pierrot, one of the types of our century, of the moment in which we live—of the moment, perhaps, out of which we are just passing. He knows that he is condemned to be always in public, that emotion would be supremely out of keeping with his costume, that he must remember to be fantastic if he would not be merely ridiculous. There is the *ennui* of Baudelaire, that ascetic of passion, that hermit of the brothel, who cries:

"C'est Ennui! ce monstre délicat!"

There is the *ennui* of Byron, that came on him at nineteen; the heroical buffoon, the great jester of English poetry, who called himself "the earth's tired denizen"; whose *ennui* was made of many elements, partly of that incurable kind of one to whom thought was not satisfying, without sustenance in itself, but itself a cause of restlessness, like a heady wine drunk in solitude. He quotes from a letter written about Mlle. de Lespinasse, advising someone to consider "quelque problème bien difficile à résoudre,

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afin que cette application vous forcât à penser à autre chose. Il n'y a en vérité de remède que celui-là et le temps."

A vindictive imagination gave Stendhal much of his talent. Malignant, morbid, often envious, not always greedy of fame, more often a man than an artist (these words can easily be interchanged), he lived a fairly adventurous, unsatisfied life. Lacking in passion, he created passionate images of men and women, much more imaginary than real; sinister, intellectual, self-analytical; certainly sterile beside the intense creations of Balzac, of Flaubert. The man, the artist at work on his materials, both fascinate us, in spite of oneself, by certain unique qualities difficult enough to define.

Perhaps, on the whole, one might say that he created (after Laclos and for others after him) a method of unemotional, minute, slightly ironical analysis, which has fascinated modern minds, partly because it has seemed to dispense with those difficulties of creation in the block which the triumphs of Balzac have only accentuated. Swinburne, somewhere or other, compared Shakespeare with Balzac as the two greatest tragedians in imaginative realism who have ever existed. It is Swinburne who quotes words written by Baudelaire on Balzac; not only that he "is a visionary and a passionate visionary": not only that he has given "convulsive action to his figures," but that, "in a word, every one in Balzac, down to the very scullions, has genius."

Now all this is actually Balzac himself. And can anyone say anything of the kind of Stendhal, who, to my mind, had not one of these qualities that Balzac possessed? Writing on Balzac in Madrid, I said: "Goriot, Valérie Marneffe, Pons, Grandet, Madame de Mortsauf even, are called up before us after the same manner as Othello or Don Quixote; their actions express them so significantly that they seem to be independent of their creator." Can one, I ask again, compare for an instant, with these characters I have named, certain of Stendhal's characters, such as Julien Sorel, Mathilde, Fabrice, even Mosca, who is said to have been made after Metternich? He writes wonderful things about them; but they are not wonderfully alive, they say no wonderful things. Are any of them absolutely visible to our vision?

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Take, for instance, one of his most famous chapters in *Le Rouge et le Noir*, called "Une Heure du Matin." Notice how cold in observation, how calculated in manner, is Julien's seduction of Mathilde. The parts seem to have been interchanged; so cynical is the scene that it no more thrills us than I imagine those strange lovers themselves were thrilled. "Il n'avait pas d'amour du tout." "Mais elle eût voulu racheter au prix d'une éternité de malheur la nécessité cruelle où elle se trouvait." Are not these tragic comedians, not quite in Meredith's sense of the words, for Lassalle had, imagined he had, passion, and Clotilde, who pretended to have it, had none? Yet, in spite of the undercurrent of sarcasm that one finds in this scene, it is redeemed, to my mind, by the cry of rage of Mathilde in the next chapter: "J'ai horreur de m'être livrée au premier venu!"

Caring, perhaps, as Stendhal thought, supremely for life, he never cared for that surprising, bewildering pantomime which life seems to be to those who watch its coloured movement, its flickering lights, its changing costumes, its powdered faces, without looking through the eyes into the hearts of the dancers. He never chose those hours of carnival when, for our allotted time, we put on masks and coloured dresses and dance a measure or two with strangers as an escape from life felt to be almost overpowering. Do we not, among ourselves, avoid the expression of a deeply-felt emotion in order that we may not intensify the emotion itself by giving it words?

These sensations and adventures being infinitely beyond his reach, he may have escaped into the crowd, to fancy that he lost sight of himself as he disappeared from the sight of others. But never can it be said of him (as I have said of a modern poet I have known) that the more he soiled himself at that gross contact, the farther would he seem to be from what beckoned to him in one vain illusion after another vain illusion, in the delicate places of the world.

The Voyage of the *Mona*

By H. M. Tomlinson

THERE was the *Mona*, Yeo's boat, below the quay wall ; but I could not see her owner. The unequal stones of that wall have the weathered appearance of a natural outcrop of rock, for they were matured by the traffic of ships when America was a new yarn among sailors. They are the very stones one would choose to hear speak. Yet the light of early morning in that spacious estuary was so young and tenuous that you could suppose this heavy planet had not yet known the stains of night and evil ; and the *Mona*, it must be remembered, is white without and egg-blue within. Such were the reflections she made, lively at anchor on the swirls of a flood tide bright enough for the sea-bottom to have been luminous (for certainly we live on a star), that I felt I must find Yeo. The white houses of the village, with shining faces, were looking out to sea.

Another man, a visitor from the cities of the plains, was gazing down with appreciation at the *Mona*. There was that to his credit. His young wife, slight and sad, and in the dress of the promenade of a London park, was with him. She was not looking on the quickness of the lucent tide, but at the end of a parasol, which was idly marking the grits. I had seen the couple about the village for a week. He was big, ruddy, middle-aged, and lusty. His neck ran straight up into his round head, and its stiff prickles glittered like short ends of brass wire. It was easy to guess of him, without knowing him and therefore unfairly, that, if his wife actually confessed to him that she loved another man, he would not have believed her ; because, how was it possible for her to do that, he being what he was ? His aggressive face, and his air of confident possession, the unconscious immodesty of the man because of his important success at some unimportant thing or other, seemed an offence in the ancient tranquillity of that place, where poor men acknowledged only the sea, the sun, and the winds.

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I found Yeo at the end of the quay, where round the corner to seaward open out the dunes of the opposite shore of the estuary, faint with distance and their own pallor, and ending in the slender stalk of a lighthouse always quivering at the vastness of what confronts it. Yeo was sitting on a bollard, rubbing tobacco between his palms. I told him this was the sort of morning to get the *Mona* out. He carefully poured the grains into the bowl of his pipe, stoppered it, glanced slowly about the brightness of the river mouth, and shook his head. This was a great surprise, and anybody who did not know Yeo would have questioned him. But it was certain he knew his business. There is not a more deceptive and difficult stretch of coast round these islands, and Yeo was born to it. He stood up, and his long black hair stirred in the breeze under the broad brim of a grey hat he insists on wearing. The soft hat and his lank hair make him womanish in profile, in spite of a body to which a blue jersey does full justice, and the sea-boots; but when he turns his face to you, with his light eyes and his dark and leathery face, you feel he is strangely masculine and wise, and must be addressed with care and not as most men. He rarely smiles when a foolish word is spoken or when he is contradicted boldly by the innocent. He spits at his feet and contemplates the sea, as though he had heard nothing.

The visitor came up, followed reluctantly by his wife. "Are you Yeo? How are you, Yeo? What about a sail? I want you to take us round to Pebblecombe."

That village is over the bar and across the bay. Yeo looked at the man, and shook his head.

"Why not?" asked the visitor sharply, as though he were addressing the reluctance of the driver of his own car.

The sailor pointed a stern finger seawards, to where the bar is shown in charts, but where all we could make out was the flashing of inconstant white lines.

"Well?" questioned the man, who glanced out there perfunctorily. "What of it?"

"Look at it," mildly insisted the sailor, speaking for the first time. "Isn't the sea like a wall?" The man's wife, who was regarding Yeo's placid face with melancholy attention, turned to her husband and placed a hand of nervous deprecation on his arm. He did not look at her.

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"Oh, of course, if you don't want to go, if you don't to go . . ." said the visitor, shaking his head as though at rubbish, and rising several times on his toes. "Perhaps you've a better job," he added, with an unpleasant smile.

"I'm ready to go if you are, sir," said Yeo, "but I shall have to take my friend with me." The sailor nodded my way.

The man did not look at me. I was not there to him. He gave an impatient jerk to his head. "Ready to go? Of course I'm ready to go! Of course. Why do you suppose I asked?"

Yeo went indoors, came out with a bundle of tarpaulins for us, and began moving with deliberation along to the *Mona*. Something was said by the woman behind us, but so quietly I did not catch it. Her husband made confident noises of amusement, and replied in French that it was always the way with these local folk—always the way. The result, I gathered, of a slow life, though that was hardly the way he put it. Nothing in it all, she could be sure. These difficulties were made to raise the price. The morning was beautiful. Still, if she did not want to go . . . if she did not want to go. And his tone was that perhaps she would be as absurd as that. I heard no more, and both followed us.

I got out to the *Mona*, cast off her stern mooring, got in the anchor, and the pull on that brought us to the stone steps of the landing-stage. While I made the seats ready for the voyagers and handed them in, Yeo took two reefs in the lugsail (an act which seemed, I must say, with what wind we felt there, to be carrying his prescience to bold lengths) and hauled the sail to its place. I went forward to lower the centre keel as he came aft with the sheet in his hand. The *Mona* sidled away, stood out, and then reached for the distant sandhills. The village diminished and concentrated under its hill.

When clear of the shelter of the hill, on the lee foot of which the village shelters from the westerly winds, the *Mona* went over suddenly in a gust which put her gunwale in the wash and kept it there. The dipper came adrift and rattled over. Yeo eased her a bit, and his uncanny eyes never shifted from their fixed scrutiny ahead. Our passenger laughed aloud, for his wife had grasped him at the un-

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expected movement and the noise. "That's nothing," he assured her. "This is fine."

We cleared the shallows and were in the channel where the weight of the incoming tide raced and climbed. The *Mona's* light bows, meeting the tide, dancing ecstatically, sending over us showers which caught in the foot of the sail. The weather in the open was bright and hard, and the sun lost a little of its warmth in the wind, which was north of west. The dunes, which had been evanescent through distance in the flood of wind and light, grew material and great. The combers, breaking diagonally along that forsaken beach, had something ominous to say of the bar. Even I knew that, and turned to look ahead. Out there, across and above the burnished sea, a regular series of long shadowy walls were forming. They advanced slowly, grew darker, and grew higher; then in their parapets appeared arcs of white, and at once, where those lines of sombre shadows had been, there were plunging strata of white clouds. Other dark bands advanced from seaward continuously. There was a tremor and sound as of the shock and roll of far thunder.

We went about again, steering for the first outward mark of the fairway, the Mullet Buoy. Only the last house of the village was now looking at us remotely, a tiny white cube which frequently sank, on its precarious ledge of earth, beneath an intervening upheaval of the waters. The sea was superior now, as we saw the world from our little boat. The waters moved in from the outer with the ease of certain conquest, and the foundering shores vanished under each uplifted send of the ocean. We rounded the buoy. I could see the tide holding it down aslant with heavy strands of water, stretched and taut. About we went again for the lifeboat house.

There was no doubt of it now. We should be baling soon. Yeo, with one brown paw on the sheet and the other on the tiller, had not moved, nor even, so he looked, blinked the strange, unfrowning eyes peering from under the brim of his hat. The *Mona* came on an even keel by the lifeboat house, shook her wing for a moment as though in delight, and was off again dancing for the Mid Buoy. She was a live, responsive, and happy bird. "Now, Yeo," said the passenger beside the sailor, beaming in proper enjoyment

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of this quick and radiant experience. "Didn't I tell you so? What's the matter with this?"

There was nothing the matter with that.. The sea was blue and white. The frail coast, now far away, was of green and gold. The sky was the assurance of continued good. Our boat was buoyant energy. That bay, when in its uplifted and sparkling mood, with the extent of its liberty and the coloured promise of its romantic adventure, has no hint at all of the startling suddenness of its shadow, that presage of its complex and impersonal malice.

Yeo turned the big features of his impassive face to his passenger, looked at him as he would at a wilful and ill-mannered child, and said, "In five minutes we shall be round the Mid Buoy. Better go back. If you want to go back, say so now. Soon you won't be able to. We may be kept out a long time. If we are, don't blame me."

"Oh, go on, you," the man said, smiling indulgently. He was not going to relinquish the fine gift of these splendid hours.

Yeo put his pipe in his mouth and resumed his stare outwards. He said no more. On we went, skimming over inflowing ridges with exhilarating undulations, light as a sandpiper. It was really right to call that a glorious morning. I heard the curlews fluting among the stones of the Morte Bank, which must then have been almost awash; but I did not look that way, for the nearing view of the big seas breaking ahead of us fixed my mind with the first intentness of anxiety. Though near the top of the flood, the fairway could not be made out. What from the distance had appeared orderly ranks of surf had become a convulsive wilderness of foam, piled and dazzling, the incontinent smother of a heavy ground swell; for after all, though the wind needed watching, it was nothing much. The *Mona* danced on towards the anxious place. Except the distant hills there was no shore. Our hills were of water now we neared the bar. They appeared ahead with surprising suddenness, came straight at us as though they had been looking for us, and the discovery made them eager; and then, when the head of the living mass was looking over our boat, it swung under us.

We were beyond the bar before we knew it. There were a few minutes when, on either hand of the *Mona*, but not

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near enough to be more than an arresting spectacle, ponderous glassy billows ceaselessly arose, projected wonderful curves of translucent parapets which threw shadows ahead of their deliberate advance, lost their delicate poise, and became plunging areas of blinding and hissing snow. We sped past them and were at sea. Yeo's knowledge of his work gives him more than the dexterity which overcomes difficulties as it meets them; it gives him the prescience to avoid them.

The steady breeze carried away from us the noise of that great tumult on the bar, and here was a sunny quietude where we heard nothing but the wing of the *Mona* when it fluttered. The last of the land was the Bar Buoy, weltering and tolling erratically its melancholy bell in its huge red cage. That dropped astern. The *Mona*, as though she had been exuberant with joy at the promise of release, had come out with whoops and a fuss, but, being outside, settled down to enjoy liberty in quiet content. The little lady with us, for the first time, appeared not sorry to be there. The boat was dry. The scoured thwarts were even hot to the touch. Our lady held the brim of her big straw hat, looking out over the slow rhythm of the heavy but unbroken seas, the deep suspirations of the ocean, and there was even a smile on her delicate face. She crouched forward no longer, and did not show that timid hesitation between her fear of sudden ugly water, when she would have inclined to her husband's side, and her evident nervousness also of her mate. She sat erect, enjoying the slow uplift and descent of the boat with a responsive body. She gazed overside into the transparent deeps, where large jelly-fish dimmered like sunken moons. I got out my pipe. This suggested something to our other passenger, and he got out his. He fumbled out his pouch and filled up. He then regarded the loaded pipe thoughtfully, but presently put it away, and leaned forward, gazing at the bottom of the boat. I caught Yeo's eye in a very solemn wink.

The *Mona*, lost in the waste, coursed without apparent purpose. Sometimes for a drowsy while we headed into the great light shining from all the Atlantic which stretched before us to America; and again we turned to the coast, which was low and far beyond mounting seas. By watching one mark ashore, a grey blur which was really the

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tower of a familiar village church, it was clear Yeo was not making Pebblecombe with any ease. I glanced at him, and he shook his head. He then nodded it towards the western headland of the bay.

That was almost veiled by a dark curtain, though not long before the partitioned fields and colours of its upper slopes were clear as a mosaic; so insidiously, to the uninitiated, do the moods of this bay change. Our lady was at this moment bending solicitously towards her husband, whose head was in his hands. But he shook her off, turning away with a face not quite so proud as it had been, for its complexion had become that of a green canary's. He had acquired an expression of holiness, contemplative and sorrowful. The western coast had disappeared in the murk. "Better have something to eat now," said Yeo, "while there's a chance."

The lady, after a hesitating glance at her husband, who made no sign, his face being hidden in his arms, got out the luncheon-basket. He looked up once with a face full of misery and reproach, and said, forgetting the past with boldness, "Don't you think we'd better be getting back? It's looking very dark over there."

Yeo munched with calm for a while, swallowed, and then remarked, while conning the headland, "It'll be darker yet, and then we shan't go back, because we can't."

The *Mona* continuously soared upwards on the hills and sank again, often trembling now, for the impact of the seas was sharper. The man got into the bottom of the boat and groaned.

Light clouds, the feathery growth of the threatening obscurity which had hidden the western land, first spread to dim the light of the sun, then grew thick and dark overhead too, leaving us, after one ray that sought us out again and at once died, in a chill gloom. The glassy seas at once became opaque and bleak. Their surface was roughened with gusts. The delicate colours of the world, its hopeful spaciousness, its dancing light, the high blue vault, abruptly changed to the dim, cold, restricted outlook of age. We waited.

As Yeo luffed the squall fell on us bodily with a great weight of wind and white rain, pressing us into the sea. The *Mona* made ineffective leaps, trying to get release from

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her imprisonment, but only succeeded in pouring water over the inert figure lying on the bottom boards. In a spasm of fear he sprang up and began to scramble wildly towards his wife, who in her nervousness was gripping the gunwale, but was facing the affair silently and pluckily. "Keep still there!" peremptorily ordered the sailor; and the man bundled down without a word, like a dog, an abject heap of wet rags.

The first weight of the squall was released. The *Mona* eased. But the rain set in with steadiness and definition. Nothing was in sight but the waves shaping in the murk and passing us, and the blurred outline of a ketch labouring under reduced canvas to leeward. The bundle on the boat's floor sat up painfully and glanced over the gunwale. He made no attempt to disguise his complete defeat by our circumstances. He saw the ketch, saw she was bigger, and humbly and loudly implored Yeo to put him aboard. He did not look at his wife. His misery was in full possession of him. When near to the ketch we saw something was wrong with a flag she was flying. We got round to her lee quarter and hailed the three muffled figures on her deck.

"Can we come aboard?" roared Yeo.

One of the figures came to the ship's side and leaned over. "All right," we heard, "if you don't mind sailing with a corpse."

Yeo put it to his passengers. The woman said nothing. Her pale face, pitifully tiny and appealing within her rough sailor's tarpaulin hat, showed an innocent mind startled by the brutality of a world she did not know, but a mind controlled and alert. You could guess she expected nothing now but the worst, and had been schooling herself to face it. Her husband, when he knew what was on that ship, repudiated the vessel with horror. Yet we had no sooner fallen slightly away than he looked up again, was reminded once more that she stood so much higher than our boat, and cried, "Yes, yes!"

The two craft imperceptibly approached, as by gravitation. The men of the ketch saw we had changed our minds, and made ready to receive us. On one noisy uplift of a wave we got the lady inboard. Waiting another opportunity, floundering about below the black wall of the ship, presently it came, and we shoved over just anyhow the

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helpless bulk of the man. He disappeared within the ship like a shapeless sack, and bumped like one. When I got over I saw the *Mona's* mast, which was thrusting and falling by the side of the ketch, making wild oscillations and eccentrics, suddenly vanish; and then appeared Yeo, who carried a tow-line aft and made fast.

The skipper of the ketch had been drowned, we were told. They were bringing his body home. The helmsman indicated a form lashed in a sailcloth to the hatch. They were standing on and off waiting to get in over the bar. Yeo they knew so well that hardly any words passed between them. They were glad to put the piloting in his hands. He took the wheel of the *Judy of Padstow*.

The substantial deck of the *Judy* was a great relief after the dizzy gyrations of the aerial *Mona*; and our lady, with a half glance at what on the hatch was so grimly indifferent to all that could happen now, even smiled again, perhaps with a new sense of safety. She saw her husband settled in a place not too wet, and got about the venerable boards of the *Judy*, looking at the old gear with curiosity, glancing, with her head dropped back, into the dark intricacy of rigging upheld by the ponderous mainmast as it swayed back and forth. Every time the men went hurriedly trampling to some point of the running gear she watched what they were at. For hours we beat about, in a great noise of waters, waiting for that opportunity at the entrance to home and comfort. Once Yeo took us as far towards the vague mist of surf as the dismal tolling of the Bar Buoy, but evidently did not like the look of it, and stood out again.

At last, having decided, he shouted orders, there was a burst of activity, and we headed for the bad place. Soon we should know.

The *Judy* began to plunge alarmingly. The incoming rollers at times swept her along with a rush, and Yeo had his hands full. Her bowsprit yawed, rose and fell hurriedly, the *Judy's* unsteady dexter pointing in nervous excitement at what was ahead of her. But Yeo held her to it, though those heavy following seas so demoralised the *Judy* that it was clear it was all Yeo could do to keep her to her course. Columns of spray exploded ahead, driving in on us like shot.

"Look out!" cried Yeo. I looked. Astern was a grey

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hill, high over us, fast overtaking us, the white turmoil of its summit already streaming down its long slope. It accelerated, as if it could see it would soon be too late. It nearly was, but not quite. A cataract roared over the poop, and Yeo vanished. The *Judy*, in a panic, made an attempt at a move which would have been fatal then; but she was checked and her head steadied. I could do nothing but hold the lady firm and grasp a pin in its rail. The flood swept us, brawling round the gear, foundering the hatch. For a moment I thought it was a case, and saw nothing but maniacal water. Then the foam subsided to clear torrents which flung about violently with the ship's movement. The men were in the rigging. Yeo was rigid at the wheel, his eyes on the future. I could not see the other passenger till his wife screamed, and then I saw him. Two figures rolled in a flood that was pouring to the canting of the deck, and one of them desperately clutched at the other for aid. But the other was the dead skipper, washed from his place on the hatch.

We were over the bar again, and the deck became level. But it remained the bottom of a shallow well in which floated with indifference the one time master of the *Judy*, face downwards, and who presently stranded amidships. Our passenger reclined on the vacated hatch, his eyes wide with childish and unspoken horror, and fixed on his wife, whose ministering hands he fumbled for as does a child for his mother's when he wakes at night after a dream of evil.

The Ego in Hades

By 2nd Lt. Horace B. Samuel

WITH my natural patriotism duly magnified into a blind sadic gusto by the rum provided by a judicious Government, and calling ferociously upon the name of the one goddess whom I had ever seriously worshipped, I rushed gaily into the ridiculous scrimmage of a mutual butchery.

But inasmuch as these pages constitute not, forsooth, a melodramatic account of a banal charge, but rather a racy and romantic chronicle of posthumous happenings, I consider as irrelevant the precise details of how I, in fact, met my glorious death. It is enough to state that, having killed a few odd Germans with the keenest possible pleasure (and in my then mood I could have killed anyone, man, woman, beast, baby, devil, or god with the keenest possible pleasure), I received myself a wound as mortal as it was, I am glad to say, instantaneous.

Having died, I also lost consciousness, strange as this may appear to the fatuous exponents of the theory of a complete vital continuity. It is quite possible that I found dying rather a shock. Anyway, there was a distinct gap in my consciousness—a gap which, for all I knew, might have lasted seconds, minutes, hours, days, or weeks.

When, however, I did once again catch hold of the vital thread, I felt at once that there was something radically wrong, something specifically missing. Of course, during the whole tenor of my so tragically curtailed life, I had always prided myself on being an intellectual, but I can assure you that never before had I either been, or indeed conceived it possible to be, so chillily and confoundedly intellectual as I now felt. A lover who has lost his mistress, a politician who has lost his seat, a woman who has lost her virtue, a B.E.F. subaltern who has lost his valise, a man who has lost a limb, are all pitiable enough specimens in all conscience; but at least there is this to be said

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for them: they are still there, angrily, vividly there, lamenting, swearing, expostulating, being pathetic. They all still have something definite to do, to wish for, to fuss about. But the inconvenience which they sustain is, I assure you, the most insignificant of bagatelles compared with that of the gentleman who wakes up one fine hour of infinity to find himself bodyless, a ludicrous Kantian Thing-in-Itself, a floating piece of abstract intellectualism, a poor drifting consciousness, an intangible memory, a mere derelict idea.

No, my good crank friends of Theosophy, I did not feel relieved, purified, and exalted at being freed from the sordid integument of the body. On the contrary, I positively yearned for the warm crass consciousness of my own base carcase. Intellectual? Agreed! But poor fun was there, forsooth, in being intellectual when you could neither read, for you had no eyes, nor write, for you had no hands (to say nothing of the question of paper), or even dictate, for you had no voice.

What, in fact, was there to do in this blank Hades? Only one thing, obviously. To find some warm nest in this bleak desolation of a chill infinity. And where was this nest to be found, this little home for the poor outcast idea running loose in space? In the heart, forsooth, of the only woman whom I had ever loved, the woman who for ever so short a time had yet once loved me.

Did she still draw me to her by her eternal magnetism? Possibly, but, on the whole, I prefer to favour the other theory. For even as in life, it was I who had made love to her, and had by the force and light of my own fire produced in her an answering reflection of my love, so even now I was so extraordinarily avid of her presence that almost immediately and without search and without effort, I found myself within her heart. And what was my dwelling-place therein? Alas! exceedingly small. A little chamber shrouded in blue silence, which in moments of reverie and souvenir she would occasionally revisit. And so happy was I that I should be within the heart of my beloved, that for a time my consciousness slumbered in sweet contentment. And then, awaking vigorous and refreshed, I strove to invade her brain. And in this respect I can boast of a success, slow but yet very

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definite. For by degrees I broke down the barriers of time and circumstance so that I obtained free movement within her soul. And I exploited my opportunities with some adroitness. When her mind was a blank, I would spring up in it with the slap-dash suddenness of a jack-in-the-box. When she was busied with the thousand and one prosaic details of everyday life, I would suddenly assail her, travelling swiftly across the lines of two or three possibly somewhat complex associations of ideas. In former times she had stated, not vauntingly or coquettishly, but simply, and as a constation of fact—as indeed it was—that she was the only woman who had ever touched my emotional chord. It was now my turn to play tricks with hers. I haunted her with increased assiduity and accumulative success. In the bad old days I had frequently waited in vain outside the locked door of her flat while she lay stretched in some perverse dream upon her silken couch, stubborn, unheeding, absorbed. But now it was otherwise, since I was well inside the house of her soul, and could not be dislodged. For with the force of one single thought I could set a thousand bells ringing within her, to which in a flutter of emotions she would hasten to respond. And the measure of success which attended my perseverance may be gauged by these two facts. The first was this: When caressing the man whose name she bore she would occasionally murmur my own name, so that I was reminded of the numerous occasions when I myself had made love to other women, only to obtain a bastard and inferior exaltation and to curse them either in my heart or aloud for the unforgivable crime of not being *She*. And as she kissed her first-born, who had been baptised with some stolid *bourgeois* prefix, I would catch her occasionally thinking of that fantastic Phœnician name which we ourselves had designated for our own unbegotten child.

And she would begin to create in dream the unrealised happiness of our own two lives—each working hard at our respective careers in our two countries, and then skipping across Europe to take hands for a brief but concentrated merry-making—and then that flippant projected journey over the Continent, when we were to sign in the visitors' books of the most fashionable hotels all the names of all our most austere and depraved friends and enemies in the

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most impudent and monstrous collocation, so that we might thus obtain the mood and the *mise-en-scène* for the mischievous and rollicking farce of a collaborated novel; and then the sacred pilgrimage to our East, and the task of creation which we were there to accomplish.

But, alas! what can a poor ghost of a memory effect against the concrete reality of an existing life? What availed the *raffiné* intercourse of souvenir against the solid facts of her matrimonial and maternal duties, and the petulant and persistent trifles of her social life? The excitement which I had kindled gradually subsided, and, so far as my disappointed ghost was concerned, her heart turned once again from fire to a dull stone, and the love-notes in her voice were once more muffled. The perfume of souvenir exhaled a fainter and yet fainter fragrance, and my angry spirit beat once again in futile protest against doors definitely closed.

So yet again my derelict ego floated out over the void.

Frozen thus out of the heart of the only woman whom I had ever loved, my thoughts naturally turned by way of contrast to the chief criminal among the many men whom I had ever hated, the pestilential fellow who had done me, if not the worst, at any rate the most recent injury, that bluff, burly blackguard with his bastard *bonhomie* and gruff geniality, who had obstructed for years past the path of my happiness.

I accordingly luxuriated in the exquisite thoughts of an Oriental revenge; my curse should hound him to an insanitary grave; he should catch from his wife the fashionable malady of the moment only to convey it to his favourite paramour; the shadows of his sons were to be lessened in the war, and his three ugly daughters were to experience *contretemps* at the hands of the Bulgarians.

But, alas again! my poor, noble, but abortive ideals, poor, meritorious aspirations, never to be fulfilled!

The unfortunate fact remained that I could effect no entrance into that adamantine Chubb's safe where the villain kept those Humbert's millions which he called his soul. The reason was obvious, on a little reflection. For a mere ghost to find a posthumous habitat, for it to live for ever so short a time within the soul of another man, some measure of sympathy is essential. The magic and

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stimulating electricity of a good old hate will answer the purpose, with its mutual partnership of clashing and revivifying shocks and the cogent contacts of its hostile currents. But what was one to do with the prosaic phlegm of this most typical of British Philistines, who just went blundering on in his stolid *bourgeois* way and had completely forgotten my very existence? Nothing, forsooth. I could haunt him till I was weary, but he never even appreciated my ghostly presence.

From this point my existence became more and more attenuated. I became just a miserable tramp of Space and Time, cadging a few crumbs of life here and there in the memories of my friends, when some circumstance or the turn taken by some conversation would awaken for a few transitory seconds the association of my personality.

And then, quite naturally, I began to suffer from *ennui* to an extent so alarming that I positively began to envisage the possibility of a ghostly suicide. I turned to thoughts of the conventional deities of all ages, the Jehovahs, Buddhas, Pans, Priapuses, Christs, Sivahs, Allahs, and Kalis. But, unfortunately, they were all so engrossed in a great war of mutual extermination as to have no time left to attend to their more serious duties. And then I became suddenly thrilled by the good red presence of my old friend the Will to Live. My consciousness began to bubble with an ever-increasing heat, and all the fibres of my soul to expand and expand with a vehement, peremptory yearning after reality.

"We all thought you were as good as dead," said the nurse, with a startled expression on her face, as I came to.

"You ought to have been by rights," observed the doctor. "Your case is simply an instance of the Will to Live—very instructive from the scientific standpoint. Your delirium has, I assure you, been extremely interesting."

"I hope I mentioned no names?" I queried with some anxiety.

"Nurse listened intently, but could catch nothing," he answered.

The Religion of Peace

By E. S. P. Haynes

It has now become the duty of every citizen in every country to prevent by every possible means any repetition of the horrors which we have all had either to contemplate or endure since August, 1914. If these horrors are due to any perversion of truth in the human mind analogous to that which inflicted on the human race the prolonged agonies of religious warfare or the establishment of the Inquisition, the world obviously needs conversion. The possibility of that conversion must therefore both precede and follow any discussion of what machinery can be employed to secure international peace.

The Case for War.—The beliefs of those who are not ready to welcome any machinery for securing public right by guaranteeing wherever possible the peaceful settlement of international disputes fall roughly into two classes:—

1. The conviction that *war, on the whole, produces more good than evil*. This is founded on the idea that commercial (if no other) competition is in itself demoralising, that war unifies nations, and that the avoidance of war involves the assumption that there is no evil in this world worse than physical injury or death.

2. The conviction that *war is, like prostitution or disease, a necessary evil inherent in human society*. It is argued that man, being a quarrelsome animal, will always want to fight about women or property or power. Moreover, there are certain disputes, even among individuals, which cannot be properly settled in the law courts; in every State there is always the possibility of revolution; and when we take human society on the largest scale of all there must always be an ultimate resort to force among its largest constituent members. To men of this type the discussion of any scheme to guarantee peace seems waste of time or worse.

The first conviction that war is, on the whole, good probably prevailed among most Europeans before August,

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1914, though the actual experience of war has no doubt shaken it. On the other hand, it has become more vocal. It is also possibly more real to the unthinking optimist, the bellicose dowager, and the champions of vicarious asceticism. To all reasoning persons, however, it must be clear that whatever by-products of good may result from war (as, for example, national or allied co-operation or a truer standard of human values) are obviously outweighed by the appalling waste of life and property, the physical torture, mutilation, and starvation of innocent persons, and the letting loose of all evil passions at one and the same time. It also follows from this belief that small States cannot be allowed to exist, since any real security for them necessarily implies an immunity from war which must result in the decadence of the whole world.

Again, it is from such premises that the Germans have formulated a logic whereby all wars have to be conducted as if the world would never again be at peace until their enemies were exterminated and all neutrals paralysed with fear. For all humanity in warfare presupposes peace as the normal condition of mankind.

The second conviction is, however, held and generally professed even now by the vast majority of Europeans, just as religious toleration was held by mediæval thinkers to be not merely impracticable, but also undesirable. It is true that many who might consider international peace desirable do not consider it practicable; but the human tendency to acquiesce in unpleasant necessities, or what seem to be necessities, often results in the inhibition of any desire to alter the *status quo*.

Human conduct is the result of habit and suggestion. It does not, for instance, occur to a modern Englishman that the only way to wipe out an insult is a duel. An injured husband may sometimes assault his wife's lover, but he more frequently consults his solicitor. An English Minister insulted in the House of Commons ignores the insult and its perpetrator. A private citizen avenges injury to his character in the King's Bench Division. The fact remains, however, that in the England of 1800 the English gentleman, like the modern Frenchman or German, would have regarded a duel as the only possible settlement of such disputes. Nor is this climate of opinion merely due to

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what the advocate of war vaguely calls "materialism"—*e.g.*, the conviction that nothing in this world can be worse than physical violence. On the contrary, it is due to a growing sense of proportion and to the growing complexity of civilisation. It is recognised that an injured husband has better duties to his family and to society in general than to kill the man whom his wife prefers to himself, and that the consequences of such conduct entail grave injury, not to say inconvenience, to others. This applies even more forcibly to cases of insult and slander.

But the ravages of war also inconvenience the world at large. Assume our European society to have originated in a group of twenty barons occupying a territory of one hundred square miles in more or less equal proportions. Then just as that area became more densely populated, as labour became more specialised and divided and the engines of warfare became more widely destructive, there would obviously come a period when even a private war over ten square miles of territory would endanger the lives of all the inhabitants and become a pestilent nuisance to the neutrals on the rest of the area. And that is precisely what is happening to-day to our own planet in proportion as distance is reduced and war affects more and more populations.

It is, of course, true that a State or Federation of States can be upset by a revolution (whether bloody or peaceful), and that a revolution is justified only by success. But that is just what makes most revolutions desirable and, in these days, often peaceful. For on the revolutionary lies the burden of proving that what he does will benefit society, and it is just because of this that he will often postpone his operations until the general approval of his programme makes resort to violence unnecessary.

It is equally true that human society has never completely abolished disease or prostitution. But history, and especially modern history, has shown that modern hygiene, whether public or private, can virtually abolish some diseases and mitigate the incidence of others; while Havelock Ellis has been able to demonstrate a distinct decline in prostitution as the result of changing opinion in regard to problems of sex.

Disease, in fact, provides a pertinent analogy. It seems

to be accepted by modern doctors that a parasitic organism of the kind found in cases of syphilis or malaria can perhaps never be scotched, but can at least always be rendered innocuous by drugs if proper vigilance is observed. In the same way militarism may perhaps in future be rendered innocuous if the human race remains sufficiently alive to the destructive possibilities of war by an intellectual effort of self-preservation. The war of our own time bears a close analogy to the ravages that may result to the individual from negligence in observing medical injunctions after being infected by a parasite. On the other hand, the question of war is psychological, not physiological; and psychology is necessarily a more difficult region to explore.

General Remedies.—Assuming, however, the possibility of discovering some sort of cure for the disease of militarism, it may be useful to discuss the suggestions that are commonly made with this object.

Democracy.—Perhaps the commonest suggestion is that democratic forms of government make for peace. The examples of French and Athenian democracy or German Socialism are not, perhaps, encouraging; but obviously the Englishmen who in 1851 thought that popular government would make for peace have not been altogether stultified. For ever since 1851 wars have become more infrequent, and peaceful settlements of international disputes by arbitration more frequent. A complete machinery evolved itself and was available at The Hague for settling the troubles which caused the present war; moreover, it has achieved considerable success since its foundation in 1899.

There is no essential reason why patriotism need necessarily be inspired by militarism. The ordinary man wishes to live in peace. He is, as a rule, exhausted by the economic struggle for existence, and any surplus energy is absorbed in family cares and congenial amusements. The monotony of his life may tempt him to occasional violence, but he must see his enemy and the fight; while in modern warfare many soldiers see neither. He has, of course, natural antipathies. He is apt to dislike or distrust men of different race, colour, religion, or language. But he does not, therefore, necessarily wish to kill them. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council settles the disputes of an Empire which comprises far more divergent types of

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humanity than the continent of Europe. Great Britain and France respectively head the roll of those nations which have adjusted international differences by arbitration in spite of the prestige in war enjoyed by both countries.

Our imaginary citizen may dislike foreign labour and pass immigration restraints; but in the England of 1913 he suggested no such restraints against Germans, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians. He responds to tribal impulses, but these have to be roused by newspapers and placards before they result in modern warfare. He may be adventurous, but modern exploration and finance abundantly indulge the zest for adventure. He may enjoy the idea of painting the globe red or looting other nations, but his individual share of the spoil is not likely to tempt him to risk in his own person death or mutilation for these objects.

The motives to which he responds in respect of war or rumours of war are those of fear and patriotism. The fear of invasion and the attachment expanded from hearth and home to his country and to the men whose language and nationality he shares are sufficient of themselves to make him throw aside all the peaceful and humane impulses of his normal existence and to make his wives and daughters applaud his heroism. The result is that unusually peaceful persons like the Germans and citizens of an Empire like that of Austria-Hungary, which has no real nationality, submit to conscription in peace and to the dictates of a tiny group in war.

On the other hand, those who believe that militarism can be checked by popular government are entirely blind to the fact that modern democracies have not, as a rule, the machinery either for knowing or expressing the general will. A modern nation is far too large to act in real unison except under the pressure of war. No existing form of "representative" government can protect a democracy from being exploited by what Mr. Graham Wallas calls "the process of non-rational inference." Men are at the mercy of the governing group and their newspapers, and the governing group can always both directly and indirectly control the Press. Moreover, the very terminology and professions of the group hoodwink the people into regarding them as their own leaders. It follows from all this that nothing is so easy for the governing group as to make war.

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It is of course obvious that a disastrous war may ruin the governing group; but no man or group of men is ever proof against the gambling instinct, and in certain circumstances it may clearly be to their interest to gamble. Emperors and Kings have often found war essential to distract their subjects from their failures in time of peace, and groups are no less likely to find themselves in the same plight. It follows, therefore, that unless some genuinely representative form of government can be introduced into what is called democracy, popular government affords no real security against militarism.

Profit and Loss.—The next remedy against militarism is that popularly associated with the name of Norman Angell, namely, the obvious truth that the conditions of international credit and commerce impose prohibitive penalties alike on the conqueror and the conquered. But this proposition takes no account of the fact that "non-rational inference" is eminently susceptible to the emotions of fear and patriotism; while on the other hand, it does not follow that the governing group will individually suffer, however great the collective suffering of their community may be. For example, the Prussian Junkers thought that they would escape succession duties on land as the result of war; and it is possible that they will. Clearly the present experience of war will enforce the lesson of collective ruin, and what is even more cogent, the disastrous loss to neutrals; but the fact remains that this consideration will not of itself make war impossible or even improbable.

Humanitarianism.—Most writers on the subject of war have relied on the growth of humanitarian feeling as exemplified in the growth of the Stoic philosophy under the Roman Empire, or the progress of the Christian religion in mediæval Europe, or of cosmopolitan feeling in the modern world. The truth is, however, that humanitarian emotions are fitful and much influenced by conditions of space and time. What is distant and remote will never sway human emotion unless it seems likely to become near and actual. A massacre of foreigners in China produces less emotion in London than a murder in Piccadilly. Moreover, many an Englishman who disliked hunting or shooting in July, 1914, would have cheerfully pressed a

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button if he could thereby kill 100,000 Germans of military age, in July, 1915.

So long as the vast majority of men know no language but their own and rarely (if ever) leave their own country, they will always find it difficult to restrain the primitive impulse to throw brickbats at strangers. Even highly-educated English tourists dislike the presence of negroes on trains and tramcars in the United States, and such racial antagonism is very deeply-rooted in human nature. The English have a better record than other nations as regards coloured men; but even their humanitarianism is limited. A universal love of humanity is about as likely to occur as an universal abstinence from flesh food on humanitarian grounds. Nevertheless, it is always possible that a tidal wave of enthusiasm for human welfare may be generated by the miseries of our time and carry away with it many seemingly permanent obstacles to peace and goodwill.

War as a General Nuisance.—Germany has perhaps performed a service to humanity in making war a general nuisance. In the present war neutrals have suffered more than they ever suffered in the past. Their supplies of food and fuel are reduced and endangered, their shipping is destroyed by mines and submarines, their trade is made precarious by interrupted communications. Their plight will be even worse in the future as aerial warfare progresses. Their discomfort is swelled by that of non-combatants in belligerent countries whose patriotism is sorely tried by the bombardment of open towns and the destruction of property for military purposes.

If two householders in a garden suburb began shelling each other all the other inhabitants would fall upon them and enforce a universal peace; and this is what will ultimately happen on this planet within a few centuries. If men can be convinced that a war ought to be made as difficult as a revolution, that it is ruinous to belligerents and dangerous to neutrals, that it is more likely than not to serve the sinister purposes of a governing group or of private armament firms internationally pooling their profits so as to be sure of gain in any event, they will soon lose all romantic feelings about the sublimity of war as easily as they have abandoned the ancient superstition that it is blasphemous to mitigate physical suffering or to fight the ravages of disease.

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It is of course possible to establish public right without any general agreement for peace, and no doubt before 1914 this was supposed to have been achieved. The neutrality of Belgium had up to that date been scrupulously respected. But recent events have shaken all faith in public right when one of the Powers that guaranteed Belgian neutrality has taken forcible possession of Belgian soil despite the most strenuous exertions of the other two guarantors. Other small States may well ask for better security than guarantees tempered by a Balance of Power. For these reasons it seems clear that the establishment of public right must always be precarious unless all Europe is ready to unite in support of this great cause.

Nevertheless, we must not lose sight of the fact that no system of international arbitration will endure for a moment so long as the human race is not thoroughly converted to a new attitude as regards distrust of other nations and the feeling that physical violence in war is a right and proper solution of international disputes. The belligerents in the present war have learned much from experience; but the neutrals have shown a tardy disposition to vindicate international law. It is clear that unless the gospel of peace establishes itself in the next thirty years, a new generation will not properly understand what war means. It will also be essential to effect a settlement of modern Europe which will at once satisfy national aspirations and control its more barbarous inhabitants in the Near East.

Alternative Solutions of the Problem.—Assuming a general will for peace, the machinery that is to express it and keep it alive must not be too rigid. Mr. Lowell Jones, in an excellent book on International Arbitration, wrote that war must always be inevitable where there are two nations of equal strength, when the expansion of either means injuring the other, and both are equally determined to protect their trade interests and their markets, their political aims and ideals. This is certainly the most difficult case to deal with, though we need not assume that national birth-rates are going to expand indefinitely in Europe or that the two nations in question may not fear the commercial competition of neutrals while the mutually destructive processes of war are at work.

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The alternative solutions are, roughly :—

1. The establishment of an international legislature, judicature, and police, and

2. The formation of a Peace Guarantee League, the members of which would be under an obligation to be enforced by pecuniary penalties, commercial or postal boycott, or armed force, to submit any dispute (whether of honour, tariffs, or boundaries) to some sort of arbitration before resorting to war.

But these two solutions are not, perhaps, mutually exclusive. We have been familiar with an international police force ever since the United States joined the European Powers in suppressing the Barbary pirates one hundred years ago. The members of a Peace League would no doubt not object to submitting their disputes to the Hague Tribunal if they could not agree upon any other device, such as a Commission appointed by themselves. The members of a League could decide as easily as an International Court whether the disputants should be allowed to settle their differences by war if they did not accept the decision of the arbitrator. Probably the best solution would be for the disputants to have a right of appeal to the Hague Tribunal against any other decision given in the first instance, and to make resort to war without such an appeal an offence which would justify the other members in forcibly restraining the aggressor. The other members would have every motive to do so if once the League were a going concern. The principal difficulty is whether the two particular Powers might not be sufficiently strong to defy the other members of the League either by themselves or by outside alliances. It is clear that it would usually be to the interest of the Power attacked to invite the assistance of the League; but this is not certain in all circumstances.

Let us assume a League containing all the European Powers and the United States, and a dispute between Great Britain and a German Republic on a question considered by the British Government to affect her sea-power in some vital respect. The dispute is first heard by an International Commission, which decides against the British claim, and then Great Britain, supported by the Dominions, declines to submit the issue to the Hague Tribunal. She further

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calls upon Japan for support as an ally. Could the British Empire and Japan (as armaments now stand) defy all the other members of the League, or at least threaten so formidable an opposition that the other members of the League would leave Germany in the lurch?

It is at least arguable that as armaments stand now the British Empire and Japan might successfully defy the League. On the other hand, any League of Peace would be compelled to provide for such contingencies in the process of formation, and it is here presumed that the preliminary submission of the dispute would be made in good faith on each side without any covert designs of destruction. The will to peace once established, the element of panic that leads to inflated armaments and sudden explosions of war would be a much less important factor than it is now. Supposing, however, that the British Empire consented to appeal, would she not make the same preparations in case the appeal should fail? The answer to that question is that the element of time involved would give full scope for the parties and their neutral friends to arrange some sort of compromise adjusting the rival claims of the two nations without resort to war. It may safely be conjectured that scarcely any duel would prove fatal if the seconds each stood to lose half their fortunes or earning power if even one of the parties were severely wounded.

Another obvious difficulty is that of a desire for national expansion breaking down any *status quo*. The best answer to that is the peaceful division of Africa among European nations in 1885, and the fact that in 1914 Germany could have obtained much of what she wanted by peaceful negotiation. She might not have been conceded all that she wanted in the Balkans, but it would never have been worth her while to defy all the other Powers in our imaginary League of Peace for this one object alone. The combination of two or more members of the League for such a purpose might well be made to involve huge financial sacrifice if a sort of fidelity fund were levied from the constituent Powers, to be confiscated in the event of secession. Each Power would enjoy the income of its contribution, but would forfeit the capital, in whole or in part, by violating the rules of the League.

It is not for one moment suggested that either boun-

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daries or treaties can be immortalised or that resort to force can be permanently abolished. What is suggested is that the occasions of war can be made far more rare than they now are between the Great Powers, and that no *casus belli* need arise which cannot be settled by negotiation or arbitration. It may be objected that nations will no more become permanently righteous than individuals, but the security of a society depends on the fact that its constituent members never want to commit crimes *simultaneously*. Given a League of Peace, it would be impossible even for one Power to make the sort of preparations that Germany was making from 1900 to 1914 without the knowledge of all the others, and the rules of the League would obviously deal with a situation of this kind. So long as Europe was content to accept anarchy as a creed, it was impossible for the other Powers to make a *casus belli* of Germany's preparations, especially when most of the governing groups in the countries concerned thought that patriotism demanded the glorification of war as war even in the national schools.

A League of Peace, however, does necessitate unanimity on certain points, as, for example, the abolition of private armament firms and a certain limitation of armaments. The first step might not be difficult; the second would no doubt be very difficult; but the enterprise would not be insuperable if all men of good will honestly co-operated for the purpose. The point is that if it were once achieved it might easily endure. Certain standards might be agreed, such as the size of population, length of frontiers, distance of coast-line, extent of territory, and so forth. There is at least no doubt that the industrialisation of war will make war a monopoly of big industrial States.

Most important of all, perhaps, is the necessity of adequate machinery for enforcing, in the last resort, the will of the League. The financial fidelity scheme would not be sufficient unless the League could also deal with sudden armed aggression. As Sir Frederick Pollock well remarks: "Therefore, the future League of law-abiding nations will be furnished not only with judicial and deliberative organs, but with a permanent executive council and an expert general staff ready to assume the direction of the common power on that Council's requisition. I am

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rather disposed to conceive the executive body as a standing committee of the larger general council; but other ways of appointing it are equally possible. This, no doubt, involves a considerable delegation of authority by sovereign States, but those who desire the end of effectual concerted action must be prepared to grant the means."

This programme, of course, involves two assumptions: (a) that the States are really sovereign in the sense of having a permanent unity of administration, and (b) that they really represent the general will of their citizens. Concerning this latter point we may remember that although popular government affords no real security against militarism, yet even popular government cannot utterly disregard public opinion. It is also true that no machinery to enforce peace and international equity can be of the least use unless its objects command almost universal approval. Dare we hope that the general sentiment of mankind can defeat even the intrigues of dynasties and politicians? That is really the crucial problem. Most writers have concentrated attention on questions of ways and means; it seems, therefore, important to consider what can be done to convert the human race to a new feeling about war which will persist for generations after those who have seen the horrors of our time are in their graves.

The Conversion of Humanity to Peace.—We must not forget that as from 1860 we have been living in a state of acute ethical transition. As the supernatural sanctions of conduct have decayed, new ideas of human obligation, without otherworldly sanctions, have grown up sporadically and without external recognition. We do not, for instance, still think it necessary to hang little children for pilfering shops as the bishops of 1800 did; while, on the other hand, we have endowed the atheist with a civic conscience since 1888 by the Affirmations Act. The result of all this chaotic hypocrisy, due partly to the fear of heterodoxy and partly to a sympathetic consideration for vested interests, has been the verification of Pope's forecast:—

"Religion blushing veils her sacred fires
And unawares Morality expires."

This, at least, has been true of the governing class in Germany, where the worship of the State has filled the

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vacuum created by the religious alarms and excursions of the nineteenth century.

No great movement has ever succeeded without rising on the wings of emotional conviction. It is true, in a sense, that negro slavery ceased in the United States of America because (agriculturally speaking) it did not pay. But negro slavery would, nevertheless, have persisted but for the strong moral revolt against it. Similarly, war has become so widely devastating that it concerns the whole world to end it. But war cannot be effectually ended, or even sensibly regulated, without the advent of something like a new religion. What is the new religion to be?

Whether formulated in ecclesiastical terms and cast into ecclesiastical moulds or not, the new religion will have to include whatever is congenial to it in the older creeds, whether Christian or Buddhist, without obtruding supernatural or metaphysical tenets which give rise to disputation on non-essential points. "*Pruritus disputandi scabies ecclesiae.*" It will have to exclude creeds like Islam which incite men to bloodshed. Like Stoicism, it will have to be "a religion in its exalted passion," but also a "philosophy, inasmuch as it will make no pretence to magical powers or supernatural knowledge." Some may say that such a religion already exists in the shape of Positivism; others may (perhaps more convincingly) cite the Quakers in Europe or the Buddhists in Asia as men who have refrained even from religious persecution in spite of all temptations. Or, again, we may learn much from the wisdom of Confucius and the intelligent compromises of his peace-loving countrymen. Moreover, the much-maligned philosophy of Epicurus has its own special contribution to make.

For this new religion must get rid of devil-worship and the superstitious veneration of human misery as punishment. It must preach terrestrial happiness. It must convince mankind that a garden suburb is a more edifying spectacle than a trench full of *dissecta membra* that once were men; that a Zabern bully is no less repulsive a creature than a London *souteneur*; that men who plot aggressive warfare for a generation are more noxious and dangerous to the race than any ordinary criminal. All this cannot be done in the twinkling of an eye. Civilisation, like charity, must begin at home, and begin by better

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education and a higher standard of comfort. A general rise in wages and a wide extension of co-operative movements may well result in bringing the best thought and literature of the world within the reach of every skilled artisan as well as opportunities of travel that have not been his before. Can we believe that if the proletariat of Germany had really been given the chance of understanding what international civilisation means they would ever have been deluded as they have been by their governing class, or that a properly educated proletariat in this country would take its inspiration from a Press which has substituted the chatter of City clerks and domestic servants for the Humanities?

The pessimist need only turn to France, the most highly civilised country in the world, where property is distributed with some approach to equality, where every newspaper reflects the general intelligence, where the common sense of Montaigne, Rabelais, and Voltaire inspires the humblest citizen, to see a population which can fight like heroes while loathing war like philosophers. Since the days of Rousseau the mind of France has been a lantern unto our feet, and it is to France that we must look for the formulation of the new Humanism, congenial as it will certainly be to all the traditional hatred of cruelty and love of justice which has, in spite of all shortcomings, honourably distinguished the history of English-speaking communities in every quarter of the globe. Somewhere, perhaps, behind the thick pall of destruction there may still be working

"L'amor che muove il sole e l'altre stelle"

A Reform School

By A Secondary Schoolmaster

I HAVE tried to show in a previous article in this REVIEW how haphazard, commercial, and callous in its aims English education is proving itself. But, thank heaven, there are a few schools which have unfurled the banner of hope and wisdom, and do not willingly kow-tow to the niggard aims of this present generation of hucksters. Now I would like to publish a brief survey of what may perhaps be considered an almost model school from the standpoint of Anglo-Saxon sanity and the requirements of a civilisation which, perhaps, tends to over-emphasise scientific and technical equipment.

It was my fortune to act as English master for several terms at Batley Grammar School,* until the war's aftermath of pro-Hun economising and suspending schemes played havoc with its teaching and organisation. Batley Grammar School, which is staffed by the usual underpaid assistant masters, has an attendance of 160 boys, and is a cheerful, compact building, fitted on the inside with every comfort and convenience. Beautiful charts and pictures † hang upon the walls; and the boys after they enter school move about in slippered feet over polished beeswaxed floors, whose shiny surfaces luminously suggest that the morning labours are to be pleasing and seductive, and will have little in common with those out-of-date teaching programmes arranged in spiritual spite and disarranged in idleness. Batley town is chiefly engaged in weaving shoddy, and the boys, for the most part, come of a rough but sensible middle-class stock, and have the usual average of North Country wits.

Since the district is industrial, with its own peculiar aims and ambitions, stress was naturally laid upon the *technical and scientific side* of the boys' schooling; but

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† Many of them, I am afraid, came from Germany. Here is a future sphere of usefulness for patriotic artists and printers.

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this did not mean that the humanistic side was in any way neglected, though Latin and Greek were barred from the ordinary curriculum as filling up too much time. Only one modern language was taught, this being German, because previous to the war Batley had close business relationships with Germany, and it was very sanely decided that the best way to cope with Germany's commercial aggression was to learn her language. And I emphasise the word "humanistic," for German was not taught merely for business purposes nor on an unsound philological basis, but as an æsthetic stimulus. Simple authors, but the very best, were put into the boys' hands, and a number of German lyrics—Schiller, Goethe, Liliencron, etc.—were learnt every year by heart, and recited in a way that made one's spirits rise. Naturally, the basis of the German teaching was *phonetics*, united to all those aids which lead to a correct pronunciation. A new boy entered the school without any knowledge of the language; and if he was placed in the third form he commenced straight away learning to master the guttural phrases of the modern Goths. During this first term of about fifty lessons there was no written work at all, and I believe that in theory the beginner never saw a book, so that he became quite familiar with words and sentences and simple nursery rhymes before he could write or read a syllable.

After these first stages had been achieved, the writing of German was not neglected. I was not modern language master,* but I have often picked up the boys' compositions and wondered at the nimble way in which they translated rather difficult passages of English prose. There were several German works suitable for boys in the school library, and these were in pretty frequent demand, considering how easy it is to follow the path of least resistance and turn to Henty and Manville Fenn.

In English we had quite a go-ahead system. Two "classics" were read through in each class per term (with the accompaniment of suitable composition exercises upon the text), which make *six a year*, and meant that by the time a boy had completed his school career he was quite familiar with from thirty-six to forty well-known works;

* It is perhaps only discreet to add that he was an Englishman and not a German.

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and if he was an intelligent fellow and didn't regard it all as mere swank, he borrowed four times that number from the school library. Here, perhaps, it would not be amiss to give a list of class readings. They comprised about *eight* of Shakespeare's plays, a book of ballads (chiefly selections from Percy's *Relics*), stories from Greek mythology (Lamb's *Adventures of Ulysses*, Hawthorne's *Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*), stories from Teutonic mythology (*The Children of Odin*), *The Beowulf*, Milton's *Sonnets* and *Lycidas*, Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum*, Gray's *Elegy*, Spenser's *Fairy Queen* (a prose adaptation of the first two books in the lower forms, the original in the higher forms), Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, Scott's *Marmion* and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Goldsmith's *Traveller*, Tennyson's *Passing of Arthur*, *Gulliver's Travels*, More's *Utopia*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Froissart's *Chronicles* (selections), Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* (selections), Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*, Lamb's *Essays of Elia*, Stevenson's *Virginibus Puerisque*, Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities*, Prescott's *Conquest of Peru*. This is almost a complete list, though there were two or three others which I cannot remember. It is, perhaps, needless to add that the books on mythology and folk-lore were among the first read, as these lay the foundation of a better literary appreciation. Although the meanings of difficult words were dwelt on, this side of the instruction was in no way abused, because children probably learn best by reading straight on, and acquire words through frequent contexts and their repeated applications. English grammar, too, was not neglected, though chiefly confined to the analysis of sentences.

Moreover, an anthology of English poems was used in each form, and the boys were familiarised with the best lyrics, the rule being that *ten to twenty lines* from these or the class readings should be *learnt by heart each week*, supplemented by additional repetition work during the holidays. An English composition was also exacted every week. Verse compositions, I would emphasise, were set as well as prose compositions—sometimes imitations of a special metre, such as the heroic couplet, Spenserian stanza, or blank verse, and at other times the free lyric. Now, I

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discovered that it is quite natural for normally gifted children to write verse, and most of them made a fair show. Generally speaking, however, the lower down in the school they were, the better they did it, though we must except certain duffers of the bottom form. Some of these productions I have kept, but scores I have not kept. Very often the best work of the juniors was done in ballad metre, for the small boy quite unconsciously reproduces many of the idiosyncrasies of the ancient rustic minstrel. You have only to give him a subject, such as the German raid on Scarborough, and teach him not to count feet but to compose as the minstrels did on the principle of an equal number of strong stresses in alternate lines (four and then three), irrespective of the number of syllables, with one stress always in the final syllable, and you will wonder at the genuine nature of the result. In a single term with the two lowest forms, and in addition to other reading tasks, we worked through about thirty of the early ballads. These were boys of from nine to eleven years, and it was invigorating to see how they tumbled to an understanding of the rudimentary features, though the quaint spelling and queer words worried them sometimes. In an examination they were quite able to distinguish between the chief peculiarities of the ancient and modern ballads of *Chevy Chase*, though some of the more prosaic boys showed very bad taste in preferring the later version, because "it is easier for me to understand." In a middle form it proved an excellent exercise to turn passages of Froissart into ballad metre, for here you have the antique phraseology ready to hand. I would like to quote four stanzas from "A Ballad of Calais," which a boy of fourteen published in the school magazine :—

"Pray him of his nobility
To bid these torments cease;
Let us depart and let him keep
Our goods—so it be peace."

"Nay," quoth the King, "not so! let now
Six chief men of your town
Come in their shirts, ropes round their necks,
And the keys of the gates lay down."

"With them I'll deal as I may list
The others will I spare."
And so it was, and so they came
And knelt and made their prayer.

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In anger on them frowned the King,
And ordered them to death;
But at his feet knelt down his Queen
And begged in whispering breath.

This is just half of it. It is a little starchy, perhaps, but not bad for a boy whose chief *forte* was games.

An upper third form (boys also of from nine to eleven) treated me to some very fair examples of the free lyric. Generally speaking, I gave them the subject; and the results being such that I credited them all with being plagiarists (by the aid of juvenile magazines), I proposed the next exercise should be done in class, and stood over them while they wrote. I was obliged after this to apologise for my suspicions. Here are two little poems from the smallest boy in the class, ten years of age, like so many of his companions, and evidently a budding Blake :—

HOLIDAYS.

Hurrah for the holidays,
For these are very jolly days!
We all do jump about and play,
While some do sing a roundelay.
Of all the times these are the best,
And grown-up folks do have a rest.

When do little children love to play?
Why! on a good holiday.
And they go walking in the fields
To gather flowers, leaves, and seeds,
Making chains of daisies and of clover;
These they find when they play with Rover.

In Winter they have snow fights,
Which makes their cheeks rosy and bright;
In Summer they play cricket,
With bat and ball and wicket.
And then you ask me why they like holidays.
Because they are such jolly days!

ARTHUR ARMITAGE.

A FEAST.

Here we are at the fair.
We must look round for feasts are rare.
Look at the cocks as they whirl around,
And look at the ball that does rebound.
Now we'll have a ride on the motor-cars,
And joyfully shout with many hurrahs.
We'll also throw at the cocoanuts,
But mind and avoid the engine ruts.
And now we'll go into the toy bazaar,
Yon little children will shout "Hurrah!"
And now we are at the end of the feast;
Here is a stall, last, but not least.

ARTHUR ARMITAGE.

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Of course, more time was given to prose compositions, and the results sometimes were rather disheartening. Not many of them could write a letter decently, and I found that when I set such a theme as "How I Spent My Summer Holidays" or "My Visit to Leeds," the dullest, most confused stuff was often turned out. This inability to write a letter or record common daily impressions in simple nervous prose, to use skilfully one's own everyday idiomatic vocabulary, is universal, I suppose, and has become an inherited failing. I believe that the best way to combat it is to teach verse as a regular exercise; for verse is the father of prose, and really an easier and more primitive medium of expression than prose. Another deficiency I noticed was that as the boys advanced in years their reading seemed to go off. They did not patronise the library so much. It was generally the younger boys who came and asked for books like *The Defence of Guinevere*, and less frequently the youths of the top form. I suppose it was because there was no money in it, and as a distraction was not so amusing as the picture palace and the contortions of Charlie Chaplin. It lent to mere decoration, the frills and flounces of cerebral equipment, and was unfitting for the vigorous aggressions of a commercial life. I am certain that some parents discouraged reading as likely to medicine a bright mind into incurable languors.

But I ought not to conclude without mentioning the manner of the history teaching. The methods employed, I think, are little in vogue. In the lowest form of all no special period was taken, but, instead, the boys worked through a simply written book which gave a wide survey of the salient events in Greek, Roman, and more modern history. These were written in the manner of stories, and were to lay the foundation. As they advanced in the school and the bare elements of English history had been mastered, little pamphlets of original *documents* were put into their hands, and these they worked through with suitable exercises. The pamphlets I refer to are "Documents of British History," edited by M. W. Keating and N. L. Frazer. It is making history a live thing, and teaching the critical attitude to small people.

Best of all, we had not the games bugbear. One afternoon a week was set aside for organised football or

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cricket, one afternoon for organised gymnastics, and the third afternoon, Saturday, was free for those who did not play in the matches or drill with the Scouts. After school hours the keen fellows went off to the practising fields for an hour or so, but this was rarely abused.

And what was the force of all this? The basis of teaching was scientific (taking the word in its narrower sense). The teaching of technical geography, mathematics, chemistry, nature study, etc., was the most thorough imaginable for a small school. And as only one language was learnt, the boys who matriculated for the Northern Universities were obliged to read for a B.Sc., or equivalent degree, if they thought of continuing. Let this be taken note of. And yet we have a school with a strong literary or humanistic side, because it was recognised by the Principal that physical science of itself has no soul, and the greater the range of vision the more complete the understanding. The school was to exist for the benefit of the English nation, and not for the benefit of a narrow commercial clique. And a nation which is merely rich and barren spirited, without wider sympathy, will one day totter into blundering catastrophe. The finger of History points the moral.

Musical Notes

By Edwin Evans

THE autumn musical season enters with a kind of ritual, the order of which has in most of its details the sanction of established custom. Like most spectacular pageants, it opens with an orchestral introduction, by Sir Henry Wood at the Promenade Concerts. Then, in these later days, Sir Thomas Beecham satisfies our curiosity concerning additions to his repertory for the autumn. Meanwhile, the fashionable *virtuosi* who imagine that they have some part to play in musical progress announce an autumn recital, or a series of them if they are fashionable enough. At the same time the directors of the Queen's Hall Orchestra are examining how many, and those of the London Symphony Orchestra how few, interesting novelties they can contrive to include in their winter programmes, and the Royal Philharmonic Society is keeping us as long as possible in suspense as to whether it will or will not have a season at all—though on that matter the doubts of a year ago have given way to some degree of confidence. All these decisions will be made known within a week or two, and the sequel rests with the public. During the last few seasons the attitude of the latter has assumed much greater interest than it possessed before the war. Then it was disposed to shut its eyes and open its ears indiscriminately to everything that more or less resembled music—a circumstance that the astute gentlemen who used to meet at the German Athenæum were not slow in turning to the advantage of the then dominant interest. An examination of its list of members would go a long way towards explaining the undoubted German bias of all our musical institutions in those days and the relative facility with which a German artist could make headway as compared with an equally or more talented executant from any other country, not to speak of our own. Let me cite a case in point. For some years we had a small boom of Elena Gerhardt. I am not denying that she was a good exponent of the German lied, inclined maybe to that excessive sentimentality which Heine

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would have been the first to resent, but, on the whole, a singer whom one heard with enjoyment. During the same period we had two or three visits of Jane Bathori, the most highly gifted French exponent of the same form of art, musically far more intelligent than Gerhardt, with the additional advantage that the intelligence was her own. Bathori passed almost unnoticed, save by the few independent music-lovers who refused to have their opinion prepared for them by the gentlemen of the German Athenæum, and the Gerhardt boom continued unabated even when she began to deteriorate. It would not be difficult to recall many similar instances, and the case of the composer was the most flagrant of all. But signs of change were already apparent. I remember noting, for example, the curiously un-English gathering at the Music Club for the glorification of Richard Strauss on the eve of the outbreak of war, when the *clou* of the evening was the performance of his Violin Sonata by Lady Speyer, with the composer at the piano. The occasion of his presence in England was the production of that monumental piece of Teutonic vulgarity, "The Legend of Joseph," in itself almost a justification of war if one has imagination enough to realise what it stood for. No effort was spared to make the reception a success, but the abstentions from participating in it were eloquent. I had recently returned from Paris, where the tactlessness of the German visitors had had somewhat similar consequences, but the London phenomenon, I felt, had deeper causes, which foreshadowed the change that is taking place at present in our musical audiences. We are turning over the page, a little late maybe, but I trust with some decision.

The Anglicisation of opera as a rallying-point for our musical life has the great advantage that it appeals, or should appeal, to all classes alike. If the full measure of success is achieved for which the foundation has now been laid, opera will cease to be an aristocratic function in the stalls and an Italian *fiesta* in the gallery, and draw audiences representative of that new world to which we are all looking forward. It is, however, as Sir Thomas Beecham himself would doubtless admit, chiefly as a means to an end that the present state of development in that direction is of interest. Though excellently adapted, sung, and

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staged, an opera like *Ivan the Terrible* or *Louise* necessarily retains its essential exotic quality, and, whilst such productions will, I hope, always be welcome among us, the time has come when we may speculate on the prospects of something indigenous. By that I do not mean merely an opera composed to an English libretto and signed by English names, but an evolution of the art of the lyric stage that will produce a new characteristic form. French art underwent a similar experience about the time of the *guerre des bouffons*, when a shrewd manager, Jean Monnet, and three composers, Philidor, Monsigny, and Dalayrac, created a lyric form which, in all essentials, remains to this very day a contribution to the art of the stage, much of whose excellence is derived from its wholly French character. Hitherto nothing of the kind has been possible in England, for our managers had no imagination, and the most competent of our English composers had never seen the business end of a theatre. All that is changed. We have a manager who is not only far-seeing, but a musical genius and an enthusiast to boot, doing by private enterprise what in most Continental countries demands the aid of subsidies from the State, and, by now, the clever young musicians who co-operate with him have learned something of the requirements of the lyric stage. Surely the time has come when we may, without Wellsian detachment, inquire what this is going to mean for us in a few years' time. Sir Thomas has told the Press that he has three or four English operas awaiting production, and there are probably quite as many more on his horizon. Is there among them all one work to which we may look forward as a potential landmark in the evolution of our lyric stage? By that I do not mean a work of stupendous merit. The landmarks from which important developments in musical history are dated are often themselves of debatable quality, surviving only because they contained the initial germ of great things to follow. Even when a failure, such a production is an outstanding event, and there is no reason why one should not be a success, until superseded by something better along the same channel of development. It would be interesting to know whether Sir Thomas is confident that the new audience his enterprise is creating can look forward to a correspondingly new art-form.

The Regiment

By Mrs. Borden Turner

THERE was no sign of horror in the heavens or upon the earth—the summer world was immense and beautiful. High white clouds were moving slowly toward Belgium, moving imperceptibly through a sky ineffably blue. Superb castles of white vapour, they floated above the modest borderland, and their shadows were flung like banners far below over the green fields.

An aeroplane was visiting the romantic city of the sky. Fearless, capricious, a gay, glittering creature of pleasure, it flew through the glistening portals of the clouds and disappeared, bent on mysterious adventure.

The smiling country was enjoying itself. The caress of the wind sent shudders of pleasure over the green corn and a fluttering delight through the trees. Along the road-banks scarlet poppies were winking their little black eyes. Like grizzled dwarfs squatting on pedestals in the fields, the windmills waved their arms in grotesque gaiety.

War had that day the aspect of a country fair. The armies were gipsy caravans vagabonding over the country. Swarms of little men were housekeeping in the open. Their camp-fires, their pots and pans and their garments hung out to dry on bushes, twinkled and fluttered through the furbelowed countryside. Here and there, near a stream, a cluster of tents, strangely painted, suggested a circus.

Tranquil, complacent, the snug villages sheltered innumerable soldiers under the warm cover of their cottages.

Ten miles from the Belgian frontier the low-browed, moody town of B—— dozed on the bank of a canal. Folded close between its great gates, it was a deep centre of proud emotion in the midst of a shallow country. The pale yellow façades of the houses glowed in the sunlight, their shutters closed. The barges on the canal were motionless, their great bodies sunk deep in the cool water, and

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from the quiet streets and from the close-lidded houses a spirit seemed to be distilled in the sunlight. It was as though the sun were drawing up out of the tired bosom of the old town the aroma of its dreams and its secrets. This aroma had a peculiar quality suggestive of the troublous history of the place that had guarded a passionate egoism on the threshold of an alien nation.

A regiment was marching along the high road toward the town. It appeared in the distance, a shadow moving across the bright country.

On nearer view it became a column of hunchbacks, a herd of deformed creatures driven together, each one like another one.

The regiment was the —th Territorial Regiment. It had come out of the trenches that morning, and from the trenches it was marching toward the town.

It was a moving mass of men covered over with the cloth of fatigue. Fatigue was flung over the men of the regiment like a stained cloth. Over them was their suffocating weariness, and under them was the dust of that road, and they moved along, bending forward as if the space between the weight that lay on them and the dusty road under them was not wide enough to hold them upright.

They moved laboriously through the dust, as if they were dragging chains, but there was no sound from them save the dull sound of their feet tramping the road.

The regiment was a regiment of old men. Not one among them all was a young man. Their faces were old and their clothes were old and their bodies were old, and the spirit in them was old. There was no youth in any one of them.

They marched steadily along the road. Their gait was the steady jolting gait of weary animals. They did not look quite like men. One could not be certain what kind of men they were. One could only be certain that they were not young. They had not quite the colour nor the shape of men. The war had spread over them its own colour. They were dark against the bright mirage of summer that coloured the fields about them. They were of a deep, dull, courageous colour. Their faces and their hands and their coats were all stained the same colour. No longer blue, no longer brown. Fatigue and suffering and

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dirt had soaked through them and had made them this colour.

And they were all deformed, and certainly their deformity was the deformity of the war. They were not misshapen in different ways. They were all misshapen in the same way. Each one was deformed like the next one. Each one had been twisted and bent in the same way. Each one carried the same burden that bowed his back—the same knapsack, the same roll of blanket, the same flask, the same dangling box, the same gun. Each one dragged swollen feet in the same thick crusted boots. The same machine had twisted and bent them all. They did not look quite like men, and yet they were men.

They did not behave like men. They did not look about them as they marched along the road. They did not talk as they marched close together. They did not stop marching, never for a moment did they stop marching. They did not shift their burdens to ease them. They did not notice the milestones as they passed. They paid no attention to the signposts at the cross-roads. They did not wipe the sweat off their faces. They did not behave like men walking through pleasant country, and yet they assuredly were men.

One saw in their eyes that they were men. They marched with their eyes fixed on the rough bent backs of those in front, on the rough backs of their companions who were too old to be comrades; and in their deep, fixed eyes, sunken under grizzled eyebrows, there was a strange expression—the expression of profound knowledge. They were old men—and they knew. There were many things they did not know; they did not know where they were going; they did not know why they were going there; they did not know how far they had to go, or how long they would rest there; but one thing they did know: they knew that they were condemned to die. They knew; they had always known; they understood; they did not complain. Their country was at war. They were old men. Their sons had been killed. They were taking the place of their sons.

There was no elasticity in them, nor any enthusiasm, nor any passion, but there was patience in them. They were old men. There was nothing they could not accept. There was nothing they could not endure. They had

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endured fatigue and cold and hunger and wet. They had endured so long that they had ceased to think about these things. Their weariness was a thing of such long standing that they thought of it no more. Their uncleanness had become a habit to them. Suffering was a part of their rations. They were acclimatised to misery. Death was a part of the equipment they carried always with them. The war had no interest for them, nor any terror. They accepted the war. It was a thing to be endured. They were enduring it.

There was only one thing they wanted, and this thing they wanted without hope: they wanted to go home—and they knew they were not going home.

They were old men. Out of the deep comfort of the warm, dear holes they had dug for themselves in the land they had been called to the war—to war, the bleak desert of death. Each one had been torn up out of the deep place he had made. Like old trees deep-rooted, they had grown into the soil of France and they had been torn up and carted away to die, and in the place each one had left was a gaping hole.

They remembered their homes as they marched along the road. They did not look about them as they walked through the bright country that was enjoying itself. This country was not their home. For not one of them was this a home—and they were tired.

They were coming away from the trenches, and they were tired. They were relieved of the strain of imminent death, but the relief made them only more tired. They were coming away from the trenches, but they were not going home. Six months ago they had gone into the trenches. They had crawled laboriously into their trenches, their old bodies creaking, their gouty souls wincing, and they had learned how to live in those ditches. Carefully, with great caution, they had learned how to endure them. They had smoked there innumerable pipes. They had chewed loaves of bread there. They had slept in the mud there, and they had received letters there from home. Now, with the same creaking of their joints, they had come out of the trenches. Some of them had not come out, but those that were left had come out.

Now they were going along the road.

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They did not know where they were going. They only knew that they were not going home. It was all the same to them as long as they could not go home.

They marched along the road; they were patient and lonely and tired.

The aeroplane, glittering in the sun, was still circling through the citadel of the sky. High it flew—it flew high—it flew high again, and still high.

The regiment was chained to the earth. The men were chained to the ground. They were heavy, they were fastened down. The mass of them jolted along, a dark weight scraping the road. Their flag alone was lifted. It moved, fluttering above their heads. Tattered and soiled, it was there for an emblem of hope. They ignored it. They did not see it. Long ago they had ceased to regard it.

So they marched toward the town.

In the centre of the big sleepy square of the town was a group of fine little men in costume. They were waiting for the regiment that was marching along the road, and they were waiting for the General who commanded the army, the General-in-Chief, their own General. These fine little men were officers. One could not be certain that they had anything to do with the war, but one could be certain that they were officers. Their trim figures, polished and clean and neatly put together, and nicely covered in scarlet and blue cloth and brown leather, stood upright in the centre of the square. The great expanse of cobblestones on which they stood glistened like a vast sheet of opaque glass. From the four sides of the square the wise houses watched under ruminating, secretive brows. It was difficult to tell what the houses thought of the fine officers in the square. It was difficult to tell what the officers were doing there in the middle of the square. Certainly they were waiting, but they seemed to be busily, nervously waiting. They did not keep still. They seemed conscious of the stare of the houses. They drew themselves up very straight. Their arms made quick gestures. Their gloved hands twirled their moustaches. Their neat heels tapped the pavement smartly. They bowed to one another elaborately.

There was elaborate variety in the officers. No one was like another one. Not one had the gestures like

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another one. Not one had clothes like another one. Certainly they were individuals. In spite of the war they were individuals. One was a slim, graceful one; one was a flabby one; one was an elegant one; one was a tall, very stiff one; one was a pot-bellied one. No one was like another one. Each one remained the same one that he had been before the war. It seemed that they had varnished themselves over with varnish for the war, but beneath the varnish of each one appeared very clearly the real one that he was. It was curious to see such fine shiny men in the centre of the old haggard town.

The wide white palm of the square held them up like insects to the view of the sky.

Through the eastern gate of the town the regiment came dragging its weight and its darkness, and it poured its darkness into the light of the square. It filled all one side of the square. It poured through the gap of the street into the square, and it came to a stand there, silent, filling one-half of the square with its darkness and its weariness, and it remained there. It was a dark mass of tenacity, inert, incurious, obstinate, one man beside another man, each one like the next one, close packed together, between the pale, dreaming houses.

The regiment brought truth into the square. It was a fact, a darkness, a weight filling one side of the square.

And with the regiment war appeared in the square.

The town shuddered under the tramping feet of the regiment.

The regiment stood in the square with fixed bayonets. The men stood close packed together. The mass of their round metal helmets gleamed like a beach of smooth pebbles before the windows of the houses, and their bayonets shot up like a forest of knives flashing in the sunlight.

The town shuddered, but there was sympathy between the regiment and the town.

The town said to the regiment :

"You are strangers, but we know you; you come from the war. You are welcome."

The regiment said to the town :

"We have left our homes. You are kind, but we cannot stay here."

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The group of officers said to the regiment :

"You are soldiers. You are to be inspected by the General. We are officers. We shall receive decorations."

The regiment said nothing to the group of officers, and the officers were embarrassed by the weariness of the regiment. They fidgeted on the edge of its darkness.

While the regiment and the officers waited for the General, the aeroplane whirled down from the clouds and circled over the town, mocking the heaviness of the regiment. The aeroplane called :

"Look at me—look at me ! I can fly. I am never tired."

The officers looked up at the aeroplane. The regiment did not look up.

The officers said to themselves :

"The silly aeroplane is having a good time, but we are going to receive decorations and honours."

The regiment remained silent.

A bugle sounded, heralding the approach of the General, but instead of the General a woman came into the square. She came, languidly lying back in a motor with glass windows. Her shining car stopped in front of the regiment. She opened the door of the motor and put out her white foot and stepped down, and her frail, fraudulent body in the white costume of a nurse was exposed to the view of the officers and the regiment. Her head was bound close with a white kerchief like the *coif* of a nun. A red cross burned on her forehead.

She was a passionate goddess dressed as a nun. She was a white, beautiful fraud branded with a red cross. Her shadowed eyes said to the regiment :

"I came to the war to care for your wounds."

But the regiment said :

"You are lying !"

Her red mouth said to the officers :

"I am here for you."

And the officers said :

"We know why you are here."

The eyes of the officers followed the shining woman as she moved through the sunlight, and they rested on her as she stood in a shadowed doorway.

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The presence of the woman was like a trembling current of delight reaching to the officers.

To the regiment the woman was nothing but a lie, and the regiment was indifferent to her lie.

To the town she was a strange thing, as fantastic as a white peacock.

The town said to itself: "This curious creature has gone astray. It has the appearance of being expensive. It must have escaped from its owner, who no doubt prizes it highly; but that is none of our business."

So the woman, too, waited for the coming of the General.

The clock in the church tower marked three o'clock.

Suddenly a cry burst from the heart of the regiment. A song, a shout burst from the trumpets and horns and drums of the regiment. It rang through the square shivering into the houses. The little people of the town came to the doorways, the rosy faces of the comfortable women and the round children spread about the square like a smile, and the hoarse, passionate voice of the rusty regiment rose bravely in welcome.

The General came.

He appeared at the far end of the square, a tall figure in red and black, standing alone. He existed apart, isolated. He stood at a distance, a solitary man, concentrating the attention of the town.

He came across the square alone. He walked swiftly, his spare figure slanting forward, his shoulders bent a little. He covered the ground with long strides. His gloved hand was on the hilt of his sword. As he came he held in suspense all the people in the square. His will commanded the attention of every man in the square.

The General brought romance into the square. He carried grandeur and pride into the square, and his grandeur and his pride were the grandeur and pride of a man who knew the war. It was clear that he knew the darkness of the war. In the slender sheath of his body he concentrated the darkness that was the same darkness drowning the regiment. He held the darkness of the regiment in himself as a sword-sheath holds a sword, and in him the darkness was grandeur because he understood the darkness.

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It was clear that the General understood the despair of the regiment. He stood and surveyed it. The trumpets and drums were silent. A great silence filled the square. The General summoned the regiment to meet his eyes. He took full in the face the meaning of the regiment, and its weight fell upon him and the pathos of its weariness reached him. He did not bend under the weight of the regiment. He challenged it, and he commanded the challenge of the men of the regiment. He stood rigid before the eyes of his men. The eyes of his men were fixed on his white head and on his proud face. They searched him. They read him. He exposed himself to their eyes. He was not afraid of the judgment of his men.

The General awoke pride in the weary old heart of the regiment. He proclaimed to them the dignity of war. And he put his will upon them.

The General said to the regiment :

"You are mine—I know you. I carry the weight of your obedience to me, and you are mine for the war."

The regiment said to the General :

"We have left our homes; we are here to protect our homes. You are the one we obey."

Truth was between the regiment and the General.

The town looked down at the General, and it said :

"Clearly this man is a great man; we are certain this man is a great man. A hundred years ago there came here such a one as this one, and he was a great man. We are acquainted with war. We have seen thousands of little men, and we have seen some big men. We know that this is a great man."

From the regiment the General turned to the officers. One perceived that the relation of the General to his officers was a complex thing. The officers were gentlemen and the General was a gentleman; therefore the relation of the General to his officers was a complicated thing. Each officer had a name. Each officer had an individuality. Not one had allowed the war to obliterate him. The General was very courteous with the officers. He treated the officers with elaborate ceremony. He was there to decorate them. The decorating of the officers was a ceremony, and he performed the ceremony with the skill of a great actor.

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The decorating of the officers was a pretty play in which the General played the principal rôle. The General played his part with solemnity. Each one he saluted in turn, the long one, and the pale one, and the pot-bellied one. He drew his sword from his hip. It flashed in the sun as he laid it upon their shoulders. On the left shoulder and on the right shoulder of the Colonel he laid his sword. He pinned a medal on the Colonel's elegant chest, and then he kissed him on the left cheek and on the right cheek. He did the same with each officer in turn. He called each one by name and addressed him in a loud voice of commendation. He laid on each one his sword and he kissed each one on both cheeks, and on the chest of each one he left a bit of ribbon and a bright medal.

The regiment in the background was the chorus for this pretty play. After each kiss and each decoration the trumpets and drums of the regiment cried aloud in congratulation.

Kisses and bits of ribbon and a graceful, flashing sword—these little things passed between the General and his officers. No truth passed between them—nothing but a play.

And the play was ended.

And the General went away as he had come, and he took with him the romance that he had brought into the square.

The face of the town grew dull as it watched him go. The women and the children disappeared into the dim houses.

The white, strange woman watched him go, and she smiled a vaguely troubled smile, not noticing the officers, who stared complacent and courteous.

But the regiment lowered its bayonets at the going of the General, and its darkness grew more dark and its heaviness more heavy. It became a shapeless mass of darkness after the going of the General.

The clock in the church tower marked five o'clock, and the blue sky was cloudless when the regiment marched out of the square. It marched through the town and along the road as it had come. It dragged its weight and its darkness through the bright country. It was a moving mass of men covered over with the cloth of fatigue. Fatigue

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was flung over them like a suffocating cloth. The men marched laboriously, bending forward as if the space between the weight that was on top of them and the hard road underneath them was not wide enough to hold them upright.

They were a regiment of old men.

They did not know where they were going. It did not matter to them where they were going. They did not look about them as they marched. They did not look before them, nor behind them. They did not look up at the cloudless sky, nor did they wonder where the clouds had gone. They did not remember the beautiful clouds of the morning that had sailed serenely over the enemy's country. They did not remember the sympathy of the town, nor the complacency of that fine little group of officers, nor the glittering of the bright medals, nor the insolence of the white woman who watched. They did not very much remember the grandeur of the General, nor the pride they had known in the General. They remembered their homes. The sweat ran down their faces under their helmets. Their feet were heavy on the road. They marched steadily, jolting, gentle, weary animals who remembered their homes.

There was no sign of horror upon the earth. The sky was cloudless. The afternoon sunlight was golden over the land, and the regiment passed like a shadow through the bright country.

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

Do we want a Politicians' Peace?

By Austin Harrison

ONCE more October is upon us, thus bringing to a close from the strategic standpoint the fourth campaign of the great war. The year opened with two resonant prophecies. Mr. Lloyd George, flushed with the success of his new War Administration, told us to expect a "knock-out." Our Commander-in-Chief re-echoed the words in still more positive fashion, announcing solemnly that he would "break" the German lines in two places. Nothing approaching those prophecies has been achieved, yet still Mr. George is Prime Minister; nor has there been any change in the Chief Command. And so the terrible fighting of 1917 is coming to an end. But clearly the end of the war is not yet. It requires little imagination to see that the "Publicity" Department is at work, preparing Democracy for another winter in anticipation of the fifth summer campaign. In a word, the war goes on. The next phase of the war, we are told, will be in the air.

Militarily, not much publicly can be said. I can only repeat what I wrote in this REVIEW after the failure of the spring offensive: "On purely military grounds the general situation remains much as it was after the battle of the Marne in varying degrees of positional warfare on the main strategic fronts, and, but for the destruction of several little peoples who have been dragged into the struggle, almost as stationary. It was thought that the secret of positional or trench war had been found in an overwhelming big-gun superiority, but already we know that the big gun is *not the decisive factor*, because the big gun itself is positional, whereas the *essence of strategy is mobility*." Thus only tactical gains have been registered, brilliant in the extreme. It is a war of attrition. We have obtained certain

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highly important points of vantage; the French have won a notable victory at Verdun; many Germans have been killed. In Macedonia there is nothing to report; on the other hand, Bagdad has been captured and the Italians have pushed forward in the eleventh Isonzo battle. The Eastern front has suffered a serious deflection, for Riga has fallen and the southern lines have been widened in Germany's favour. For the rest, the submarine warfare continues, with what real results we are not allowed to know. The Germans claim a total of 800,000 tons of shipping sunk monthly since February. Mr. Lloyd George gives us to understand that this is a gross exaggeration. All that we know is that Lord Northcliffe's organs reflect dissatisfaction with our official returns.

We have, then, to face the truth that the campaign of 1917 has been disappointing, judged from the standards announced in advance by the Government. Those who read this REVIEW, however, will not be disappointed. When the German retirement became known, we said that it would upset the Allied plans and largely neutralise the effects of the year's fighting; and so it has proved. The new German mobile defence has again demonstrated the terrific power of the machine-gun defensive, now once more the problem of the offensive. Another element of the problem is the "prepared" battlefield and the conditions of any battlefield subjected to the intense bombardment which precedes an attack. Static trench war has led to mobile trench war, coupled with swift reserve counter-attacks; in short, the problem is mobility, which is the crowning lesson of the year's fighting.

The great event of the year—and, indeed, of the war—has been the Russian Revolution, destined without any doubt to be as important a landmark in the history of Europe as the French Revolution over a century ago. Unfortunately, our rulers have failed to grasp the significance to humanity of an unbound Russia, and to this fact must in part be attributed the immense difficulties to-day facing so organic a discord as All the Russias struggling in war for freedom.

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Military considerations seem to have rendered our rulers purblind. We have shown no vision; we have given Russia no inspiration. It seems to be an accepted fact that we fell into the treachery engineered by Rasputin, Stürmer, and the German Tsaritsa to force Roumania into the war, and so by sacrificing that country to compel Russia to a separate peace. The letter read out in the House of Commons by Mr. John Dillon shows our diplomacy to have been hoodwinked; reveals the sinister stupidity of our policy which lured Roumania into war, and consequently to her ruin. But our Russian policy has shown no enlightenment even since that disclosure. The other day Mr. Henderson was "jockeyed" out of the Government because he insisted upon telling his fellow-workmen that the Russians desired a Stockholm Conference. Yesterday we saw the collapse of General Korniloff's attempt at counter-revolution, supported by our leading newspaper. The Ambassadors of the Allies have had to issue something in the nature of an apology in explanation of their attitude towards the Korniloff rising. The "offer" of mediation, as it has been termed, has not been made public, and so once more we find the evil system of secret diplomacy to-day denounced by the Democratic Russian Press, thereby further discrediting the purity of our motives, thereby further compromising the sacredness of our cause before the Democracies of the world. We cannot shut our eyes to this last exposure of diplomacy. For Kerensky has won, and Kerensky is the outstanding figure to-day in Europe.

Our mistakes towards Russia proceed logically from the military conditions, and in this sense they are intelligible. But to-day mere opportunism is not sufficient. Failure to understand and support the movement which has liberated Russia from the darkness of Feudalism spells ultimate failure to our cause, and that no matter what physical victories condition the terms of peace in the New Europe that will assuredly arise out of the shambles and sacrifice of this struggle. Now what we have not realised is simply this: that the Russian revolutionary forces are to-day the *de facto* power of Russia, and that

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the Russians* desire an early peace. It is no good pretending that this is merely the desire of the German element in Russia; it is not. Korniloff failed because revolutionary Russia will not again be subjected to Cossack rule, because revolutionary Russia has her own salvation to win to. Revolutions follow a natural law of evolution. In Russia events are shaping on curiously similar lines to those which marked the development of the French Revolution, and the more we attempt to force the Russians to fight without a clear statement of our aims and policies, the further we are driving the revolutionary forces into extremism.

The bloodless collapse of General Korniloff's attempt to capture the Executive shows that the Soldiers' and Workers' Councils control the situation. As a result of the complicity of the Duma and certain *bourgeois* elements we must expect a more consolidated Democratic Russia, leaning more and more for support on the Left, thereby forcing Kerensky's hand. Months ago in this REVIEW I attempted to warn our Government of the danger of interference in the domestic affairs of Russia in revolution, but, of course, no heed was taken. Instead of being represented in Russia by the finest Democrat we possess, we discredit the only people's representative we did deign to send to Russia, retaining Sir George Buchanan there, who was associated with the ghastly Roumanian tragedy. We do not appear to understand that Russia must work out her own Democratic destiny, and that interference only makes the task of Kerensky more complex and dangerous, also that if we persist in this policy we shall force Russia into an attitude positively antagonistic to the Entente cause, which during the long winter months may assume a character of compelling significance not only as regards the cause, but as regards our whole chances of military success next year.

This must be stated. Instead of helping Russia to overcome her difficulties, we have alienated Russia. We have seen only military exigencies. We have ignored her

* We do not seem to realise that the Russian Socialists represent the culture and intelligence of Russia, and that, if the literate portion of Russia is 30 per cent., 20 per cent. of that 30 are Socialists.

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formula; we have expressed sympathy with the counter-revolution of a Cossack general*; we have roused serious antagonism and distrust among the nation we should have been the first to sympathise with and applaud, with the net result that M. Thomas is compelled to keep aloof from the new French Government, and that our own Labour War Cabinet Minister is treated like a naughty boy for attempting to explain the Russian position.

Yet in reality Kerensky's victory is the greatest victory won in the war. We must not overstep the limits of paradox even in this convulsion of human paradoxes. We entered upon the war with the Tsar as our good friend. To-day Tsardom is gone—gone for ever. If we are fighting for Democracy, then henceforth Democracy must be our friend, not a Cossack general seeking to arrogate to himself a military dictatorship. For in Russia we have the supreme attestation of the justice of our cause. Spiritually, Kerensky is the leader in this world tragedy. The emancipation of Russia decreed the knell of Feudalism and of the old servile Europe, and if by any act of ours we defeat the rising light of Russian liberation, all that we have fought for will be in vain. If Korniloff had won temporary success there would have been civil war in Russia, and we would have been abettors in the cause of evil. But that danger has passed. Russia will emerge from the attempt more compact, more Democratic. It is her only way, for the alternative implies the return to servitude or Tsardom. What bearing the now inevitable evolution of events may have upon the war it is impossible to say. But of this we may be certain, the Russian desire for peace will grow and influence Kerensky's policy. He may find himself yet forced to choose between the Allied cause and his own people. And if we fail to help him we need have no doubt as to his choice.

The fighting year 1917, therefore, closes with the return of the mud and the home propaganda for the prospects of next summer, conditioned henceforth absolutely by America. It is a dog-fight, men say. The war must go

* Korniloff announced the fall of Riga before the Germans attacked. It seems difficult to believe that its fall was not part and parcel of his plot.

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on until the Germans are beaten. Such is the position, yet still we await the promised statement of war aims, and still the Democracies cry out for some reasoned assurance of the objective, assuming that we have one other than that of physical victory as understood by Mr. George's "knock-out." The only objective we know is that suggested in Sir E. Carson's reference to the Rhine as Germany's "natural boundary." On the other hand, we have Mr. Wilson declaring that he is not making war against the German people, but against the Hohenzollerns and the military caste. And again we have the Russian formula "no annexations and no indemnities," thereby denouncing the agreement come to with Tsarist Russia. We find also the Pope seeking for a peace formula. We see the Entente Democracies groping for a formula. There are signs that Germany is anxiously seeking a formula in her answer to the Papal Note.

Nothing would be easier than to join in the propaganda chorus and—talk Kadaver. But at this juncture it seems to me that the least a man can do who is not fighting is to try and think for the soldiers. For fifteen years before the war I did what I could to warn Britain of the inevitable coming war, and consequently of her responsibilities towards France in particular and towards her own civilisation. No Minister paid the slightest attention, least of all Sir E. Carson, who up to the hour of the German ultimatum was chiefly concerned in provoking an Irish rebellion contrary to the Home Rule Bill passed and placed on the Statute-book. For two and a half years I sought to make my countrymen realise that we were in deadly peril; that only by fighting at full strength could we hope to repel the German invasion; that only through conscription could we achieve the moral victory for which, with the superb impersonal gesture of our race, we took up arms. Our sacrifice has not been in vain. Little by little we roused ourselves from our insular slumber until to-day we may truly say that we are a nation in arms, defenders of the rights of peoples. We have asserted our moral right. The German invasion is spent. Pan-Germanism was defeated at the Marne. To-day we know that Might will not triumph, that the German idea to impose her hegemony of force upon

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Europe will not be accepted by the nations, and in this purpose we must prevail. But a wonderful thing has happened since 1914, opening out undreamt vistas of hope, paving the way for the new affirmation of peoples—the freedom of Russia.

From the hour of the Russian Revolution the whole nature of the war changed. The free Russia left the Kaiser alone in his feudal estate, the last of the Imperial socio-cracies. To-day he fights for the past. His idea will no more be the idea of Kings and Governments, and the hour that the Germans realise that fact the cause of Europe will have been won. I think that cause is already won. I believe myself that the Germans themselves have come to see the futility of war, the hopelessness of trying to set back the clock of history. I believe, therefore, that the Democracies of the world should use the winter months to formulate a new charter of international rights and liberties, based upon the new laws and ethics which must condition the Europe that is to be. But how? How are we to know what is just or right?

At present we have still the old machinery of old Europe. The old diplomatists still ply their secret trade, unknown to the nations they are supposed to represent, as we have seen only too disastrously in the case of the Korniloff rising. Literally we possess no new methods to meet the admittedly new conditions. The atmosphere is the same. The attitude is the same. All the machinery is the same.

That is the tragedy of the present situation. We are told that this is a Democratic war, yet we find our representatives opposing Democratic Russia. Our own Government to-day is not even elected; it is self-elected. No man knows why any one member happens to be a member of it. This kind of Government may serve for war, but how is such a scratch Government to decide on the complex problems of all Europe, problems which have defied the centuries, problems of race, religion, and dynasty, which few, if any of them, have ever considered historically or ethnographically? Among other cries we have said that the peoples must settle this account. No doubt a true

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Democratic peace would be the ideal issue; it is not improbable that such may ultimately be the issue if the war lasts long enough, say into next winter, and the breaking-point of common endurance is reached. But that is presumably a long way off. The only alternative is the usual politicians' peace, which is the one thing we have all agreed must not be the case. Yet as things are, this would seem inevitable. If, next year or the year after, peace can be imposed, it is the politicians who will define the conditions. As politicians, they will think as politicians. They still act as politicians, in the old sense. Mr. Lloyd George's "knock-out" proves that he has learnt nothing. Unless we can obtain a new attitude the war will be decided in the old attitude—the attitude of the old diplomacy or power, which is the error we all declare we are fighting to remove; and if conditions are ever imposed upon Germany leaving her with a racial sore, then she will live to fight the battle again, as certainly as Prussia rose after Jena to fight at Waterloo, or France has risen to defend her soil to-day after the crushing victory of Wellington.

What is certain in this world is that nations cannot be destroyed. We cannot destroy Germany unless we sterilise the male population. Nor need we waste our time discussing Leagues of Nations or any other form of a millennium if Germany is crippled in a degrading peace. These contingencies must be faced. If, for example, Alsace-Lorraine is ultimately handed over to France, we shall have to maintain conscription and probably an army of at least 500,000 men permanently in France ready for all emergencies. It is no good shirking that responsibility. For years after the war France will not have the men to defend herself against an enraged Germany. For we cannot count on the present Entente group of alliances as a permanency. There are no permanent conditions in life. Therefore, if force alone decides the issue, the future will be conditioned by force with all the cost of armaments precisely as before the war, and all the old intrigues and base diplomatic struggle for power which led Europe logically and inevitably into Armageddon.

I only mention this as an example. There are other problems infinitely more complex. There is the question

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of Austria. Is it seriously intended to set up a number of small separate nationalities unable to defend themselves? There is Italian Imperialism. Mr. George has apparently earmarked Mesopotamia as ours, and so on. But on what principle are these things to be decided? Who is to decide? And how is it to be explained that such changes brought about by force differ from any other policy of force, or are likely to be any more permanent than are the physical things of this world? Alone, Russia has enunciated a modern note. She has repudiated annexation—Imperialism. But if Imperialistic motives are to decide the war, then the Kaiser is not so far wrong after all in his doctrine of the mailed fist. For the whole idea of Imperialism is to-day at stake. The problem of modern civilisation is one largely of population. It is the Japanese problem. She must expand. Unless we kill all the Germans, it will again be the German problem in twenty years. Who is to decide these questions which involve the hecatombs of peoples? The politicians! Is the war to continue indefinitely until the politicians who rule us to-day agree among themselves how much they want or not? Is this the chance for which we are fighting? I ask, because I do not know. I have no conception of what our aims are. I only know that we are heading straight for a politicians' peace. I only know that such a peace will inevitably lead to another great war.

Now what is the root issue of this conflict already reputed to have killed and injured forty million men, a conflict in which four fighting years have brought no decisions or any immediate likelihood of decisions in the old military sense? Is Old Europe bleeding for a New Europe? Are we fighting really for any other purpose than that of power; and, if so, what is that purpose?

I confess that before the Russian Revolution I saw no other prospect than that of defeating the German military ambition according to the law of self-preservation, commonly known as the European balance of power. But with a Russia free, actually leading the new thought of that sterner and more enlightened civilisation, taken as a European whole, that will emerge out of the hell of these years of war, the idea or ideal of a nobler Europe clearly

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beckons to us from the battlefield, pointing, as it were, the dawn. To attempt now to depict the nature of this new era would be presumptuous, but most men will agree that at least war has proved its own negation, and that at last something must be done to rid mankind of the old feudal trappings, to render a repetition of the scientific insanity of the last four summers impossible—in a word, to try and obtain a new orientation.

At once we are faced with a paradox, for even as we declare the war is being fought for Nationality—for the small peoples, for the revival and reconstitution of submerged, coerced, and expropriated nations—the blast of men's thoughts goes towards Internationalism. This is centralised in the Russian movement of liberation, in the recrudescence of democratic internationalism, in Mr. Wilson's war mandate, in what is as yet only the nebulosity of a League of Nations. And here a great difficulty arises. Nationality implies patriotism, the flag, the drum, and so the struggle for the possession and retention of national demarcations. I cannot believe that any attempt to abolish war has the smallest chance of success in a system of nationalities unless controlled and prescribed within some accepted code of Internationalism; and if the purpose of this war is to set up a number of small independent States, each self-contained, each with its flag and crown and potential unit of patriotism, then the notion that this war will end war is an idle dream, and with it must fall any scheme of a League of Nations not sanctioned and governed by the whole.

All the same, this straining for a new orientation is the root issue of the war. Every man at the Front who returns will desire and work passionately for this end. No living soul who has been through these years of hideous filth and frenzy will go back to the old ruck of secret diplomacy or the old shibboleths of martial glory. There is no glory in modern war. Those who sit in their chairs in smug security, the old gentlemen who can think only in terms of Waterloo, and those who have escaped service and have never seen the degradation and blood stench of war, they need not trouble about the results of Armageddon. The men who have been "over the top" will see to that, here

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and everywhere in Europe. These men will return to their lands full men : our masters. They will want lamp-posts. They surely will have something to say about war.

At once then we are faced with the paradox of Internationalism *versus* Nationality, for the former is peaceful because cosmopolitan in its conception, whereas the latter is necessarily constricted and inflammable. So long as men honour flags, precisely so long will war be with men. Increase the number of nationalities, and automatically the danger spots of war are increased. Increase the race divisions, and inevitably the war potentials are raised. For Nationality is really only interest. Interests are passions, above creeds and reason; they become only too lightly ambitions, and from ambitions madness. From Nationality we spring to Empire, which is only a wider national interest. And so the clash of Europe came about through the challenge of Pan-German Imperialism, with its intent to superimpose Germanic Kultur upon Europe.

The problem is: Can we escape from this feudal heritage? Can we devise a formula for Nationality which shall not seek to grow into Empire, which eventually will not seek to destroy some other Empire or group of Imperial associations? This question brings us immediately to the solution of force. Here at least the issue is clear. It is this: Do we in this war aim at a European concord which is a new conception of statesmanship, or do we desire to end the war in a European disparity or discord compelled by force, which is the old way of statesmen, and, it may be, the only way? That is the problem. I cannot believe that any sane man can hesitate about his answer. The new way is a point of correction, the other is the old incorrigible way. Again, the former holds out at least promise of human progress, the latter merely endorses the German attitude towards life or philosophy of force.

As before said, without a free Russia the old way was the only solution to the present war, but with an unbound Russia the new way lies before us. It may be summed up as opportunity. In America the Democratic chance is the supreme gift of the New World. The question to-day before us is whether Europe can discover a formula of

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European opportunity instead of the old arbitrary barriers of princely, autocratic, military, and ecclesiastical hegemonies, sedulously guarded by hate and superstition, geographical nurseries of feud and greed, which have made Europe for centuries an armed camp. To put it succinctly, we must now make up our minds on what principle, if any, we are to bring this savagery of slaughter to an end, unless civilisation is to admit to moral bankruptcy and the dog-fight of to-day is to degenerate into the drama of comic opera or the evisceration of universal social revolution.

The latter might be a good way, but I do not look forward to it, because it would signify a European lack of intelligence amounting to pure fatalism. I am not thinking sentimentally. If our cause is just, then far better that we fight on for another five years than yield a point on any ground of scruple or unconsidered principle; but if we cannot define so much as the principle in view, then far better that we do not fight for another five minutes. Now here, I repeat, we do not know. Even our physical aims are undefined. At this moment we cannot tell whether those few men who direct our fortunes are even agreed among themselves: either precisely what they want, or what irreducible principle of reason or statesmanship they are resolved to win to. Far less do we know how the extraordinary complex problems involved are to be settled. We do not even know whether Germany is to be driven back across the Rhine or not; whether she is to be crippled or strangled; whether our intention is to break up the Austrian Empire and restore the Europe of the days of Metternich. We do not in the least know whether our rulers have any idea of a New Europe: whether they wish to settle the war on a principle of population or language, race or creed. We know nothing, though forty million men are said to be casualties, and still no wisdom percolates through to the millions behind higher than the ululation of a cock-fight.

How is this world-drama to end? Will the Americans next summer be a decisive factor? I cannot think so, seeing the immense difficulties of transport involved, coupled with the prospects of a defaulting Russia. Will the end then come in two years' time, in three years?

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Again, the end towards what? What is to be the principle of New Europe? At present we have no idea.

In the August issue of this REVIEW an article was published called "An International Magna Charta." It appeared anonymously, but it was the work of various minds ranging from Japan to Scotland, and in it the attempt was made to outline a principle of National and International Rights embodied in a World Charter of Liberties to be used as an instrument of war, if need be, and subsequently as an expression of peace. Readers will find the article republished in this number. The chief point about it is principle. Nations have their national charters; there should be no reason why nations should not aspire to an International Charter. So far all men will understand; the difficulty, of course, lies in the machinery.

Here a new principle is put forward. It is the principle of impersonal intelligence. That is to say, the Tribunals which the article suggests each Power should set up are not to be composed of politicians, but of carefully chosen men and women whose business it would be to decide, as far as humanly possible, on the merits of each case on certain definite principles of progressive justice. The advantage of such a procedure would be to internationalise the acuter forms of Nationalism within and without Empires, thus such questions as Alsace-Lorraine, Ireland, Poland, the Balkan maze, Armenia, etc., etc., and all these Tribunals would be linked up by cable, and all would seek to arrive at a definite accepted principle of Right applicable to all national and international problems, whether, say, of Bohemia or of the population question which faces Japan. The moment the Entente Powers agree among themselves they would ask the enemy Powers to accept the principle, and in turn set up their own Tribunals, failing which it would be the duty of the Chartist Powers to summon to their aid the combined forces of attesting civilisation to compel all who stood out to the needful point of correction.

In that case Japan would at once enter the war on our side the moment her own problems of Empire were settled, and all neutrals would be asked to co-operate in the design

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with the object of obtaining not punishment or destructive rulings, but rather constructive decisions on the basis of democratic right and principle. I cannot see myself how any solution to the questions of Empire and force is to be found other than in some accepted charter of International right; or, indeed, how this war is to be ended in any way calculated to remove the conditions which cause wars, for force will never stamp out force, and the whole meaning of life is change. There is nothing Utopian really in such an idea. Already we have the germs of it in the projected League of Nations, which, so far as the present war is concerned, is not a war instrument. The International Magna Charta would be a war instrument from its initiation. Once founded, it would constitute a world's judgment, which the enemy would be invited to accept and build upon. Failure on his part would automatically bring about the world's application. The war would be fought on the lines of the maximum conception. Without the smallest doubt the world would win to the necessary point of correction next year.

But if we do not do this, or devise some better machinery, I cannot see how we can expect to secure the New Europe for which the soldiers in their millions have died. A European Peace Congress must take the course of all peace congresses—that is to say, it will become a battle of wits and intrigues conducted by the old diplomatists and the old politicians playing the old game of geographical covetousness. It will be a trial of bluff and counter-bluff governed by no principles higher than those of Imperial interest, necessarily selfish, narrow, and capitalistic, in no possible way either democratic or impersonal. And such a Congress would leave Europe with sores—a mere transvaluation of values dictated by superior force, the nursery for future wars of ambition and revenge. I have no hesitation in saying that if this war is to culminate in a mere Peace Conference of elegant diplomatists and smarting politicians, then the war will have been fought in vain from any larger view of humanity or civilisation. And there is also this danger, which is a real danger. If such be the issue in a couple of years' time, then what is called Socialism may indeed reveal itself as the generating force of society, and in its wrath and bitterness rise up

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and sweep away the old order. We have already the example of Russia. Her light will not go out. Rather we must expect it to illuminate the darkness of Old Europe dying in the cataclysm of her own insanity. And if we are wise we shall welcome and follow the light.

I submit that the International Magna Charta offers a way out, a way to progress. Only a new purpose can give birth to a new order, only a new attitude can bring to man a new Europe. War, which means force, cannot do this. Diplomacy, which means falsity, cannot do this. Democracy and the peoples cannot do this because they have not the power, and ignorance is still their sovereign. As we all stand to-day we are still thinking in the old war-cry of the map of Europe, which was the cause of the war. The Germans must be beaten, we shout. Agreed, but what then? Will a defeated Germany thirsting for revenge bring peace to Europe or any cessation of armaments on land, on the seas, or in the air? Are we to assume that seventy millions of people will accept the finality of destruction? Still more, do we seriously imagine that the existing Alliance will continue indefinitely to agree that Germany shall be kept in bondage? To imagine this is to ignore the whole lesson of history. Germany is not one whit more hated to-day than was France under the genius of Napoleon. Hate cannot live, because hate is an emotion, and men do not live on emotions. Also there is this. Whatever their crimes, the Germans have put up a great fight. Men worship bravery. That factor alone will be a great disintegrant of hatred when the war is over and the soldiers spread the tale. To count on a permanent police force to hold down the German races is to build on a quicksand; it is not even a journalistic illusion.

Nor is it apparently America's aim. Mr. Wilson has declared that he is making war on the Hohenzollerns, not on the German race. Let us note that. It behoves us all to know that America is to-day the determinant in the war, absolutely the controlling force. For without her aid, financial, material, and moral, the Allied cause would not triumph. That is the truth. America is fully aware of it. To those who cry out that peace cannot be until

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Germany is crushed and war is carried into German territory I reply: "That will depend upon America." I do not know that I look forward with martial enthusiasm to being "saved" by America; I am not sure it will be wholly to our advantage as an Empire. Be that as it may, such is the cold fact we have to face. Our physical-force men are dependent for their results upon America. Lord Northcliffe plainly recognises this. In his second article, published in *The Times* the other day, he wrote: "The American war machine is being built in the American way. It may be that it will have its faults, but for all that it is the mighty sledge-hammer that *will pulverise Prussianism*."

Pulverising Prussianism does not seem to tally with Mr. Wilson's war utterances, but, that apart, I do not think Lord Northcliffe would have written those words in March of this year.

A good deal of interest has been aroused in connection with the Magna Charta. Some people think it is a syndicate, others seem to think it is a scheme supported by German gold, others pretend to descry in it a pacifist contrivance. As a fact, it is an article which I trust men and women will read; at any rate, it can do them no harm. I venture to hope that in the long winter months the idea will take wing and grow into something like an attestation of democratic principle both to bring this war to an end, terribly and relentlessly if it must be so, and thus create a nobler and freer Europe. I would add that as an engine of war it is in its application the maximum conception of war, against which no mediæval Kaiser or Pan-German doctrine could hope to fight a single campaign. But it is quintessentially a constructive basis of peace. It offers the means to Europe to secure for herself a new reason of State which alone can abolish the old statecraft and the old criteria which condition the responsibilities of peace and war as vested in the symbol of the flag. At the beginning of this war I wrote that America and England would end it—together as one common civilisation. To-day I think we can do more together. We can lead Old Europe to the spirituality of a New Europe in an International Magna Charta.

An International Magna Charta

By 1901 (*Reprinted*)

WE are now at the fourth year of the war, yet there are still many people asking what is our objective, what is the end we are fighting for?

We say we are fighting for Justice, Democracy, and Right—in fact, for the good of the world and its future security. What do we mean by the good of the world? How do we propose to obtain this security? Do we know?

General Smuts has indicated his views as to the constructive policy to be pursued. The following quotation from the Foreword of his *War-time Speeches* shows us his line of thought:

“The military aspects of the war so absorb our attention that we are apt to forget the still more important moral aspects, and to overlook the fact that the suffering of such multitudes is slowly but surely working a great psychological change which will lead to results far beyond any that were contemplated at the beginning of the war. However hard we are striving for victory—and victory to my mind is essential for a well-ordered, lasting peace—we should not aim merely at a military victory, but still more at such a moral victory as will become a steadfast basis for the new order of things. This could be done by making people realise the fundamental ideals which underlie our essential war aims. If we are to achieve the permanent destruction of that Military Imperialism which has drifted from the past like a monstrous iceberg into our modern life, we must create a new temperature, a new atmosphere for democracy, and strengthen the forces of freedom and national government and self-development at the same time that we work for the free co-operation of the nations in future, in pursuing the common ideals of a peaceful civilisation.”

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This is good thinking, but surely we ought to go a step further, and devise machinery for the application? We have already the Russian formula, which is Socialism based upon Internationalism.

This is hardly the moment to discuss the merits of Socialism. Suffice it to say here that there is legitimate ground to question that philosophy as the panacea for the ills of mankind, and Internationalism is hardly yet within the sphere of practical politics.

The only other solution is Physical Force, but unless the force we employ is the expression of Justice, and is so accepted by the world, then this cannot be the final solution.

How then are we to arrive at a definition of Justice? It will no doubt be accepted that no final definition of Justice can be obtained in present conditions, which leave so stupendous an issue in the hands of a few politicians. Politicians are opportunists. As we know, their function is compromise; and if an all-confiding world leaves the direction of its affairs to politicians, without invoking the aid of the intelligence and culture of the country, a compromise verdict and a compromise peace will be a probable result.

No plans of man, unless they bear a divine quality, will help us to hold for more than a brief spell a different road from that which Nature treads. Our spiritual force, a gift sent from the skies, lies rusting in our hearts; and yet through all the din and tempest, while hatred clouds our sight, a voice is clearly heard, to which we neither gave nor now give heed—a voice warning us to think more for others than of ourselves. This was the message that Christ came to give.

Competition between individuals is recognised as an integral part in the mechanism of human progress, but how far National rivalry, of which the ultimate expression is War, can be avoided, the future will declare. But is not the extent of the present conflagration and the substitution of National for Professional armies a terrible and sinister sign?

Nature in one bound has increased a hundredfold the human forces—her dumb slaves—now being employed in the performance of this her latest evolution. Does some instinct tell us that another great act in the drama of life may now be drawing to its close?

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Religion and Patriotism, the sacred torch-bearers, the active agents in all past wars, are they now about to quit the stage? In this world tragedy can they no longer find an appropriate part? We do not know. Religion has not yet appeared in this last scene. Neither the Pope nor the Archbishop of Canterbury has been given one single line to say. In the future will the colour of our skin be the chief cause of war? Is this rivalry among peoples an instrument which Nature will continue to hold securely in her hand? Can she not be induced to relax her grasp? Can, for instance, the political activities of the Japanese beyond their island home be arrested or conducted in altered fashion in accordance with world-accepted rules yet to be defined? Dumb slaves of Nature as we all are, will they answer No?

To-day it is evident that humanity begins to resent this last most flagrant impertinence of Nature, this seeming intrusion upon the more ordered methods of progress; indeed, democracy commences to cry out that this madness has been brought about by the rulers and governors of the peoples, and that it is not the expression of the peoples' will. Democracy gropes for mastery over fate, seeking to assert itself over Nature. Unsettlement and uncertainty are gaining ground which may lead to action, swift and impetuous, insensible to discipline, and with no wise or practical objective. Does not a true instinct of the people tell them that no master mind is at work guiding their affairs? Yesterday a political system had its Mesopotamia. To-morrow the world may have its Mesopotamia. It is true that the Prime Minister has recently reminded us that he is living in a raging storm; but does *he* understand; does he read through the clouds? This is obviously no time to make organic changes in political systems or to reconstruct society. The need is of great leaders: of statesmanship: of mind.

Monsieur Ribot and General Sir William Robertson chose the same day to announce to the world their need and their anxiety.

Monsieur Ribot said:

"Peace" would be infinitely easier to conclude if instead of the Kaiser we had before us the representatives of a democracy founded on the principles of

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modern law. That is what must be loudly proclaimed until it is heard even by our enemies. Victory is certain provided we do not falter at the crucial moment."

General Sir William Robertson said :

"There comes a time in every war when a nation has to put forward its greatest efforts, when the strain becomes heavier every day. Then a little further effort will suffice to turn the scale. That time has now come."

It is indeed true that the time has come now, but the time to do what? No difficulty presents itself in diagnosing the war, or in describing the position in which we stand to-day. There is no occasion for doubt. We know that the Prussian military spirit is not being appreciably undermined. Democracy has not yet gained power in Prussia. There are human elements in German mentality which are commencing to rise in rebellion. But the military spirit still dominates and directs the German mind. Against this there is evidence of influences which in their tendency prejudice the Allied spirit. The causes are :—

(I.) A general want of confidence, owing to the felt absence of a master mind and the uncertainty of the objective.

(II.) The immense strain imposed upon French manpower.

(III.) The restlessness of democracy, seeking to assert itself against a state of affairs over which it feels it has no control.

In these circumstances we would now appear to have come to a parting of the ways, where a decision is necessary.

It is clear that we have now to make up our minds either to carry on the war to its remorseless end on physical lines, or to summon to our aid the spirituality of mind, as the interpretation of Justice, which our enemies shall be invited to accept or compelled to submit to.

How shall we forge this weapon? It requires little imagination to see that if the Allies could summon conferences of the Wise Men and Elders of the peoples, that from these conferences birth could be given to an International Magna Charta representing the world's Justice.

Our greatest intellects in the humanities and science

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assisted by the Law Lords and the Judges of the High Court would be asked to assemble. Similar Conferences would be convened in Paris, Washington, Tokio, Petrograd, and Rome. They would be linked by cable, and they would collaborate in the preparation of an International Magna Charta which would define the principles of self-government based upon Justice and a right consideration for the welfare of the part in its relation to the whole. And this would constitute our joint and central objective.

This International Magna Charta will be the symbol and signal to the world of the spirit of Justice, which shall overcome the Prussian spirit of Force—the Oriflamme of a new international code to which the civilised peoples of the world shall proclaim their adherence, to which humanity shall subscribe. The problems of self-government present many complex and intricate difficulties. Schleswig-Holstein, Poland, Slavdom, Ireland, Alsace-Lorraine, and Italian Nationalism, each presents its separate problem. If these conferences are not summoned to the assistance of civilisation, in what other manner is it proposed or pretended to solve the problems presented by this conflict of National and of Imperial interests? Does the death or wounding of a single German soldier bear any relation to the solution of any of these problems? Wisdom and Justice should be our servants, unless we are to be the slaves of war. Consider what must happen at the moment when the Allied Governments decide to summon these Conferences, consider how this will bear upon the mind of the enemy. The Imperial German Government will realise—and the realisation will shake the foundations of its confidence—that civilisation is determined to forge a powerful and terrible instrument of war, which in proper season it will employ in the pursuit of peace.

These conferences will reach a conclusion as to Germany's guilt not only in causing the war, but still more in the manner of its prosecution. They will determine the proper punishment for national crime.

In the matter of the punishment of national crime, an obsession fills the minds of non-combatants here which neutralises their intelligence. They can think only of killing and wounding the enemy, of exacting indemnities, and of providing for the future enslavement of peoples.

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGNA CHARTA

Contrast their attitude with that of the Royal Flying Corps, placing wreaths upon the graves of German dead who fell in sacrifice to a system which is, perhaps, a manifestation of Nature's cruel and relentless purpose.

Now here we may ask: How do you punish national crime? How many and whom do you kill, wound, or enslave?

Is it certain that sanctuary will not be given to the culprits, and that, after the conclusion of peace, from among these, some will not appear as visitors or as members of the staff of our great London hotels? Or do we seriously contemplate his Imperial Highness the German Emperor, the members of his family, Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, and the officers and non-commissioned officers of the Prussian Army spending the rest of their days upon earth replanting the orchards of Picardy?

Again, the discussion of indemnities proceeds now in a manner which is meaningless. The object of Law is correction, not punishment for the sake of punishment. At present it is not the fashion to confine the question of the indemnity to be exacted from our enemies to the cost of repairing Belgium and Northern France? Expressed in terms of money, what does this mean? Probably something in the neighbourhood of two hundred millions sterling—the amount the Allies now spend in ten days of war. Is this worth even mentioning in any political speech?

In these Conferences the Imperial German Government will not see the working of the Pacifists' mind. On the contrary, they will see in them a judgment. They will know that the spirit of Justice, which at times is compelled to assume remorseless shape, will pronounce sentence.

Let us also abandon the childish chatter about the Hohenzollerns. Does anyone seriously imagine that this eruption is merely dynastic? It is this spirit of Force we must correct. This is the menace to civilisation.

When German boys shot arrows into the prisoners' camps simply to cause wanton pain, the Hun blood, so glorified by the Emperor, was at work. If a boy of any Allied country so acted, another boy would soon know how to deal with him. It is that other German boy that we are all now looking for. Here is no matter of Democracy or Autocracy, of Socialism or Capitalism, of Emperor or slave.

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We must find that other German boy. Were he a son of the Imperial German House, we would make peace with him.

All considerations of punishment and indemnity should be left to the Conferences; they are beyond the philosophy or competence of politicians.

These Conferences will give every attention to Germany's defence? What is that defence? There can be only one line that the defence can take. Germany will say that a virile people has been deprived of its legitimate rights of expansion. They will say that they have been deprived of what has been termed "a place in the sun." The leading questions in cross-examination will be:

Has the civilised world imposed unfair restrictions upon Germany?

Does the duty devolve upon all or any of the Allies to give up a part of their territory where German colonies can be established, where white men can live and work?

Has Britain (the arch enemy, one of the principal plaintiffs) any voice in such a matter so far as it relates to the British Colonies? Are not the British Colonies self-governing?

How has the Allied world treated Germany during the last fifty years?

Is there any corner of the Allied territories where the German has not received a royal welcome?

Has England been selfish in her fiscal policy?

Are the ten million Germans now living in the United States witnesses to a policy of exclusion?

Has the German asserted any policy except one of force in dealing with native races? Is, or was, German South-West Africa an example of a colonial system?

In estimating this, the Conferences will have to take into account the proclamation, for example, of General v. Trotha, issued October 2nd, 1904, which said:

"The Hereros must now quit the soil. If they refuse, I shall force them with the gun. Every Herero with or without a gun, with or without cattle, found in German territory I will have shot. I shall not look after the women and children, but will drive them back to their own people or shoot them."

In short, these are some of the matters upon which the Conferences will deliberate.

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGNA CHARTA

It need hardly be said that the co-operation and assistance of the neutral countries would be of the greatest service, and would be cordially invited.

Millennium is not outside the gates. But suspicion, hatred, and selfishness must now give place to Reason. Otherwise, will not Justice herself perish? It is indeed hard to love one's enemies, but we can even now pity the million German dead and mourn with those now suffering the loss of those they greatly loved. If Justice is to be our aim, then Pity and Hope must be our guiding stars.

Refusal or delay in convening these Conferences can only signify the bankruptcy of civilisation. Ought not the Allies now to come to an immediate decision? If their Governments remain blind and dumb, then they must not be surprised if their peoples in one tumultuous chorus proclaim and reassert the sovereignty of Reason. It is a question how long the men and women of Italy, of Russia, of Britain, and of bleeding France, so foully outraged by these poor Huns, will continue to remain in passive submission.

If Japan and America, acting in concert against a common foe, cannot resolve even their own mutual problems, if they cannot find accommodation for their differences—differences which lie exposed and naked to the world, and which no diplomacy can pretend to conceal—if these things cannot be done, then let deception be carried no further. Let us tell Berlin that the cruelty of their methods will not appear in history to be so much worse than the hypocrisy which will then be seen to underlie the Allies' attitude.

The World is Awaiting an International Magna Charta.

When these Conferences shall have come to a decision and have drawn up this new international statement, the Germans can be asked to subscribe to it. In the event of their refusal, it will be the duty of the Allies to make war on the lines of the maximum conception. Then the Japanese Flying Squadrons will leave at once for "somewhere in the air," and the Japanese Armies will begin their long journeys across Russia and America, not only under the banner of the Rising Sun, but under the Flag of the Sun that has risen.

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At this moment there is much searching of the heart in Germany, and at no time has there been greater need for obtaining a clear focus upon the state of affairs in that country. There are three main points for consideration :

- (I.) The crops are ripening.
- (II.) The existence of profound uncertainty in the minds of the Germans not only as to the objective (this is also our difficulty), but also as to the probable results of war—an uncertainty which the German General Staff knows how to put to good use.
- (III.) America at war.

We shall do well to concentrate our minds on America. To the German also this is the all-decisive factor.

And it is of supreme importance that President Wilson represents in himself not only the political power of the United States, but also, in a quite exceptional sense, their wisdom and culture. The American Army contains German blood, blood that has been purified in the freedom and democracy of the New World. We have to consider, therefore, what is exactly happening now. We see the German military spirit with its wooden idol to Hindenburg. We see it invoking now the aid of the submarine, now of the aeroplane, always the slave of cruelty and force. Here we have the blood issue of the war. And here we have to ask whether the Germans can be made to realise that the true God is a jealous God. He said :

“Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything that is in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them. . . .”

It is in this spirit that the International Magna Charta will be conceived. If this charter drives conviction into the soul of every German that he is fighting against justice, against civilisation; against God; that he is on the side of outlawry and the Devil; if this can happen at the moment when the German blood in Americans is ready to kill and wound its own kith and kin unless they are prepared to cast out their monstrous philosophy of force, then we may

Further Important Letters on the International Magna Charta

Letter from MR. TOKIWO YOKOI, one time member of the Japanese Lower House, a well-known figure in United States political circles.

September 26th, 1917.

The Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,

"INTERNATIONAL MAGNA CHARTA."

I was very much interested in the remarkable article which lately appeared in your Review. Indeed, no one can fail to sympathise with the ideal of lasting world's peace, guaranteed by an International Magna Charta. The ideal corresponds remarkably well with the Japanese idea of chivalry, that brute force should always be wielded at the command of justice and tempered with mercy. "To summon," therefore, "to our aid the spirituality of mind, as the interpretation of Justice, which our enemies shall be invited to accept or compelled to submit to," would appeal strongly to my countrymen. It would, of course, be needless for me to say that the success of the scheme will depend altogether upon the method and the time necessary for carrying it out. However, it is not for me to discuss details, whether of method or of application, but surely a world in agony must hope that some such principle will be realized.

Yours truly,

(Signed) TOKIWO YOKOI.

Letter from MAJOR W. T. F. DAVIES, D.S.O.,
R.A.M.C., M.L.A. South Africa.

C/o STANDARD BANK OF S. AFRICA,
CLEMENT'S LANE, E.C.

23rd September, 1917.

The Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—

I feel very strongly, with the writer, that the time is ripe for a very definite and unanimous declaration by the Allies of their war aims. It may be said that this has already been made by Mr. Lloyd George and by the Presidents of France and America. To some extent that is so, and it has been done in very beautiful language, which has expressed our own moral ideals and spiritual aims, with certain practical but rather indefinite statements added about the restoration of Belgium and Serbia and compensation. This may and does appeal to many, but it leaves the majority unsatisfied. The ordinary man wants to know, and has the right to ask, "What are the definite objects which *all* (not one or two) of the Allies are prepared to fight for to a finish, and which we must work for?" Once he knows that, he knows what he is in for, and the knowledge will help him to go "All in," which every man and woman must do if the war is to be won as we want to win it. I cannot but believe that these aims and objects have already been decided on by the Allies in conference, but that is not enough. The people should know too. Moreover, a solemn declaration over the signatures of the Allies would show Germany what she was up against, and that, the Allies being unanimous, there was no hope of a separate peace with any one of them. I would go further and state what are *not* our aims, for some have been imputed to us by the German leaders (for their own purposes), which the German people ought to know we have not got.

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

W. T. F. DAVIES,

M.L.A.,

South Africa.

THE PITY OF IRELAND

yet be witnesses of a new world phenomenon, another miracle of God—the enthronement and attestation of Right.

Note.—The following letter regarding the International Magna Charta was written by Mr. John MacNeill, one of the leaders in Sinn Fein in Ireland.—ED.

“There is promise of immense benefit for civilisation in your proposals for an International Magna Charta, and I can see much hope for such a Charter which, like the law of a well-ordered community, would naturally derive its validity and efficacy in part from the justice and equity of its provisions and, in part, from the consent and trust of the constituent nations.

“Yours faithfully,

“(Signed) EOIN MACNEILL.

“Dublin.”

The Pity of Ireland

By the Editor

AT a meeting of the Dublin Corporation (September 17th) the Lord Mayor made a speech, a report of which is here published, taken from the *Dublin Evening Mail*.

The Lord Mayor said :

“When you honoured me with your confidence by electing me Lord Mayor, I stated that so far as possible from this chair I would not mention anything pertaining to politics, and I am not going to do so now. I fully realise the danger it is for any individual to find fault with the military authorities in this country at present, but when English newspapers point out that the action of the military authorities is nothing less than provocation, and will lead to rioting and the creation of an atmosphere of anger and recrimination, I think the time has come when public representatives should speak out their minds as to what they

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think of the situation also. From my own knowledge of Irishmen and Irish affairs, I consider the action of the military authorities at present, instead of allowing a friendly feeling to exist and the seeds of brotherhood between all parties in this country is to be sown, will, in the first place, endanger the success of the Convention, and, in the second place, will create an atmosphere of hatred throughout the country. I don't suggest for a moment that men, no matter to what party they belong, should be allowed to defy the law by using inflammatory speeches or by violent action, but I do think that the present policy of the military authorities is one which is not for the best interests of the general peace of the country. As to the Convention, some people may object to its constitution, and perhaps justly so, but I am breaking no confidence when I tell you that seldom have a body of Irishmen come together who seemed imbued with the spirit to do what they believe the right thing for their country more than the representative men who constitute the Convention. And I think it is a great pity, when we have peace and goodwill in the Convention, that any obstacle should be placed in its way outside either by the authorities or the people who retard its success. I am strongly of opinion that the time is fast approaching when the past will be forgotten and the usual practice of political and religious catch-cries will be ignored, and that the days of bigotry, hypocrisy, and cant will be things of the past, and that the best that is in this country will be brought together and allowed to legislate for the country's good. That is if the Convention gets fair play."

Alderman Byrne suggested that the Council should pass a resolution asking for the removal of Major Price, who, he said, was responsible for all the turmoil in the country.

The Lord Mayor said he thought that for the moment they might let his statement go, and pass no resolution whatever.

This course was agreed to, and the matter was not further discussed.

I think it is important that we in England should know what the Lord Mayor thinks about present conditions in Ireland, because so little news percolates through to this country, and the situation there, owing to the stigma of the rebellion, is generally misunderstood. Now the Lord

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Mayor is an eminently peaceful man, loyal, and held in high esteem, and if he feels himself constrained to utter a note of such warning at a time when the Convention is in full swing, we may be sure his reasons are valid as that his motives are beyond cavil. I have just returned from a second visit to Ireland. I am more than ever convinced that the ground is ready, as perhaps never before, for genuine reconciliation and reconstruction.

The difficulty is the time-table. As things are, the situation is full of unpleasant possibilities, and that because Sinn Fein is treated as a rebel organisation, though, as a fact, it probably represents seventy-five per cent of non-Ulster Ireland. The result is friction, suspicion, and espionage.

Now all the time arrests are being made and heavy sentences are passed under military law, while arms are seized belonging to Sinn Fein and Nationalist groups, though no arms are seized from those who are known to possess them in Ulster. And all the time the petty spying system prevails, so that wherever a man goes in Dublin he is told that a Major Price rules the country, and this one hears with equal emphasis from Nationalists and Unionists.

Major Price is probably doing what he conceives to be his duty, but the unfortunate truth remains that his activities are directly militating against the chances of settlement, and every day more gravely weakening the position of Nationalists, who are quite ready to have all arms seized, but do not understand a one-sided seizure of arms while those in Ulster are left with their owners.

We are apt here to regard Sinn Fein as utter treason. Yet Sinn Fein as a political force only arose as the result of the shooting of the leaders of the Easter Week rising, which was not really a Sinn Fein rising, and at the most was conducted by about 1,000 men. Sinn Fein only became a national movement as the result of the shootings. I am convinced that the great majority of Sinn Feiners are sincerely anxious for peace and settlement.

Now the Convention is sitting for good or for evil. Why in the name of common sense then do we allow Major Price to promote irritation by a police policy which is not consequent and not equitably applied? Every arrest simply makes Sinn Fein stronger. Parades of machine-gun cars with policemen stationed as sharpshooters in trees, as

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recently at Michelstown, merely add to the exasperation. What can be the object of this policy?

There is no fear of another rebellion except in the excited mind of police officials. Nor must we forget that in the event of the Convention failing to arrive at an acceptable solution, the situation in Ireland will be undoubtedly serious. Is it not time we made a real effort to rid English politics of the Irish incubus? I say deliberately that if Major Price is permitted to continue with the present methods, the hope of settlement will be slight indeed.

Our right policy is perfectly easy. It is to command a truce, to ask the responsible leaders of Sinn Fein to give guarantees of constitutional conduct pending the finding of the Convention, and request the Irish police to copy the exemplary methods of the London police. Secondly, it should be our business to take up the serious economic conditions in the big cities. The Dublin slums are a disgrace to our civilisation.* It is there that the canker of our administration lies. Thousands of children in Dublin need milk and food: Do we realise that? Do we not know that the stomach is the nursery of discontent? I fail to understand an administration which ignores that plague spot and thinks that machine-guns will placate the parents of semi starving children.

Yesterday the Government again rejected the demand for a slip line (of eleven miles) for Ireland's only coal-field. In heaven's name, why? Economics are politics. Bad economics breed Sinn Fein. Is there no man in our heterogeneous Government who will take the trouble to go to Dublin and see for himself the slums and the squalor and so decide for himself the causal connection between starvation and bitterness? In close proximity to Guinness's great brewery these places of abomination can be seen. One day of war expenditure, and happiness untold might come into Ireland. It is worth our consideration. More—it is our Imperial responsibility.

* The population of Dublin is 300,000. Over a third of the people live in unsanitary tenement rooms.

Books

FICTION

THE MAINLAND. By E. L. GRANT WATSON. Duckworth and Co. 6s. net.

Mr. Grant Watson's new story has both style and (to employ a misused word) atmosphere. It is a tale of the tropics. The central figure is John Sherwin, a boy who till his seventeenth year had lived practically the life of naked and untutored savagery in an island of the Indian Ocean. The matter of the tale is his subsequently mingling with men and (comparative) cities, and their influence upon his very receptive and unspoilt nature. John goes through much—adventures of the body in his pearly and gold-mining activities, of the soul in his intercourse with certain types of womanhood. Mr. Watson has told his story with a refreshingly simple austerity that somehow matches its subject. In several ways *The Mainland* is a novel that deserves longer life than the usual butterfly span of contemporary fiction.

METAPHYSICS

A DEFENCE OF IDEALISM: SOME QUESTIONS AND CONCLUSIONS. By MAY SINCLAIR. Macmillan. 12s. net.

Miss Sinclair has written a very readable and interesting book, more readable by far than many more professional treatises. The amateur in philosophy has a distinct function, not as the inventor of new systems or new arguments, but as the interpreter of systems to a public which is not likely to read the technical works of professionals, and also as showing to professionals how their work appears to those whose human interests are not destroyed by familiarity with the controversies of the Schools. This function Miss Sinclair's book admirably performs.

Her own attitude to philosophy is, broadly speaking, Hegelian, though she protests against an undue emphasis upon Hegel's logic at the expense of the rest of his system.

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With some originality she begins her book by an account of Samuel Butler's views on heredity, which, as she amusingly shows, reduced to a form of ancestor worship, the very last form of religion that would have been voluntarily adopted by the author of *The Way of All Flesh*. She advances through Bergson, Mr. MacDougall, and the Pragmatists to the New Realism, and thence by a somewhat sudden transition to the New Mysticism, chiefly exemplified by Sir Rabindranath Tagore.

I do not think that Miss Sinclair always wholly understands the position of those whom she criticises—as, indeed, who does? In speaking of William James's distinction between the Tender-minded and the Tough-minded, she says: "Observe how Pragmatism appropriates all the robust and heroic virtues, and will not leave its opponent one of them. Think of the sheer terrorism of the performance. Could you wonder if, covered with that six-shooter, Professor James's audience plumped for Pragmatism before it had heard a single argument? Each member of it must have registered an inward vow: 'Tough-minded? I'll be *that!*'" As a matter of fact, William James was attempting a reconciliation of the Tender-minded and the Tough-minded. He did not regard his own philosophy as belonging wholly to either variety. Certainly the image of a six shooter is very far removed from the large sympathy which characterised him, no less when he was poking kindly fun than when he was praising. He enumerates six characteristics of the Tender-minded: Rationalistic, intellectualistic, idealistic, optimistic, religious, free-willist. The last three of these adjectives apply to his own system; it is only the first three that he rejects.

Miss Sinclair is concerned throughout to defend the claims of unity against the pluralistic assaults of Pragmatists and Realists; the latter in particular occupy many pages of her book. "Certain vulnerable forms of Idealism," she says, "are things of the past, and the new Atomistic Realism is a thing of the future, at any rate of the immediate future. But we know of Old Realisms that died and decayed, and were buried, and of New Idealisms that died and rose again." She is no doubt right in assuming that Monism and Idealism are perennial in philosophy; ever since serious philosophy began there have been a

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certain number of Schools adapted to different types of mind. It is not likely that any of these Schools will quite die out so long as interest in philosophy survives.

"It is curious how different a controversy looks from different sides. To the New Realists it appears that they are fighting an uphill battle against tremendous odds. To Miss Sinclair, on the contrary, their battalions appear so formidable that it requires great courage to stand firm against their advance. "I feel," she says, "that any reputation I may have is already so imperilled by my devout adhesion to the Absolute, that I simply cannot afford to be suspected of tenderness or even toleration for the professors of the occult." She expresses astonishment that the New Realists should regard Idealism as now a fashionable philosophy. Yet, by any statistical test, it is so. The majority of professors of philosophy in Great Britain are certainly Idealists, and probably the majority of philosophical teachers of all grades. Any young man intending to make his living by teaching philosophy, if he believed with the Pragmatists that "the truth is what pays," would certainly adopt Idealism as his creed. If the Idealists have not made so much noise as Pragmatists or Realists, it is only because they have felt themselves in a secure position.

Miss Sinclair believes that the ultimate reality is Spirit. "To the unity and the reality we are looking, for we can give no name but Spirit. This leaves a wide margin for the Unknown." It certainly does, since no one quite knows what is meant by Spirit. If Miss Sinclair knows, she keeps the knowledge to herself. She says: "Raise either psychic energy or physical energy to their highest pitch of intensity, and you get Spirit." I confess I cannot understand what this means. Does it mean that if an express train were to go really fast it would acquire a soul?—for that certainly is what it *seems* to say.

A quarter of the whole book is occupied with an account and criticism of the New Realism. It is, of course, impossible to achieve a complete absence of bias in regard to a system which one has oneself advocated, but it does not seem to me that the criticisms advanced in this book are very formidable. Miss Sinclair herself confesses, with admirable candour, that mathematical logic is for her a difficult and unfamiliar country. She is unacquainted with

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it on its technical side, and is therefore sometimes mistaken as to what it asserts. In some respects she concedes more than it would claim. For example, she states that the New Realism has succeeded in refuting Subjective Idealism, which I for my part do not profess to be able to do. It is of the essence of the new philosophy that it regards many questions as insoluble, and considers that many philosophical controversies have arisen solely because philosophers would not realise that no sufficient evidence for a positive opinion existed.

Miss Sinclair professes to discover a number of specific contradictions in the Atomistic Logic upon which the New Realism is based. I do not think that these will appear very convincing to anyone acquainted with modern mathematical logic, but it is impossible in the space of a review to indicate either their nature or a reply to them.

There is a tendency throughout the book to hold that one may believe a philosophy if it is pleasant and cannot be shown to be false. Even if all Miss Sinclair's arguments were valid, she would hardly have done more than refute certain objections to Idealism, without advancing any positive arguments to prove that it must be accepted. It is a very difficult thing to prove that a philosophy is false, though it is generally not a difficult thing to prove that the arguments by which it is supported are invalid, as well as the arguments by which it is attacked. When we have proved that there is no conclusive argument against it, we have done nothing to show that it is true so long as there are many other views which are equally irrefutable. But such criticisms are equally applicable to almost all philosophical writing. Miss Sinclair deserves praise for having placed the argument for Idealism upon a new footing, and for having freed it from much that is irrelevant and indefensible, and she is so free from philosophical arrogance that perhaps this is as much as she would claim to have achieved.

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